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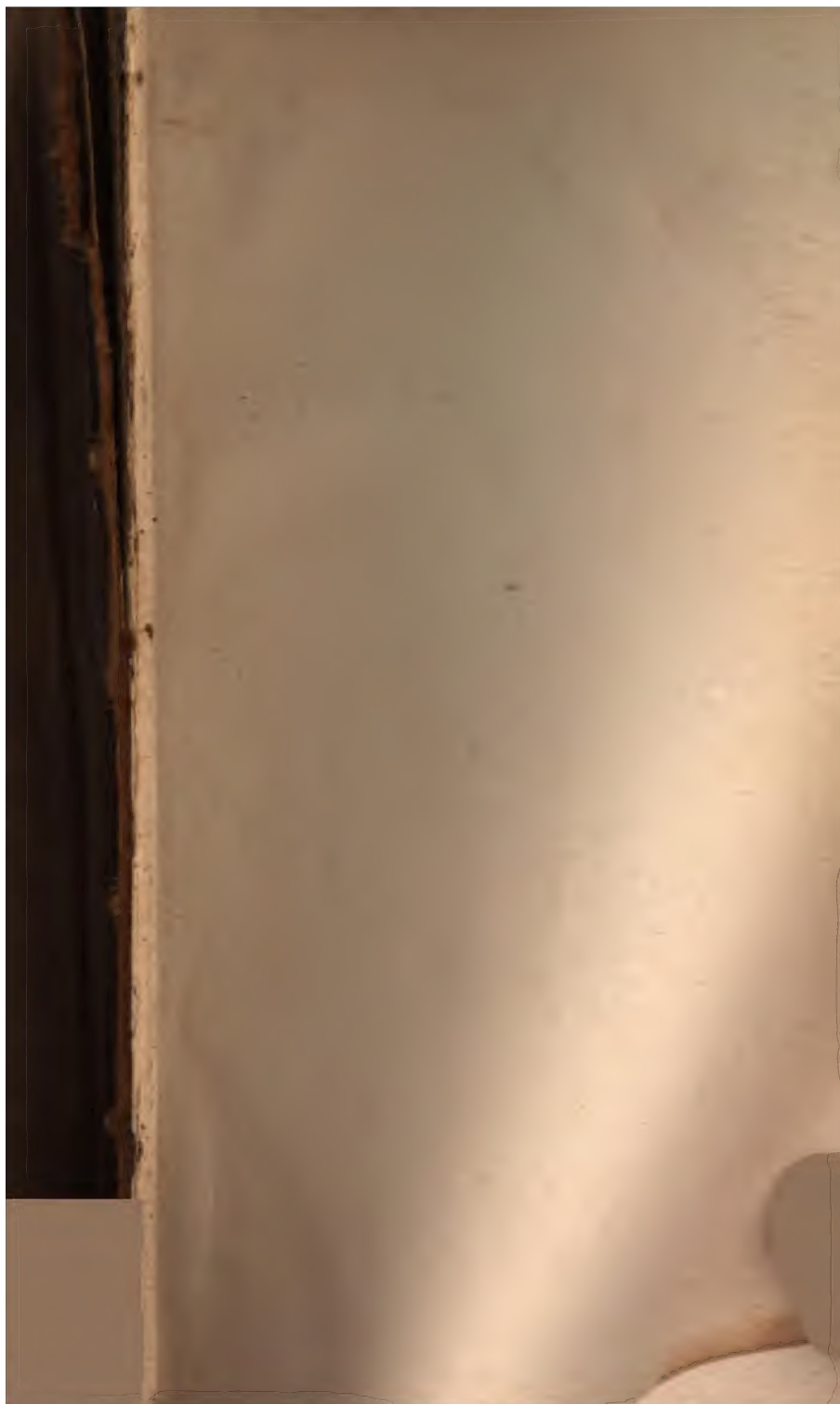
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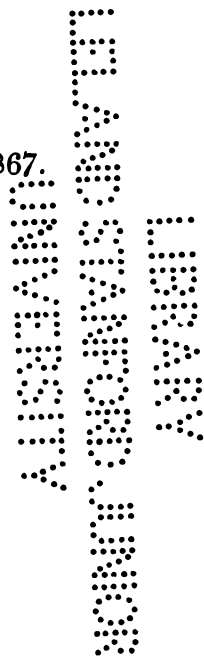
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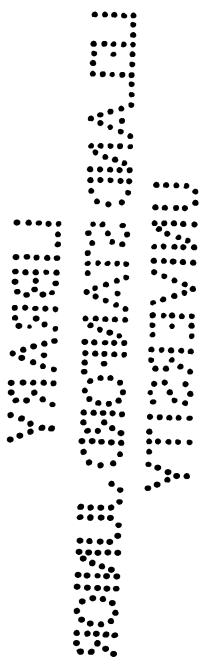
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BALZAC relates that when, in 1815, Blucher and Sacken reached the heights overlooking Paris, Sacken exultingly doomed it to destruction. 'It will suit our purpose better to let it stand,' said Blucher : 'that great cancer will be the ruin of France.' The remark, if the gallant veteran ever uttered it, does credit to his sagacity. Paris is the head, the heart, the brain, of the French people. She does more than govern and legislate ; she thinks, feels, acts, and speaks for them. They are intuitively guided by her, as the human body is guided by the will. They are identified with her strength and her weakness, her glory and her shame. They reflect her grasping ambition, her spirit of self-glorification, like a mirror. They repeat her vain utterances, her half-truths, her wild sophisms, like a mocking-bird. The follies, the hallucinations, the social and political disorders, to which she seems periodically liable by the very law of her being, are diffused throughout the entire nation with the rapidity and virulence of poison in the blood. No matter how erratic or headlong her course, they are dragged along in

it. It is as if a planetary system drew all its light, life, and movement from a comet. We see the centripetal force in full action, without the counterpoise of the centrifugal. Modern history supplies no parallel. To find a plausible one we must revert to Babylon, or to Rome under the Cæsars; and a capital standing in this relation to a nation of thirty-four millions is a perpetual source of alarm and perplexity, a standing menace, and a curse.

Although the moral and social effects of Parisian influence may require to be pointed out and illustrated, the political results lie on the surface for him who runs to read. Every fifteen or twenty years the whole existing order of things is suddenly reversed. The nation at large has no voice in the matter: the provinces are not allowed time to assent or dissent: the metropolis has grown restless and craving for novelties: the atmosphere has become surcharged with the revolutionary element, like a storm-cloud with electricity: a murmured sound like muttered thunder is heard; then a stir, a flash, an explosion, and one fine morning Europe is astounded and convulsed by the intelligence that a constitutional monarchy under a citizen king, a republic, or a second empire, has been proclaimed.

A single instance may suffice to show to what an extent this combined centralisation of authority and opinion may be pushed. The Provisional Government, nominated (and more than half self-nominated) at Paris, in February, 1848, was accepted with acclamation by the departments, most of which sent up deputations to pay homage to it; but when the National Assembly met in the following May and the real opinion of the nation could be made known, this same Provisional Government was summarily and almost contemptuously superseded. It was made clear to demonstration that the *régime* of the preceding three months, emanating from and imposed by Paris, was the work of a minority of the population of Paris, and intensely disagreeable to the vast majority of the French people.

Habits survive laws; there is about as much chance of the repeal of the law of the division of property as of decentralising the administration; and the one measure would no more cure the baneful habit of looking to the capital than the other would destroy the popular passion for equality. Before the machinery of office can be set in motion, the blow vibrates over the entire surface, the shock lives along the line. 'Do you wish to have a notion of this city?' asks M. Victor Hugo. 'Do an odd thing. Suppose her in conflict with France; and first arises a question, Which is the daughter; which is the mother? Pathetic doubt. Stupefaction to the thinker! These two giantesses come to blows.

O_n

On which side is the impiety? Has that ever been seen? Yes. It is almost a normal fact. Paris goes off alone; France follows perforce, and irritated: a little later she recovers her good temper and applauds; it is one of the forms of our national life. A diligence or railway carriage passes with a flag; it comes from Paris. The flag is no longer a flag; it is a flame, and the whole train of human powder takes fire behind it.'

There are elderly observers of passing events, quidnuncs of the café or Talleyrands of the Bourse, who will forecast the signs of coming events of this kind as confidently as a knowing Neapolitan will foretell an eruption of Vesuvius; and there are Cassandras of the press who, at every fresh extravagance, declare Paris to be a doomed city and the imperial dynasty to be tottering to its fall. Nothing to outward seeming can be fairer than their prospects at this hour, when the Champ de Mars is the cynosure of every eye, the point of attraction to the whole of the civilised world, and a good deal of the uncivilised; when the mighty ones of the earth, from north to south, from east to west, are hurrying to enjoy the splendid hospitality of the Tuileries; when the most brilliant pens that could be enlisted in the cause have been emulously striving to personify Paris as a goddess, a muse, a grace—or rather as all the goddesses, muses, and graces rolled into one. MM. Louis Blanc, Sainte-Beuve, Renan, Michelet, Théophile Gautier, Edgar Quinet, Alexandre Dumas (père et fils), Augier, &c., figure amongst the contributors to the First Part of the new 'Paris Guide;' and M. Victor Hugo has written an Introduction, in which he has racked his imagination, and well nigh exhausted his vocabulary, to deify the city of cities, the wonder, capital, and destined mistress of the world:—

'Paris is the city on which, on a given day, history has turned. Palermo has Etna, Paris has thought. Constantinople is nearer to the sun, Paris is nearer to civilisation. Athens built the Parthenon, but Paris demolished the Bastille. . . . Paris works for the terrestrial community. Hence, round Paris, with all men, in all races, in all colonisations, in all the laboratories of thought, of science, and of industry, in all the capitals, in all the little towns, a universal consent. Paris reveals the multitude to itself. This multitude that Cicero calls *plebs*, that Beccaria calls *canaglia*, that Walpole calls *mob*, that De Maistre calls *populace*, and which is no other than the elementary material of the nation, at Paris feels itself People. It is at once mist and clearness. It is the nebula which, condensed, will be the star. Paris is the condenser.'

As this, so far as it is intelligible, may be thought paradoxical, let us try again. Dipping into M. Victor Hugo's essay is like

dipping into Meg Merrilies' kettle or Camacho's cauldron : something rich and racy is sure to turn up :—

'The universe without the city would be like a decapitation. One cannot fancy civilisation acephalous. We want the city of which all the world is citizen. The human race needs a point of universal mark. To keep to what is elucidated, and without going to search for mysterious cities in the twilight, Gour in Asia, Palanquè in America—three cities, visible in the full light of history, are incontestable types of the human mind : Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, the three rhythmical cities. The ideal is composed of three rays : the True, the Beautiful, the Grand.* From each of these three cities emanates one of these three rays. The three together make all the light.

'Jerusalem brings out the True. It is there that the supreme word was spoken by the supreme martyr : *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*. Athens brings out the Beautiful. Rome brings out the Grand. Around these three cities the human ascension has accomplished its revolution. They have done their work. At present there remains of Jerusalem a gibbet, Calvary ; of Athens, a ruin, the Parthenon : of Rome, a phantom, the Roman Empire.

'Are these cities dead ? No. The cracked egg represents not the death of the egg, but the life of the bird : outside these prostrate envelopes, Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, hovers the idea that has taken wing. Outside Rome, Power : outside Athens, Art : outside Jerusalem, Liberty. The Grand, the Beautiful, the True. Moreover, they live in Paris. Paris is the sum of these three things. She amalgamates them in her unity. On one side she resuscitates Rome ; on another, Athens ; on a third, Jerusalem. From the cry of Golgotha, she has drawn the Rights of Man.'

'This logarithm of these civilisations digested into an unique formula, this infusion of Athens in Rome and of Jerusalem in Athens, this sublime tetralogy of progress struggling towards the Ideal, gives this master, and produces this masterpiece,—Paris. In that city there has been a crucifix. There, and during eighteen hundred years, too—we have just been counting the drops of blood—in presence of the great crucified one, God, who for us is Man, has bled the other great crucified one, the People. Paris, place of the revolutionary revolution, is the human Jerusalem.'

This nonsense, not to say blasphemy, may be a fine prospect for the poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling ; but the calm observer will discover something besides the grand, the true, or the beautiful, in the human Jerusalem. These historical parallels are far from reassuring at the best ; and, strange to say, they are confidently employed to point a diametrically opposite moral as we write. Here is M. Veuillot, with his '*Odeurs de Paris*,' comparing himself

* '*Le Vrai, le Beau, le Grand*.' M. Victor Hugo here differs essentially from M. Cousin, who wrote '*du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien*.'

to the man who ran up and down the walls of Jerusalem, crying, 'Woe! Woe! Woe to the city and the temple!' Then, we have the author of 'La Nouvelle Babylone,' who can read already the writing on the wall; and M. Henri Rochefort, who sketches his countrymen and contemporaries under the complimentary title of 'Les Français de la Décadence;' and M. Emile Girardin, who loudly complains that the least a nation can expect in return for her liberty is glory and prosperity, and that his beloved France has got neither of the three; and the authors of 'Paris Capitale du Monde,' who vow that, in becoming cosmopolitan, she has lost everything that constituted her legitimate superiority—her traditions, her associations, her taste, her manners, her gallantry, and her wit.

According to them, through some unaccountable fatuity or occult Machiavelism, the past and the future have been sacrificed to the present, the ideal and immaterial to the actual and material, whilst the æsthetic part of man's nature has been altogether overlooked:

'Who (they continue) now gives a thought to this Paris of yesterday? Who recalls what is no more, in presence of what is? Ah, the dead are dead, whether cities or men. Old cabarets, old parliamentary hotels, old cloisters, old stones historified and historical! your grand offence, in this city, where ground has grown so dear, was occupying space. Soon the clearings were made on all sides at once. The pickaxe was everywhere at work; and on the spaces thus obtained arose the stone mansion with five stories, the pitiless mansion whose doors are closed to the humble lodger. The emigration began.

'Each new boulevard ejected beyond the fortifications a mass of poor devils of whom Paris would fain be rid. *Veteres, migrate, coloni.* Begone, workmen, small shopkeepers, little tradespeople, we decline lodging you any longer! and, for the first time in history, was seen this strange, antichristian fact: a city which excluded the poor and insisted on being henceforth inhabited exclusively by the rich. . . .

'What, may I ask, is that edifice with Corinthian columns, pediment, &c.? It is a theatre. And this other edifice with Corinthian columns, pediment, &c.? It is a palace. And this third edifice with Corinthian columns, pediment, &c.? It is a church. And this fourth edifice with Corinthian pediment, &c.? It is a prison. Admirable architecture, this architecture with columns and pediments that are suited for everything!'

It is impossible to deny the uniformity, which is wearisome in the extreme; and the expulsion of the lower class beyond the walls is a fact which any early riser may verify for himself. Let him take his stand at daybreak at one of the main entrances, and he will see files of omnibusses and hackney-carriages freighted with workmen and their tools. The late Sir Robert Peel once drew a picture, which he meant to be pathetic,
of

of a labourer riding to his work on a donkey. The House of Commons laughed, and neither French nor English labourers would have much ground of complaint if they could always afford cabs and donkeys. An impartial German observer, M. Julius Rodenberg, contends that the destruction of the narrow streets and old houses, those hotbeds of disease and strongholds of crime as he calls them, has been most advantageously replaced, and that the bulk of the population have been large gainers on the whole by their removal to a purer atmosphere and healthier site. This may be, but many of them do not think so: we are all more or less creatures of habit, and our sympathies are warmly invoked for respectable individuals of both sexes who have died, or are dying, heartbroken by the change.

The episode of 'l'Expropriée' turns on the fate of an old lady, the Comtesse de Solermes, who receives notice that her hotel is to be pulled down. Rapidly running over the happy days she has passed in it, the thousand ties that link her to the spot, she wildly asks why she is to be torn from it. 'Madame,' replies the doctor who is supposed to relate the story, 'they are about to open a great boulevard.' 'Yes, but what will be the use of this boulevard?' 'It will cut a straight line through this side of Paris, which will be connected by a bridge with another straight line on the other bank of the Seine; and these two straight lines, then forming one, will be the shortest road between two of the great railway stations of Paris.' 'And how much will this shorten the distance.' 'Perhaps three minutes for carriages.' 'Three minutes! this, then, is your ground of public utility.' 'Yes, Madame, sometimes it is not so evident,—a simple question of symmetry, of regularity, of gratification for the eyes, which see pleasure in uniformity. Besides, the gain of a minute at the epoch in which we live is enormous, and no sacrifices are too great for its acquisition. The wisdom of nations has pronounced that time is money.' Then she almost rises to eloquence:

'Ah, doctor, take care, the public good may lie perhaps in a minute gained, but it does not lie there only, and better lose this minute than risk the loss of things precious for far different reasons. To treasure up in one's soul the faithful remembrance of what one has loved—to live surrounded with what occupies and warms it—to blend unceasingly the present with the past—does not this elevate the heart of man? And is it not good for all that each should be better?'

This old lady's warning or lament, at which a go-ahead generation will smile, sounds very like an amplification of Burke's memorable saying, that men seldom look forward to posterity who never look backwards to their ancestors. Or it may recal

Johnson's

Johnson's reflections at Iona: 'To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, and the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.' It may safely be conceded to her that when the spirit of progress is compelled to efface the footmarks of the past, this, though not a tenable objection to improvement, is at all events a fair subject of regret. Feelings, habits, and moral influences should surely be taken into the calculation when the entire population of large districts are to be simultaneously unhoused. M. Rodenberg computes that, if the new buildings of Paris were ranged in a straight line, they would reach fifteen German (nearly seventy English) miles. They consist, he says, of 200 boulevards and streets, eight churches, eighty schools, twelve bridges, the central hall, the new temple, four slaughter-houses, twenty-two squares, and three new parks, with 50,000 new trees. 'When I was in London, I knew a little old Jew who was constantly clapping his hands and calling out whenever he passed over the great bridges and saw the great ships, the great streets, and the great houses, "God preserve us; what can London have cost?" This would be difficult to say, for in London there is no Prefect of the Seine. Here, in Paris, however, we know tolerably well what Paris, the new Paris, has cost,—a milliard and a half of francs (sixty millions sterling) in fifteen years.' This we know to be much below the mark, although it only includes what has been already completed. The New Opera, with the decorations, is expected to cost more than three millions sterling; more than double the original estimate.

The Chinese ambassador is reported to have said, 'I have seen everything in this city, even to the schools and the barracks, but I wonder why the schools are so small, and the barracks so large.' His Excellency is not alone in his wonder. The precise purpose of the imperial projector has puzzled many with ampler means of information at command. When the King of the French procured the adoption of his fortification project, it was said that, under the pretence of investing the Parisians with a suit of defensive armour, they were about to be coaxed into a straight waistcoat. Has not Louis Napoleon, under the pretence of beautifying their city, turned it into a sort of intrenched camp in a lately conquered country? This topic is amusingly discussed in '*La Nouvelle Babylone*,' in a conversation between a general, a man of letters, and a Baroness of the empire.

'Paris has been demolished,' begins the General, 'because the revolution

revolution of February has demonstrated that no honest government could hold out in this *coupe-gorge* of a million of souls, in this tangled skein of streets, passages, and galleries, where, with a dozen of pavements one upon the other, and as many blouses behind these pavements, the first faction that turned up, the first secret society, could stop, one day, two days, three days even, all the infantry, all the cavalry, all the artillery, all the gendarmerie of the garrison of Paris. This was an insult to the uniform, an irregularity that could not be permitted to last.'

Then, running rapidly over the many plans for resisting popular movements, and demonstrating their insufficiency, he continues: 'Well, this Government has had the good sense to complete the first system of defence (Napoleon's): it has pushed the Rue de Rivoli quite up to the Rue Saint-Antoine: it has sapped the opaque compact quarters of Saint-Denis and Saint-Martin; it has at last completed the military position of the Louvre and the Carrousel. This position could not now be carried without cannon, an arm which the insurrectionists will not find at the gunmaker's. These are the real reasons for demolishing Paris. The object was to turn it into an intrenched camp, and make the Louvre a quadrilateral; with that and the imperial guard for garrison, the principle of authority can go to sleep. Orderly well-disposed people will never more see men in aprons, a pot of paste in hand, smearing the wall with a brush, and gravely placarding the corner of the street with an advertisement of a new Government.'

When the General had concluded the development of his system he left the room, and the man of letters struck in: 'You want to know why Paris has been rebuilt. I believe I am the man to enlighten you on this head; for, between ourselves, the General's opinion is not worth a rush. He received a sabre cut on the head at the passage of the Beresina; worse again, he married at seventy a girl of eighteen, and he now dreams of nothing but systems of defence. I am not acquainted with the Prefect of the Seine, but I undertake to say that, in demolishing half Paris, he has never thought of barricading the Government. Barricade it! and against whom? Against the people? Why the Government has the pretension to be the people compressed into one by the vote. On this hypothesis, then, it would be arming against itself. No, believe me, when the Prefect was turning Paris topsy-turvy, it was not from fear of a chimera, but by an inspiration of genius.' This inspiration, he explains, was to supply remunerative employment for the operatives, and to supply it in a way that should prevent its real character or probable results from being suspected or exposed. 'The revolution

revolution of February resolved to bestow charity on the labouring class; to spare their delicacy, to give alms the semblance of wages, it invented a species of work; it employed indiscriminately jewellers, goldsmiths, tailors, printers, saddlers, mechanics, in digging the Champ de Mars, in carrying the earth in wheelbarrows from north to south and then back again—an operation, the utility of which was so evident to them that, at the second barrowful they lighted their pipes and read the newspaper, all at the expense of the public.'

But now, 'a hundred thousand workmen, a hundred thousand electors, receive their wages regularly every Saturday, and bless Providence from Sunday to Monday; and the best of it is that everybody gains by the transaction. The workman gets a provision against want; the master a profit; the speculator a dividend; the population the beauty of the *coup d'œil*; the nurse a shady square to dandle her baby in; the Government a guarantee for tranquillity; for when the workman has work, he eats, and when he has eaten he thinks soundly; digestion is conservative; it is thought on spare diet that dreams of revolution.'

The objection of the portentous rise of house rent and of prices generally in the metropolis is adroitly parried; but the more formidable argument from ultimate and inevitable results seems to admit neither of evasion nor of satisfactory reply. 'Have the goodness to follow your hypothesis to the end. The Government will have unpeopled the rural districts, already too thinly peopled; it will have torn a hundred thousand more hands from the plough; it will have transformed peaceable agriculturists, brought up on the virtuous heath, in wholesome awe of the garde-champêtre, into denizens of the faubourgs of Paris, in the atmosphere and focus of insubordination and insurrection. By so doing, it will have entered into a tacit engagement with them to supply them indefinitely with work, and consequently to demolish and rebuild Paris indefinitely: to renew, trowel in hand, the ingenious fable of Penelope. Yet, after all, you cannot go on pulling down and reconstructing to eternity. When this fever of masonry abates, what is the Government to do with these two hundred thousand workmen without work?'

The dispute was growing warm when the lady of the house intervened with her theory, which is that the object of the Imperial Government was neither political, strategic, nor industrial; that it simply aimed at making Paris a becoming place of reception for the strangers that are flocking from every quarter of the world. 'I hear all round, "Respect for old Paris! it is history, and history is in some sort the soul, the memory, of a nation."

nation." What, because since the middle age, people have been hanged and broken on the wheel on the Place de Grève, was this a reason, to preserve this place out of regard for history? And because, at the angle of this same place there was a cabaret ornamented with a turret, where Madame de La Popelinière gave twenty louis for a window to enjoy the spectacle of a man quartered, was this hovel to be proclaimed inviolate in remembrance of Madame de La Popelinière? If such or such a celebrated ruin, inventoried on a page of Felibrien, goes down in the *mêlée*, what after all does it signify, so long as Paris is better looking and better behaved?' This theory, it is objected, assumes that luxury is the sole motive principle of the hour. 'And if so, where would be the harm? Is not luxury the sign of the superiority of race over race? For myself, I declare I would rather go without dinner than lace.'—'How long, Madame?'—'All my life, Monsieur.'—'Such a fast would not prevent luxury from ruining the State.'

We pass over the demonstration, to come to the summary. 'The General,' she continues, 'has told you that Paris was putting on a new skin to organise a system of defence against a popular outbreak; you shook your head and rejected the hypothesis. My young friend has just told you that it was to institute a national workshop which should ensure employment to the labouring class; you continued incredulous and demanded another reason. I have told you in my turn that it was to make the capital the principal ornament of the French people, and you have pronounced a downright homily against this opinion. Since you reject these three opinions, one after the other, take all of them together in the lump.'

We are disposed to follow this advice. A variety of mixed motives has probably led to the transformation; and projects once put in action, with unlimited resources, expand till they far transcend the original conception, or become absolutely uncontrollable. Prior to 1867 the number of workpeople depending for employment on the improvements certainly exceeded 200,000. We have heard it computed at nearly double. It was thought a happy hit to get foreigners to spend a million and a half sterling amongst French artisans and mechanics in completing and fitting up their respective departments of the Exhibition. But the regular demand for hands not being suspended, the extraordinary demand simply added about 200,000 more to the army of *proletaires* quartered in and about the capital and placing the Government very much in the condition of the enchanter who was compelled to find employment for the spirit he had raised, under the penalty of being torn to pieces. When the laws of political economy agree with common sense—and they are sadly
misnamed

misnamed when they do not—they are never long transgressed with impunity. As most of the large towns, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, &c., have been emulously beautifying already, they afford no outlet, and imagination is let loose to discover what fresh marvels of expenditure will suffice to prevent or procrastinate the crisis. Is the noble faubourg to be the next victim, to punish it for its legitimist recollections? or is the Latin quarter, with its unruly students, to be treated like the Faubourg Saint-Antoine?

The prospect is far from pleasant without the lowering thunder-cloud in the distance. It is already clear that people with moderate incomes will soon find it impossible to live in Paris without a sacrifice of many things which their habits and position imperatively require. 'By *decencies*,' observed Mr. Senior in his article on Political Economy in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, 'we express those things which a given individual must use in order to preserve his existing rank in society. A carriage is a decency to a woman of fashion.' According to this criterion, the number of born and bred Parisians capable of commanding decencies must be rapidly on the decrease; for the price of apartments, dress, equipage, furniture, and consumable commodities, has doubled or trebled, whilst custom, fashion, or caprice has simultaneously imposed a more luxurious scale of living and establishment on all who are reluctant to lose caste. An old nobility may repose on its ancestral advantages, on inborn refinement, on inherited ease, air, manner, and tone. The genuine *grande dame* can afford to appear in the same velvet gown at successive houses; to receive her company in a salon hung with faded tapestry, and drive about in a shabby old coach with the armorial quarterings half effaced. But the great lady of the new *régime* is placed under different circumstances, and gifted with a corresponding quality of taste—

'Her manners have not that repose,
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.'

Moreover, persons of both sexes who acquire riches and rank in revolutionary times, or by any sudden stroke of fortune, are naturally prone to make the best of their time. We can easily understand, therefore, why an imperial court, founded by a *coup d'état*, should set the example of lavish expense, and why the example should be followed with avidity by all who desire to stand well at the Tuileries or be included in the select invitations to Fontainebleau and Compiègne. The item of dress may serve as a sample of the current extravagance and the way in which

which it gains vogue. A fair guest at Compiègne must change her dress four times a day, and she is expected never to appear more than once in the same dress. An ambassadress who ventured to infringe the rule, and was reminded by the Empress of her transgression, quietly replied, 'I wore this gown a second time, because your Majesty did me the honour of noticing it the first.' A Frenchwoman who should risk such a solecism would never see her name on the chosen list again. Nor would a Frenchwoman be likely to risk it. True, the cost of an eight-day visit has been roughly computed at ten thousand francs; but (as the Charming Woman sings) '*that* is her husband's affair;' and it has been shrewdly observed that we all of us somehow find time and money for the gratification of our vanity or our caprices.

'Would you like to know,' asks the author of '*La Nouvelle Babylone*,' 'what a woman of the world costs her husband? I will introduce you for an instant into the interior of an establishment. The scene is a breakfast-table at which the mistress, a marquise, appears in a morning dress trimmed with lace, valued loosely at 2000 francs:—

' "Comment trouvez-vous cette robe-de-chambre?" disait-elle à son mari.

' Le marquis jetait un coup-d'œil à madame.

' "Parfaite," répliquait-il brusquement. Et comme il avait faim de bonne heure, il attaqua une croûte de pâté.

' "C'est pour toi que je l'ai mise," reprenait la jeune femme, en escortant ce *toi* exceptionnel—car une femme bien élevée doit dire *tous* à son mari—d'un de ces longs regards qui semblent promettre l'éternité.

' "Décidément ma femme m'aime," pensait le mari.'

At one in the afternoon she appears in a *toilette de bois*, to go to the Bois de Boulogne; a robe of grey velvet, with cloak to match, both trimmed with *sables*, the robe and the fur having cost about 4000 francs at least:—

' Elle présente d'abord son front à son mari: puis, lui appuyant les deux bras sur la poitrine, et le regardant, de haut en bas, dans une sorte d'extase:

' "Vous avez encore oublié de me faire compliment," disait-elle d'un ton de reproche caressant.

' "Et de quoi, madame?"

' Elle reculait vivement d'un pas, et prenant sa robe, à deux mains, comme une danseuse:

' "Mais de cela," disait-elle: "ingrat que vous êtes! c'est encore à *ton* intention. Enfin, comment trouvez-vous cette métamorphose?"

' "Délicieuse!" répliquait le mari. Et il ajoutait mentalement:

"Je

"Je croirais volontiers que de minute en minute ma femme redouble de tendresse."

When the dinner-hour arrived, and Madame appeared in a third dress, he resolved to make up for his former remissness, and exclaimed, the moment she entered, 'Divine!' He had made a still worse hit this time. 'What can you mean?' is the retort; 'this gown is a complete failure. I am really ashamed to be seen in it by you.' She pouts during the whole dinner, and then hurries away to put on a ball dress which had added about 4000 francs to the dressmaker's account. '*C'est donc quatre femmes par jour que j'ai épousées,*' is the melancholy reflection of the husband. At the end of the year he has to pay 60,000 francs for extraordinary expenses of toilette in addition to her regular allowance. This is complacently endured the first time; impatiently, the second; not at all the third, when he turns the dressmaker out of doors, and comes to a downright quarrel with his wife. She takes to her bed, in which, however, she receives visits, most becomingly and appropriately costumed. Then, all of a sudden, under pretext that the physician recommended exercise, she quits her hotel during a part of every day. One evening she returns with a flushed cheek, casts a glance of triumph at her looking-glass, throws off her burnous as if she panted for air, and exclaims, '*Enfin, je suis vengée!*'

One of the worst features of Parisian life is the position occupied by the Phrynes and Aspasia's of the present day. The fabulous sums lavished on them, and the influence they exercise over the gay world of both sexes, is mainly owing to the constant influx of wealthy foreigners, who hurry to Paris as to a perpetual carnival, where all the restraints of prudence and propriety may be laid aside. French fortunes alone would not bear the drain; and even the public taste would revolt if it were unalloyed by the extraneous element, and the full responsibility were thrown upon the French. There is an occasional protest as it is. When, very recently, a siren of the first class thought proper to exhibit herself on the stage 'in very thin clothing, and but little of it,' the students threatened to stop the performance, and the police were compelled to prohibit it. Whenever '*Les Filles de Marbre*' was acted, no passage was more applauded than '*Rangez vos voitures un peu, Mesdames; place aux honnêtes femmes qui vont à pied!*' The English have largely contributed towards the promotion of this phase of vice, but the worst offenders of late have been the Russians and the rich *parvenus* from the other side of the Atlantic. In '*La Vie Parisienne*,' now acting at the Palais Royal, the pigeon is a Brazilian:

'Je

‘Je suis Brésilien, j’ai de l’or,
 Et j’arrive de Janeire,
 Plus riche aujourd’hui quo naguère.
 Paris, je te reviens encore !
 Deux fois je suis venu déjà,
 J’avais de l’or dans ma valise,
 Des diamants à ma chemise,
 Combien a duré tout cela ?’

We gladly pass from this subject, which cannot be kept out of sight, nor even thrown into the background, without conveying an inadequate impression; but it is impossible in these pages to give it that prominence which it unfortunately occupies in the corrupted society of New Paris. It is a melancholy but undoubted fact, that women of position endeavour to copy the dress, manners, and language of these mercenary beauties; but they weaken instead of improving their position, by encountering their rivals on their own ground and with their own weapons. The *grandes dames* who reproduce the *argot* of a cab-driver, or sing ‘*Rien n’est sacré pour un sapeur*’ before an applauding audience at Compiègne, are feeble imitators, at best, of the (happily) inimitable originals.

No excuse can be made for those of the rising generation who are fond of debasing society, but one reason for it may perhaps be found in the disappearance, or extreme rarity, of the *salon*, by which we mean something very different from a drawing-room,—the scene of a succession of *soirées* or evening parties, at which a mixed company assemble by invitation on set days. ‘No,’ exclaims Madame Ancelot, ‘that is not a *salon*. A *salon* is an intimate *réunion*, which lasts several years, where we get acquainted and look for one another. The persons who receive are a tie between those who are invited, and this tie is the closer when the recognised influence of a clever woman has formed it.’* There were formerly, she says, in France many *salons* of this kind which have acquired an almost historical celebrity; and ‘if they have been less numerous and less before the public in our time, it is that, in general, intelligence has been more actively employed, and, moreover, that politics have made such a noise as has prevented anything else from being heard.’ There is another and stronger reason. The system of *espionage* that prevailed for some years subsequently to the *coup d’état*, and is still partially kept up, has banished confidence. Only four or five years since a literary man of distinction, who was summoned before the Police Correctionnelle touching the circulation of a pamphlet, discovered

* ‘*Les Salons de Paris : Foyers Eteints.*’ Paris, 1858.

from the course of the proceedings and the tone, that much of the conversation at his last evening party had been reported to the authorities. In this state of things, the master or mistress of a house may be pardoned for regarding a new acquaintance, or a stranger desirous of an introduction, with distrust, or even for subjecting him to a kind of moral quarantine before admitting him to the full privileges of intimacy.

Although not encountered by any similar obstacle, the *salon* has never flourished, indeed, can hardly be said to have been established, in this country, where social habits are altogether alien from it. The nearest approximation within our recollection was made by the Misses Berry, 'with whose lives,' remarks Lady Theresa Lewis, 'closed a society which will ever be remembered by all who frequented the pleasant little gatherings in Curzon Street.' There is also an eminently accomplished lady of rank still living, who (health permitting) is always at home to a chosen few, and affords in her own person an illustration of the brilliant and varied conversation which was the pride of the Parisian *salon* in the olden time. The indispensable sacrifice is one to which few, except under peculiar circumstances, will submit. Madame de Bassonville states, in her '*Salons d'Autrefois*,' that the Princesse de Vaudemont made a point of being at home every evening, giving up balls, plays, concerts, and other evening engagements, for thirty years; and for more than half the same length of time a French author and statesman of world-wide fame has devoted every evening in the week, except Thursday, to the reception of his friends.

'The clubs in England, the *salons* in France,' observes Madame Mohl in her '*Madame Récamier*,' 'have long been places where, like the porticos of Athens, public affairs have been discussed, and public men criticised.' This was why Napoleon I. closed Madame de Staël's *salon* by banishing her, and why Napoleon III. has taken effective means to suppress tribunals where he was pretty sure to be condemned without appeal. Their suppression or discouragement is one of the worst consequences of revived imperialism. 'Literary *salons* are everywhere the sign of an exuberant civilisation; they are also the sign of the happy influence of women on the human mind. From Pericles and Socrates at Aspasia's, from Michael Angelo and Raphael at Vittoria Colonna's, from Ariosto and Tasso at Eleonora d'Este's, from Petrarch at Laura de Sade's, from Bossuet and Racine at the Hôtel Rambouillet, from Voltaire at Madame du Deffand's or Madame du Châtelet's, from J. J. Rousseau at Madame d'Épinay's or Madame de Luxembourg's, from Vergniaud at Madame Roland's, from Chateaubriand at
Madame

Madame Récamier's,—everywhere it is from the fireside or boudoir of a lettered, political, or enthusiastic woman, that an age is lighted up or an eloquence bursts forth. Always a woman as the nurse of genius, at the cradle of literature! When these *salons* are closed, I dread civil storms or literary decline. They are closed.*

To return to the inexhaustible subject of modern luxury.—If capitals could be named in which the folly and extravagance of the courtly and aristocratic circles have been condemned and eschewed by the middle class, modern Paris is not of the number. Since the best days of Scribe, no piece has had a greater run or made more noise than 'La Famille Benoiton,' first acted at the Vaudeville in November, 1865. The explanation of its success is thus given, and we think correctly given, by M.M. Texier and Kaempfer: 'At certain moments there are currents of ideas in the air, which wait only for the pencil of the artist or the pen of the writer to turn them on. The author of the piece, a skilful forager, picked up the satirical shafts shot from all quarters, and paraded the whole before the foot-lights. The theatre has this advantage over the book: it is the electric spark. It arrives with the rapidity of the telegram at the point which the book takes ten years to reach. In this comedy there was nothing new, but it summed up with more or less art the vices and ridicules, so often exposed already, of the *great* of the present time.' The success of 'Le Mariage de Figaro,' with all its wit, may be accounted for on the same principle. It ruthlessly exposed the vices and ridicules of the great. But the *great* of Beaumarchais' day were the privileged class, the claimants of the *droit de seigneur*: it was they who made the fortune of the comedy, because they saw themselves reflected in it; the profligate Duc de Richelieu was its most eager patron; and the phrenzy of applause reached its acme, where Figaro apostrophises the Count. 'Noblesse, fortune, un rang, des places—tout cela rend si fier! Qu'avez-vous fait pourtant de bien? Vous vous êtes donné la peine de naître et rien de plus.'

The *great* of the present time, represented by 'La Famille Benoiton' and their friends, are the *bourgeoisie*, the industrial classes, the traders who have made their fortunes or are engaged in making them, with their hardness, their materialism, their phrenzied love of speculation, their contempt for the slow results of regular industry, their affectation, their vanity, and their extravagance. M. Benoiton is a millionaire, who, after making

* M. de Lamartine, 'Cours de Littérature.'

his million by elastic beds, has taken a villa at St. Cloud, and carries on the genteeler business of a house agent and builder with his son-in-law. The family consists of this son-in-law and his wife (the eldest daughter), two unmarried daughters, one son of fifteen, and another of ten or twelve. The two principal characters, not belonging to the family, are a Viscount, who has fallen in love with the youngest daughter, Jeanne, at first sight, and a widow, a well-disposed woman who has the mania for making marriages, but is urged by a feeling of probity to put her friend the Viscount on his guard.

Fanfan Benoiton gets up an imitation Bourse with his school-fellows, whilst his elder brother aims at notoriety by dissipation and debt. But the all-pervading tendency and tone are best illustrated by the dialogue between Didier the son-in-law and his wife Martha, who, on being reproached with her prodigality, stands boldly on the defensive:—

“I do not spend more than another woman—”

“Who spends as much, no! twenty thousand francs a year only—”

“It is but the interest of my fortune!”

“Ah! I guessed you were coming to that. So it seems to you just and legitimate that this money should be spent in your caprices. And as to any aid from your fortune towards the common establishment, for our child as regards the future, for myself in alleviation of present toil, that goes for nothing. Confess, then, that I was wrong to interest myself in the amount of your fortune before marriage. I should have sent for the dressmaker, the milliner, the jeweller, and have asked them if it was sufficient for them, since it was meant for them, and not for me.”

Shifting her ground a little, she contends that her mode of dressing redounds to their common credit; that it conveys an impression of their good taste and their commercial prosperity: ‘*C’est ma manière à moi de porter le drapeau de la maison.*’ When this argument fails, and she is told distinctly that the expenses of her toilette must be cut down, she openly rebels:—

“Excuse me: I belong to a class where a certain style is indispensable. What is more, I have acquired a reputation for elegance which I do not choose to forfeit. As I am not the woman to incur the ridicule of wearing the same ball-dress twice following, I should be forced to deny myself one ball in two, and to stint my pleasures as well as my expenses. This, I tell you fairly, I will not do. My fortune of 400,000 francs was given me to supply the twenty thousand francs of elegant caprices per annum to which I am entitled by my position and my habits. And because it is your fancy to turn hermit, I am to bury my twenty years under the cinders of the domestic hearth. *Allons, donc!* it is a pleasantry, is it not? I swear to you in right earnest that never, never will I consent,—free, to make myself

a slave; young, to make myself old; and living, to deprive myself of life.'"

Another play by the same author, '*La Maison Neuve*,' brought out at the Vaudeville in December last, tells a similar tale and points the same moral. We collect from it, first, that, according to Parisian notions, the best as well as the pleasantest mode of founding a fortune is to begin by spending one: secondly, that a mercer and his wife, who make a show, may speedily win or force their way into society. Hardly, indeed, into the highest or most respectable, despite of the pervading doctrine of equality, but into many houses of a class which, in London, would be closed against the best-dressed wife of the most thriving shopkeeper in Regent Street or Bond Street. In fact, the conventional lines of demarcation between callings and professions, which we familiarly recognise in England, can hardly be said to exist in the French capital, where money is the grand object of pursuit, and success the idol of the hour. There, consequently, a rich *parvenu* or *parvenue* may attain, rapidly and unaided, a position to which he or she would only approximate amongst us after long years of struggle and endurance, under patronage. Immediately beyond a few small and carefully drawn circles, the confusion of ranks, orders, and degrees is complete; so that the most practised observer would be puzzled to specify the precise point at which the *monde* slides into and becomes undistinguishable from the *demi-monde*.

People live so much in the open air in Paris that all the notabilities, male and female, are well known, and a stranger will easily learn from his next neighbour in the Champs-Élysées the leading occupants of the long lines of carriages that are defiling before his eyes:—

'The return through the Bois is a spectacle. Two rows of chairs reach from the Place de la Concorde to the course. Here sits the *bourgeoisie* of Paris. They go racing for a penny, and sit on wires (literally) from dewy morn to shadowy eve. Then there are six rows (at least) of carriages, each getting in the other's way, the drivers swearing like troopers. Here a new brougham is polled by a break, on which it is driven by a jibbing and recalcitrant cab-horse in front. There M. de B——'s phaeton is in awful grief, "having locked itself" (so says the driver) in the wheels of Mlle. Aspasia's brougham, which is coming the other way; and this accident is the more serious, as it brings about a moral as well as a material collision. On looking into it, you will perceive at once that the carriages thus locked together are painted exactly alike, and bear the same monogram; and then Madame de B——, by an unlucky accident, chances to be with her husband, having had words on the course with Count de C——. Alas! *Amantium iræ* are sometimes anything but a renewal of love. From this

this accident your attention is soon distracted by the sight of Prince Z——, who will drive a drag. "What the Prince wants," said Whipper, who lives here now, "is another hand for his whip: he must have more hands or less horses, or to grief he must come." It has come to-day, you see. The leaders are looking him in the face, and he has caught his whip in the hind wheel; his reins are in a knot, and his servants' breeches so tight that it takes them several minutes to descend from their "perilous eminence." Crack—bang—smack—any other hideous noise you can suggest—cries, too, of "Eh là bas," "Ay! a—y!"—and behold two ladies of the semi-world, with bright golden tresses and *chignons* of much hair, the property of several ladies, who, I suppose, to use the words of Mr. Tattersall, "have no further use for them, and they are to be sold," dressed in every colour of the rainbow, and some others, such as mauve and magenta, which have been invented since rainbows, having first made their postboy so drunk that his very tail quivers, and his boots and spurs keep up a running accompaniment to the mad gallop of the Percheron mares, are running amuck through the dense crowd, laughing, as if killing a man or two in the Champs-Élysées was as good fun as ruining them in the Rue de Breda.*

If the outward and visible life of Paris derives much of its colouring from the foreign element, we are assured that one stronghold of taste (besides the Academy) has uniformly resisted the invaders. The theatre is thoroughly and essentially Parisian, and when the dramatist and actors are putting forth their full powers, they may rest assured that a genuine Parisian audience is sitting in judgment on their performances. One of the most remarkable of the contributions to the 'Paris Guide' is entitled '*Les Premières Représentations*,' by M. Alexandre Dumas the younger, who is well qualified by personal experience for his allotted task:

'*Les Premières*, in our Parisian language (which must not be confounded with French), means the first representations. *Les Premières* are not like the races in England, like the bull-fights in Spain, like the *Kermesses* (popular revels) in Holland, one of the national pleasures which absorb for a given time a whole district or city: it is but the passion, at a stated hour, of this fraction of Paris which, in the same language peculiar to the Parisians, is called all Paris, and which in reality is composed of two hundred individuals,—let us say three hundred, not to give offence to any one.

'With these three hundred individuals who transport themselves during the whole winter to all the theatres of the capital, but only for *Premières*, we dramatic authors have to lay our account, for they constitute without appeal what is called the opinion or rather the taste of Paris, consequently, of France, and, as regards art, of the whole

* 'What's What in Paris.' London, 1867. Some useful hints may be collected from this little book, though it is rendered almost unreadable by flippancy and pretension.

world; for the French have ended by making believe that they rule the taste of the world. Let us say at once that this world is London, Petersburg, and Vienna.'

This group of judges, he explains, is formed of the most dissimilar elements, the most incompatible the one with the other, as to capacity, manners, and position. They are men of letters, men of the world, artists, men of the Stock-Exchange, officials, great ladies, clerks, women of good character, women of light character. They all know one another by sight, sometimes by name, and, without having ever exchanged a word, they know that they shall meet at the *Premières* and are glad to meet at them. How this is brought about, is a mystery even to a Parisian. Equally mysterious is the process by which they arrive at their conclusions, which are infallible. It is a fatal mistake to pack an audience; and the fine ladies are pronounced by this experienced judge to be a most detestable public for a first performance. 'They think they do you a favour in coming, and are not at all obliged to you for giving them places, for which you are tormented and besieged. They may not go to the extent of wishing the play to fail, but it is a matter of perfect indifference to them whether it succeeds or not. In either case, they lisp, "It is charming," as they would say, "It is going to rain," and think they part quits. Ten women of the world in the lower tier of boxes at a first representation are to the author what an overweight of a hundred pounds is to a favourite in a race.' The best use that can be made of a fine lady, according to M. Dumas, is to place her in the second or third tier, so as to attract attention, and suggest that no better place was disengaged.

A new beauty, perfectly new, may also do good service in a conspicuous part of the house by occupying attention between the acts. A rival author may become dangerous at critical moments, when the fate of the piece is wavering in the balance, and a gesture, an exclamation, or an impatient movement, may turn the scale; as when Charles Lamb, being present incognito in the pit at the first representation of his farce 'Mr. H.,' was thus addressed by a gentleman who sat next: 'This is sad stuff, sir: I will hiss if you will begin.' Godwin, who, after his own failure, never missed a first representation, was shrewdly suspected of being attracted by much the same motive as the gentleman who never missed an exhibition of Van Amburgh and the lions. If he did not absolutely hope or pray for a catastrophe, he was resolved not to lose an opportunity, if it came off.

It may be an open question whether the French drama has deteriorated under the second empire in point of power, genius, or wit; but it would be difficult to believe that it has deteriorated
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in point of taste or morals, without forgetting the masterpieces of Victor Hugo and A. Dumas the elder, which appeared under the monarchy. Compare for example, 'Lucrece Borgia,' or 'Le Roi s'Amuse,' or 'Antony,' or 'Henri Trois,' better known in England (through Mrs. Fanny Kemble's admirable version) as 'Catherine of Cleves.'

Perhaps the worst injury the drama has sustained at the hands of the Imperial Government is the erection of the two great theatres of the Chatelet and the Lyrique, which, by stimulating a mischievous rivalry, have accelerated the downward tendency towards melodrama, and made the author subservient to the machinist, the decorator, and the ballet-master. A great theatre is pretty sure to prove a great evil, as Johnson predicted long ago in his famous Prologue:—

'And who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can grasp th' effects of chance)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.'

There is also the spirited protest of Byron in 1812:—

'Gods! o'er these boards shall Folly rear her head,
Where Garrick trod, and Siddons loves to tread.'

But what avail the protests of poets, critics, or real lovers of the drama? Those who live to please must please to live, and managers, only too glad to fall in with the popular taste, will naturally give the preference to pieces which admit of their utilising their space. The manner in which they contrive to draw crowded houses in Paris has provoked one of M. Veuillot's most truculent diatribes. The foulest of *les Odeurs de Paris* is that which rises in a thick noxious vapour from the theatre. 'It is the theatre more than the press that addresses itself to the destruction of families and social order. Concubinage and adultery figure in it openly as of common right. The majority of heroes and heroines are illegitimate children and unmarried mothers.' This is a reproach of long standing. The following couplet was printed by Sir Henry Bulwer amongst specimens of French wit in 1834:—

'A croire ces messieurs, on ne voit dans les rues
Que des enfans trouvés et des femmes perdues.'

The play most in vogue during the present :
Idées de Madame d'Aubray, at the Gymnase.

an unmarried mother, who is restored to respectability by a marriage with (not the father of her child but) a young physician of unimpeachable morals and excellent expectations. The idea of Madame d'Aubray is that this kind of social condonation is right on general principles, although she rather objects to its being put in practice by her own son.

The *Café-chantant* is one of the specialities of new Paris, which owes its celebrity to a singer, Thérèse, who has won her way to the imperial presence, and has found imitators amongst the beauties of the Court. Yet her favourite songs are undeniably such as no modest woman would willingly listen to, much less learn and sing. They are exactly adapted to the meridian of the *cabaret*, for which they were originally composed. M. Veuillot's account of her public may be accepted as substantially correct, notwithstanding the bitterness of his tone :

'What an atmosphere, what a smell, made up of tobacco, spirits, beer, and gas! It was the first time I had ever entered such a place, the first time I saw women in a *café-fumant*. We had around us not only women but ladies. Twenty years ago, you would have looked for this spectacle in vain through all Paris. Obviously these ladies had dragged their husbands there after a struggle. The vexed and pre-occupied air of the gentlemen proclaimed this plainly enough. But as for the wives, they hardly seemed out of their element. He was right, that old and honest valet-de-chambre, who, speaking of his marquise, completely *dévoyée*, observed to me: "Monsieur, on ne sait pas ce qu'un maladroït peut faire d'une femme comme il faut." The presence of these women *comme il faut* gave the company a peculiar stamp of looseness, social looseness.'

French taste must have arrived at a low ebb when gentlemen take their wives to a *cabaret* to hear coarse songs in low company.

The principal picture galleries of Paris have been fully and fairly described by competent writers in the 'Paris Guide.' M. Alexandre Dumas (père) has taken charge of the Museum of the Luxembourg, which he describes as the *salle d'attente* of the Louvre, the best French paintings of the last forty or fifty years being provisionally deposited in it; and the collection is certainly highly creditable to the artistic period which it includes. But none of the fine arts can remain unaffected by the moral atmosphere in which they live, painting least of all, and we are inclined to agree with the German critic, M. Rodenberg's coadjutor, when he complains that no fresh development of 'high art' is to be expected from the rising generation, 'inclining on every side to the sensual-frivolous (*zum Sinnlich-Frivolet*); the *demi-monde*, it seems,

seems, governs taste even here.' The baneful influences at work are described by M. Taine in his article on Art in France in the 'Guide.' 'He (the student) is French, he resides at Paris in the nineteenth century; contemporaries brought up like himself judge him, reward him, buy his pictures; he is encompassed and mastered by opinion. Granted that, by dint of volition, he resists the fashion and lets it flow on, like an undercurrent, beneath his talent! Still, being of the same race and same time as the others, he will feel like the others, and his taste in its prominent features will correspond with the public taste.' And who are they that constitute his public? 'There is, first the great public of the Exhibition. They come there as to a fairy piece or a performance of the circus. They demand melodramatic or military scenes, battles, and murders: Andromedas on their rocks, Venuses rising from the sea, and undressed women in all kinds of scenes and characters.' Even the practised critic loses all power of discrimination after passing a couple of hours in the midst of three thousand pictures, and feels drawn in his own despite to what is daring and showy in preference to what is graceful, delicate, and true. The painter takes his line accordingly. He aims perforce at a new, salient, and unexpected effect. A quantity of nice shades can only be appreciated in silence and solitude: he neglects them. 'His picture is like a woman at a ball; she must be the queen of it; she adorns herself, she makes herself up, she is affected; see her a quarter of an hour later in her chamber, she will have the air of an actress exhausted with her part.' The painter is constantly saying to himself, like her, 'by what positions and gestures can I rise above the level and make a sensation.' The compromising compulsion now put upon the artist was thus illustrated by M. Champfleury: 'The painter should keep a loaded pistol in his *atelier*, and fire it out of the window from time to time to attract attention.'

The rich foreigners are an incidental cause of the degradation of art. A century since the tone was given by an elegant aristocracy, which has died out or got mingled with the crowd. There were then a hundred collections; there are now two thousand. There was then one taste and one art; there are now twenty, and of different degrees. 'A Brazilian, Moldavian, or American, who is tired of living among his slaves or peasants, comes to Paris to enjoy life. He buys a carriage, figures in the Bois, goes behind the scenes at the opera, admires the dancing girls, orders Venuses *qui sont des drôles*; and the artist, under the pretext of archaeology, or free art, supplies him according to his taste.' Or, as M. Veuillot has it, the Tempter

ringing his infamous gold and saying to the painter, 'You know what pleases me.' The millionaire who has made more money than he knows what to do with, and is simply aiming at notoriety by buying pictures, will of course bid highest for those which are most talked about, in other words, those which, judged by an elevated standard, are the worst.

It is undeniable that a great deal of this is equally true of England, where what is called high art is at a discount for want of purchasers, and known pictures, or pictures by known painters, are run up to fabulous prices by newly enriched railway contractors, stockbrokers, and manufacturers. The demand, if not for a name, is for something real and material, familiar and lifelike, something that can be tested by comparison with an actually existing original. The vast majority of the exhibition-going public think more of subject than execution, and prefer the subject which they understand at a glance to that which makes a call on the reflective or imaginative faculty. Hang up the 'Transfiguration' alongside of Frith's 'Derby Day;' let the initiated stand aside or hold their tongues; and the 'Derby Day' would attract ten times as many ardent admirers as the 'Transfiguration.'

'After all,' exclaims M. Taine, in reference to the institutions and funds provided for artistic education, 'a school is not bound to fabricate genius. Orthography, not thought, is taught in it: when the young people have learnt orthography, let them talk away if they have anything to say.' The orthography of the French artist is drawing and colour. In these he is commonly a proficient. It is in thought, in feeling, in delicacy, in choice of subject, and mode of treatment, that he fails; and no wonder. The highest poetry of art, the æsthetic element, is so systematically discountenanced as dreamy and mystic, that Mrs. Grote thought herself obliged to apologise for one of Ary Scheffer's finest efforts in this line:—

'Furthermore, I would ask whether the department of realistic material art be not abundantly furnished with able interpreters. Many renowned painters of our day have given us splendid examples of felicitous colouring, of imitative texture, of ingenious treatment of light and shade, of truth of "character," of severe and learned "drawing," of all excellences, indeed, pertaining to the "craft:" excellences some of which, speaking candidly, cannot be ascribed to Ary Scheffer. I may instance William Etty, Paul de la Roche, Maclise, Herbert, Watts, F. Leighton, Rosa Bonheur, Edwin Landseer, Mulready, Frith, Millais, Hunt, and many more, to illustrate my meaning. Yet though the admiration of mankind may be justly due to the exhibition of these qualities, it is nowise regrettable, but is even fortunate for the world, that

that ministers of art should now and then arise, who, being differently gifted, essay a new flight, and seek to employ their pencil upon other than purely familiar subjects or great historical passages.*

Where what can fairly be called a school of painting exists, it forms its public instead of being formed by it. There is no contemporary French school in this sense, and of the many striking productions of living artists there are few that please upon any high, sound, and recognised principle of art. What constitutes the attraction of 'The Duel after a Masked Ball'? Neither more nor less than what constitutes the attraction of a sensation novel. What draws the crowd to 'Phryne Before her Judges'? We had rather not particularise. The numerous pictures of Crimean battles, in which the English are represented by patches of hazy red in the distance, are coarse appeals to national vanity; and when Meissonnier, a painter *de genre*, was commissioned to paint the Emperor at Solferino, it was much as if Teniers had been commanded to commemorate the crossing of the Rhine by Louis XIV. But the Grand Monarque was more likely to err in an opposite direction. '*Tirez de devant moi ces magots*,' was his peremptory order when some of Tenier's works met his eye.†

We take journalism next. The influence of the English newspaper press, although eminently beneficial on the whole, and indeed indispensable to English institutions, is not and cannot be exercised without offending the feelings or prejudices of a large part of the community, and we have little doubt that severe measures of restriction would be hailed with unmixed pleasure and relief by many who cannot make up their minds to accept the evil with the good. The influence of the newspaper press in France under the monarchy, was far greater than in England at any period; it did more than lead opinion or initiate change;

* 'Memoir of the Life of Ary Scheffer.' By Mrs. Grote. Second edition, 1860, pp. 140, 141.

† Should our estimate of French art be attributed to national prejudice, we beg leave to refer to the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' for June, 1867, Art. 5: 'Le Salon de 1867,' by M. Maxime Du Camp; and 'Le Correspondant' for May 25, 1867, Art. 'Ingres,' by M. Leon Lagrange, who mourns over the simultaneous decline of painting and sculpture in France. An international exhibition, as hitherto managed, cannot be expected to supply complete materials for comparing national progress in any branch of production, for the obvious reason that the quantity and quality of the articles exhibited are left dependent on individual interest and caprice. This is particularly observable in the department of art in the Paris Exhibition of this year. The French artists are inadequately represented, despite of Gerome and Meissonnier. The English be represented at all. The countries whose artists those whose productions were comparatively unknown example, which exhibit some landscapes, and two undisputed excellence.

it brought about one revolution after another; it did so with a tone of triumph and an air of arrogant superiority; it threatened to leave nothing stationary or fixed; and it consequently excited little sympathy when it fell. Indeed its unrestrained and capricious despotism had begun to be regarded by the nation at large as incompatible with order and stability. But all enlightened Frenchmen, whose interests are not bound up with imperialism, will admit that the present condition of French journalism is unsatisfactory in the extreme. A servile writer may say anything he likes against anybody who is in bad odour with the Government, or disapproves of its spirit, its policy, or its acts. Thus the 'Pays' (edited by M. Granier de Cassagnac, the author of a carefully suppressed history of the *coup d'état*) is permitted, probably encouraged, to call for summary measures against the Academy, on the ground that it is the hotbed of disaffection and disloyalty, whilst no editor can admit the polished contributions of M. Prevost Paradol without incurring the worst penalties of libel. As to the promised modifications of the law, which are to be a partial 'crowning of the edifice,' they recal the position of Figaro: 'They told me that, during my economical retirement (his imprisonment), a system of free circulation of commodities had been established which comprised even the productions of the press; and that, provided I spoke in my writings neither of authority, nor public worship, nor politics, nor morals, nor of people in place, nor of people in credit, nor of the opera, nor of other spectacles, nor of anybody who was connected with anything, I could freely print everything, under the inspection of two or three censors.'

It would be safer to write under the inspection of two or three censors, than to be liable to fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of a Tribunal of Police Correctionnelle, for any item of news that may turn out false, or any comments on the administration that could be construed into a design to bring authority into contempt.* M. Emile Girardin has been heavily fined two or three times within the year for articles which did not exceed the limits of fair discussion. In one instance he was fined for publishing an opinion without the grounds; and a man of inferior note, who should have been found guilty of the same alleged trans-

* The Paris Correspondent of 'The Times,' June 17th, remarks: 'If the jurisdiction in the matter of meetings be the same as that existing for the press, the law will be little more than a mockery and a snare. Some time since the "Echo Agricole" was prosecuted and condemned for an article on the sliding scale—a subject essentially connected with agriculture; but the Courts decided that the sliding scale was exclusively a political and by no means an agricultural question, and that it was illegal for a print especially devoted to agricultural topics to treat it.'

gression, would haply be now expiating his imprudence at Cayenne. M. Veuillot who, like M. de Girardin, had claims to indulgence on the strength of former services, gives an amusing account of the annoyances he experienced between the suppression (in 1860) and the recent revival of his newspaper, 'L'Univers.' He was, during the entire interval, *homme compromis*, a position bearing a close analogy to that of *femme compromise* in society. There were days, he says, when he would gladly have written at the rate of a month of imprisonment per line. But he must either find an editor ready to be compromised along with him, or set up a newspaper of his own, and he could do neither.

No class has suffered so much from the loss of liberty as the literary class; and, speaking generally, no set of men ever bore up against a crushing blow with more firmness and constancy than the French men of letters since the *coup d'état*. Intimidation and corruption have been tried in vain with the main body, nobly represented by the Academy; and the few who have fallen away can no longer meet their compeers without being the conscious objects of suspicion or distrust. To a still lower category belong those who have prostituted their pens to depreciate liberty, or to uphold the author of the 'Histoire de Jules César' as the most profound, most enlightened, most eloquent, historian of the age; and we have seen articles on this book by French critics of note in which adulation was pushed to slavishness. There would be no great harm done if the indirect influences were as limited and as shortlived as the reputation of the work; but in the attempt to form a public for the imperial aspirant to literary fame, the rising generation have been studiously imbued with false views and doctrines. 'This morning,' says the mentor of 'Paris Capitale du Monde,' 'my young nephew came to tell me that he is competing for the prize in historical composition by an essay, to prove that the epoch of the true greatness of Rome was the empire.' On learning that the authorities in support of this theory had been supplied by a professor, he resolves to come to an explanation with so original a teacher, calls on him accordingly, and describes the interview:—

'And so, Sir, since we of an older generation completed our studies, you young masters of the new generation have changed the history of Rome, and perhaps that of France? And doubtless, to prepare your pupils for sound doctrines, you teach them that all we were once taught to admire is perfectly absurd and ridiculous: that all we believed true on the word of our masters was but falsehood and imposture. Rome great in the time of Marcellus, of the Scipios, of Paulus Emilius! What are you talking about? Rome great when she was republican!

republican! Rome great when she was free! Rome great when she was virtuous! Narrow and stupid prejudice! Away with these superannuated follies! And Plutarch, and Livy, and Bossuet, and Montesquieu, blockheads like their heroes! The greatness of Rome, it dates from Cæsar, it dates from the Empire: it is at its apogee under Tiberius, under Caligula, under Claudius, and Nero.'

On his appealing to Persius, Tacitus, and Suetonius, the professor puts them aside as malcontents:—

'Malcontents! you are right. Malcontents, who had the audacity to be indignant when Tiberius revolted the world by his despotism and debauchery, when Caligula gave the consulship to his horse, when Nero played the flute, danced in the theatre, set fire to Rome and looked on whilst it was burning, or paraded the streets with his wife Sporus. Do not suppose, however, that I attach an undue weight to your new doctrines: they will not make much way in the world, and they will not be long-lived. Good sense will kill them, and ridicule will bury them. Your scholars, as soon as they get away from you, will unlearn them, and I should not wonder if some sound understandings among them are already laughing at you in their sleeves. Never mind, it is not good that, even for an instant, young minds should make light of the noblest instincts, hesitate between what is good and what is bad, and believe that there are nations great and happy in slavery and abasement.'

It will be remembered that the imperial historian rejects the authority of Suetonius and Plutarch, and leaves no room for doubt as to the precise object of his work:—'This object is to prove that when Providence raises men like Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, it is to mark out for the people the track they ought to tread—to stamp a new era with the seal of their genius, and accomplish in a few years the work of many ages. Happy the people who understand and follow them! Woe to those who misunderstand and oppose them. They act like the Jews—they crucify their Messiah.' Again, with the profoundest air of conviction it is laid down: 'When extraordinary facts attest an eminent genius, what more contrary to good sense than to attribute to him all the passions and all the sentiments of mediocrity.' Never mind evidence. Do not listen to poets or philosophers when they recal 'fears of the brave and follies of the wise.' Argue *à priori*. Napoleon, with the littlenesses and weaknesses of humanity, could not have been Napoleon. Therefore, he had no littlenesses or weaknesses. '*Soyons logiques, et nous serons justes.*'* It is in the attempt to follow suit, to be logical and just in this fashion, that the professors and critics have gone astray.

* 'Histoire de Jules Cæsar.' Tome premier, préface.

M. Veuillot maintains that the very language has suffered from the prevalent corruption and subserviency:—

‘A fine and noble language is the French. One does not know French, one does not speak it, one does not write it, without a quantity of other things which constitute what was formerly called an honest man. *French is a bad vehicle for a lie.* To speak French, there must be in the soul a fund of nobleness and sincerity. You object Voltaire. Voltaire, who moreover was not a fool, spoke only a dried-up language, already notoriously debased. The fine French, the grand French, is at the command of the honest man alone. A vile soul, a lying soul, a jealous and even simply turbulent soul, will never speak perfectly well this tongue of the Bossuets, the Fénelons, the Sévigné, the Corneilles, the Racines; he will master some notes, never the entire gamut. There will be alloy, obscurity, emphasis. As to these raw scholars (of the ‘Constitutionnel’), I defy them to rise even to mere correctness. How could they manage to lie and talk nonsense without breaking, swelling, bursting a tongue that Christianity has made for logic and truth?’

A pure style is also unattainable by a writer who is not a sincere Catholic, and ‘the sincere Catholic is he whose profession of faith is the belief that Jesus Christ, true God and only God, speaks by the mouth of Peter, who is the Pope.’

We earnestly wish that M. Veuillot could establish so much of his theory as relates to the dependence of a pure French style on truth; for then we should possess an easy and never-failing method of testing the accuracy of French writers. We should lie under no necessity of disproving by authorities M. Thiers’ account of the battle of Waterloo; for the hopeless confusion into which he throws the English army prior to the arrival of the Prussians would be reflected in his own pages, and he would be self-refuted as he wrote. The last (the eighth) volume of M. Guizot’s ‘Memoirs,’ especially the chapter on the Spanish marriages, would be unwittingly defaced by neologisms and irregularities of construction that would go nigh to lose him his *fauteuil*. M. de Lamartine’s ‘History of the Restoration’ would be positively unreadable; and if the touchstone of faith and morals (as understood by M. Veuillot) were also brought into play, there might be a startling deterioration in the beautiful French of Georges Sand. But the provoking thing is that it is precisely those writers who, according to the proposed criterion, should halt, stumble, or break down, that stand highest for flow, spirit, and lucidity.

What is partly true of French journalism, cannot fairly be predicated of French literature as a whole. Under every species of oppression and temptation it has preserved its independence,

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its dignity, its elevation, its self-respect. Indeed, we are not quite sure that the existing *régime* has not been indirectly and unintentionally favourable to it. Excluded from political life, such men as MM. Charles de Rémusat, Duvergier De Hauranne, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Montalembert, &c., &c., have occupied their compelled leisure in the composition of valuable works. Freedom of thought, debarred from one field, finds speedy compensation in another. The wings of Science have not been clipped; and MM. Renan and About are living examples, in contrasted ways, that there is still ample scope for the display of wit, knowledge, boldness, and originality. One important branch of political study—political economy—also has made rapid advances under imperial patronage, which it certainly would not have made under an administration inspired by M. Thiers. It may be doubted whether the Commercial Treaty with England, negotiated by Mr. Cobden and M. Michel Chevalier in immediate communication with the Emperor, would have been entertained at all by a popular ministry, or sanctioned by a fairly elected representative assembly.

Space permitting, we should have liked to have instituted a more detailed comparison between New Paris and Old Paris at preceding periods; for which ample materials are at hand. There is Mercier's '*Tableau de Paris*,' published in 1781, which speedily acquired a European reputation. It was published anonymously; and the story goes that Lavater, meeting Mercier, declared, after studying his physiognomy, that he must be the author of the work. Then there is '*France Social, Literary, Political*,' by Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, published in 1834: abounding in striking pictures of manners, illustrative anecdotes, and valuable facts. And to take a third resting place a little later, there is '*Les Français Peints par Eux-mêmes: Texte par les Sommités Littéraires*,' &c.; nine volumes grand octavo, in 1840-1842; besides some thirty volumes of '*Physiologies*,' for which there was a perfect mania in 1842.

Widely diversified as are the points of view and the mode of treatment in the books, they convey the same broad impression of Parisian life, and show that its essential features are unchanged. Nay, Sir Henry Bulwer quotes the letter of a Sicilian gentleman of the time of Louis XIV., which might pass for a letter of a Sicilian gentleman of the time of Napoleon III.:

'It is no exaggeration to say that Paris is one vast hotel. You see everywhere cafés, estaminets, taverns, and the frequenters of taverns. The kitchens smoke at all hours, and at all hours eating is going on. The luxury of Paris is something extraordinary and enormous; its wealth would enrich three cities. On all sides you are surrounded by
splendid

splendid shops, where everything is sold that you don't want, as well as everything you do. All wish to live splendidly; and the poorest gentleman, jealous of his neighbour, wishes to live as well as he does. Ribbons and looking-glasses are things without which the French could not live. Fashion is the veritable demon of the nation. . . . There is not a people so imperious and audacious as these Parisians. . . .

'The women dote upon little dogs. They command their husbands, and obey nobody. They dress with grace. We see them at all hours, and they dote on conversation. As to love, they love and listen to their lovers without much difficulty; but they never love long, and they never love enough. I have not seen a jealous husband, or a man who thinks himself unhappy and dishonoured because his wife is unfaithful.'

A hundred and fifty years later we find an English author quoting for its enduring truth the saying of Montesquieu, '*Que le Français ne parle jamais de sa femme, parce qu'il a peur d'en parler devant les gens qui la connaissent mieux que lui.*' But both Montesquieu and the Sicilian were speaking of an idle and luxurious class, whose habits would convey an unfavourable impression of national domestic life at any period. It was Mercier who called Paris the New Babylon; and the grand scheme of improvement now in progress originated with Voltaire:

'When London was consumed by flames, Europe said London will not be rebuilt under twenty years, and will still see its disaster in the repairs of its ruins. It was rebuilt in two years, and rebuilt with magnificence. What! will it never be, except at this last extremity, that we shall do anything great. If half Paris were burnt, we should rebuild it commodious and superb; and we are unwilling to give her now, at a thousand times less cost, the conveniences and magnificence she requires. Yet such an enterprise would make the glory of the nation, an immortal honour to the municipality of Paris, encourage all the arts, draw foreigners from the extremities of Europe, enrich the State, very far from impoverishing it, accustom to work thousands of wretched do-nothings who at present support their miserable existence by the infamous and penal trade of begging, and help to dishonour our city into the bargain: the good of the whole world would result from it, and more than one sort of good. Heaven grant that some man may arise, some man sufficiently zealous to conceive such projects, of a soul firm enough to follow them out, of a mind sufficiently enlightened to reduce them to practice, and that he may enjoy sufficient credit to ensure their success.'*

The realisation of Voltaire's dream is not sufficient for M. Victor Hugo, who confidently announces that, in the twentieth

* '*Œuvres Complètes de Voltaire*,' tome xxvi. Essay on '*L'Embellissement de Paris*,' written in 1749.

century, there will be an extraordinary nation, great, free, illustrious, rich, intellectual, pacific, cordial to the rest of humanity: that this nation will be called, not France, but Europe, and that Paris will be its capital. This consummation will be enormously accelerated by the Exhibition:—

‘The year 1866 was the shock of peoples: the year 1867 will be their rendezvous. . . . Paris is thrown open. The peoples obey this enormous magnetisation. The continents are hurrying up: America, Africa, Asia, Oceania, all are on the way; and the Sublime Porte and the Celestial Empire, these metaphors which are kingdoms, these glories which are barbarisms. “To please you, O Athenians!” was the cry of the ancients: “To please you, O Parisians!” is the cry of the moderns. This very China, which believed herself the centre, begins to doubt of it, and comes abroad. The Japanese brings his porcelain, the Nepaulese his cachemire, and the Carib his club. Why not? You display your monster cannon!’

‘Here a parenthesis! Death is admitted to the Exhibition. It enters under the form of a cannon, but it enters not under the form of a guillotine. A very handsome scaffold was offered, and refused. Let us make a note of these caprices of decency. Delicacy does not admit of discussion. Come what may, clubs and cannon will be out of place. One sees that they are ashamed of themselves. The Exhibition, apotheosis for all other instruments of man, is for them pillory. Let us move on. Here is the whole of life under all forms, and each nation presents its own. The millions of hands which clasp each other in the great hand of France—there is the Exhibition!’

But what, when they unclasp? What will happen, and how will they or their hosts feel, when, the pageant ended, the proud show is o’er, and nothing remains but to set the gain against the cost?

On the eve of the Revolution of July, a fête at the Palais Royal in honour of the King of Naples gave occasion for the memorable *mot* of M. de Salvandy: ‘*C’est une fête toute napolitaine, Monseigneur: nous dansons sur un volcan.*’ The month after the opening of the Exhibition, the ‘peoples’ who had come to clasp hands in the great hand of France were also standing on a volcano, and were within an ace of witnessing an eruption which might have shattered Europe to its centre or have toppled down a throne. When the exasperation caused by the Luxemburg affair was at its height, a French soldier, making light of the adversary, exclaimed: ‘*Pour ces Prussiens-là, nous les mangerons.*’—‘*Mais si les Prussiens vous mangent?*’—‘*Alors, nous mangerons l’Empereur.*’ The *prestige* of success is indispensable to the Emperor, who has had an unbroken run of ill-luck since Solferino. The really great things he effected for Italy were opposed to the traditional policy of France, which is to have weak States

States on her frontiers. The Mexican expedition was confessedly a costly blunder: checkmate twice in the German game with Bismark, checkmate again in the Polish game with the Czar, have wounded the national vanity to the quick; whilst the threatened organisation of the army has created a dangerous amount of alarm and irritability, especially amongst the peasantry, whose steady Buonapartism would hardly hold out against increased taxation or conscription.

Neither has the Exhibition proved so dazzling a success as to make the Parisians forget these multiplied mortifications, or induce foreign nations to admit the supremacy, and place perfect confidence in the peaceable intentions, of France. Many do not think themselves handsomely treated in being required to pay largely for their accommodation; many complain loudly of the monopolies by which petty contributions have been levied on exhibitors. The returns in the shape of profit, or other incidental advantages, have not answered the expectations of the producer or manufacturer; the award of prizes is unsatisfactory; and admirable as are the arrangements for all practical purposes, the mere sight-seer, or *flaneur*, comes away disappointed for want of a *coup d'œil* or grand effect of any kind, or even an agreeable promenade or lounge. The utter absence of novelty would argue that inventive genius had lain dormant since the last great show of the sort, if we did not allow for the operation in others of the same cautious and calculating spirit that has influenced the Emperor, who, whilst inviting rival monarchs to the most unreserved display of their resources, has kept back the revolving cannon, which, when the time comes for it to take the field, is to sweep hostile armies from his path. The mixture of melodramatic display and unabashed cupidity in the whole affair caused the sufferer from a petty exaction to apply to it what was said of the Mexican expedition—that it was made up of Franconi and Robert Macaire; and the broad consolatory conclusion which may be heard on all sides is, that we shall have seen the last of International Exhibitions in 1867.

It may be doubted whether any temporary stimulant to production does good in the long run, and the additional rise of prices in Paris caused by the Exhibition falls ruinously upon numbers who have no chance of being compensated. An upper clerk in the civil service is introduced complaining that all the money gained by the keepers of hotels, cafés, and restaurants, or other caterers for the public, will not enable him to pay double or treble for all the necessaries of life, and his friend replies 'Never mind. Think of what M. Hausmann has done for'

native city. Paris rebuilt, Paris capital of the world, is naturally the caravansery, the inn, the *cuisine*, of the universe. As M. Prud'homme would say, we are going to dine in all languages.* But then comes the question, are we going to dine better? and sorrowful experience compels the confession that we are not. How can we expect to dine well, if we dine in a hurry and a crowd? What sensible cook of any country will put forth his skill under such circumstances? Gastronomy has steadily declined at the restaurants since the establishment of clubs, which draw away the best judges of eating, and the multiplication of a class of travellers who would be puzzled to tell the difference between an *entrée* and an *entremet*. It must be they who are answerable for the worst of modern heresies, the introduction of underdone meat, which in the good old days of French cookery was unknown. If the same causes produce the same effects, the decline will simply be accelerated by the Exhibition.

It is just thirty-two years ago that we gave a critical and analytical account of the principal restaurants of Paris;* and so strong is the principle of permanence in these establishments, that an account of them written in 1832 (with two or three additions and omissions) might stand good for 1867. The most important changes are the closing of the *Rocher de Cancale* and the *Café de Paris*, with the establishment of *Philippe* in the Rue Mont d'Orgueil. The restaurants most in repute at present are *Les Trois Frères Provençaux*, *Le Café Anglais*, *Philippe*, *Le Café de la Madeleine* (*Durand*), *Riche*, *Vefours*, *Maison Dorée*, *Voisin*, *Vachette*. A good dinner may be had at most of them if ordered by a qualified *habitué*, i.e., by one who is practically acquainted with the capabilities of the cellar and the *chef*; but no one accustomed to the best French and English tables should any longer anticipate the highest gratification of an educated palate at a *restaurant*.

To which side, then, in which direction, high or low, to what department of art or social life, to what development of intellectual power, to what new elements of healthy vigour, are we to look, hopefully or confidently, for the confirmation of M. Victor Hugo's prophecy? Why should all the 'peoples' of Europe gravitate towards Paris, except as people gravitate towards a theatre or a fair? Why should she be proclaimed their capital? Why should they become blended and identified with her more than they are now? Or would it be a gain for Europe, for humanity,

* See the 'Quarterly Review' for July, 1835. Art., 'Gastronomy and Gastronomers.'

if they took her for their mistress, their polestar, their guide, in manners, morals, literature, politics, or philosophy? 'This city,' exclaims the prophet, 'has one inconvenience. To whomsoever possesses her, she gives the world. If it is by a crime that one possesses her, she gives the world to a crime.' It would be difficult to adduce a better reason for deprecating her aggrandisement and restricting her influence to France.

ART. II.—1. *Antiquities, Historical and Monumental, of the County of Cornwall.* By William Borlase, LL.D. London, 1769.

2. *A Week at the Land's End.* By J. T. Blight. London, 1861.

IT is impossible to spend even a few weeks in Cornwall without being impressed with the air of antiquity which pervades that county, and seems, like a morning mist, half to conceal and half to light up every one of its hills and valleys. It is impossible to look at any pile of stones, at any wall, or pillar, or gatepost, without asking oneself the question, Is this old, or is this new? Is it the work of Saxon, or of Roman, or of Celt? Nay, one feels sometimes tempted to ask, Is this the work of Nature or of man?

'Among these rocks and stones, methinks I see
More than the heedless impress that belongs
To lonely Nature's casual work: they bear
A semblance strange of power intelligent,
And of design not wholly worn away.'—*Excursion.*

The late King of Prussia's remark about Oxford, that in it everything old seemed new, and everything new seemed old, applies with even greater truth to Cornwall. There is a continuity between the present and the past of that curious peninsula, such as we seldom find in any other place. A spring bubbling up in a natural granite basin, now a meeting-place for Baptists or Methodists, was but a few centuries ago a holy well, attended by busy friars, and visited by pilgrims, who came there 'nearly lame,' and left the shrine 'almost able to walk.' Still further back the same spring was a centre of attraction for the Celtic inhabitants, and the rocks piled up around it stand there as witnesses of a civilisation and architecture certainly more modern than the civilisation and architecture of Roman settlers. We need not look beyond. The great buttress of England has stood there, do

Atlantic, the geologist alone, who is not awed by ages, would dare to tell us. But the historian is satisfied with antiquities of a more humble and homely character; and in bespeaking the interest, and, it may be, the active support of our readers, in favour of the few relics of the most ancient civilisation of Britain, we promise to keep within strictly historical limits, if by historical we understand, with the late Sir G. C. Lewis, that only which can be confirmed by contemporaneous monuments.

But even thus, how wide a gulf seems to separate us from the first civilisers of the West of England, from the people who gave names to every headland, bay, and hill of Cornwall, and who first planned those lanes that now, like veins, run in every direction across that heath-covered peninsula! No doubt it is well known that the original inhabitants of Cornwall were Celts, and that Cornish is a Celtic language; and that, if we divide the Celtic languages into two classes, Welsh with Cornish and Breton forms one class, the *Cymric*; while the Irish with its varieties, as developed in Scotland and the Isle of Man, forms another class, which is called the *Gaelic* or *Gadhelic*. It may also be more or less generally known that Celtic, with all its dialects, is an Aryan or Indo-European language, closely allied to Latin, Greek, German, Slavonic, and Sanskrit, and that the Celts, therefore, were not mere barbarians, or people to be classed together with Finns and Lapps, but heralds of true civilisation wherever they settled in their world-wide migrations, the equals of Saxons and Romans and Greeks, whether in physical beauty or in intellectual vigour. And yet there is a strange want of historical reality in the current conceptions about the Celtic inhabitants of the British isles; and while the heroes and statesmen and poets of Greece and Rome, though belonging to a much earlier age, stand out in bold and sharp relief on the table of a boy's memory, his notions of the ancient Britons may generally be summed up 'in houses made of wicker-work, Druids with long white beards, white linen robes, and golden sickles, and warriors painted blue.' Nay, strange to say, we can hardly blame a boy for banishing the ancient bards and Druids from the scene of real history, and assigning to them that dark and shadowy corner where the gods and heroes of Greece live peacefully together with the ghosts and fairies from the dream-land of our own Saxon forefathers. For even the little that is told in 'Little Arthur's History of England' about the ancient Britons and the Druids is extremely doubtful. Druids are never mentioned before Cæsar. Few writers, if any, before him were able to distinguish between Celts and Germans, but spoke of the barbarians of Gaul and Germany as the Greeks spoke of Scythians, or as we ourselves speak of the

the negroes of Africa, without distinguishing between races so different from each other as Hottentots and Kafirs. Cæsar was one of the first writers who knew of an ethnological distinction between Celtic and Teutonic barbarians, and we may therefore trust him when he says that the Celts had Druids, and the Germans had none. But his further statements about these Celtic priests and sages are hardly more trustworthy than the account which an ordinary Indian officer at the present day might give us of the Buddhist priests and the Buddhist religion of Ceylon. Cæsar's statement that the Druids worshipped Mercury, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva, is of the same base metal as the statements of more modern writers,—that the Buddhists worship the Trinity, and that they take Buddha for the Son of God. Cæsar most likely never conversed with a Druid, nor was he able to control, if he was able to understand, the statements made to him about the ancient priesthood, the religion and literature of Gaul. Besides, Cæsar himself tells us very little about the priests of Gaul and Britain; and the thrilling accounts of the white robes and the golden sickles belong to Pliny's 'Natural History,' by no means a safe authority in such matters.

We must be satisfied, indeed, to know very little about the mode of life, the forms of worship, the religious doctrines, or the mysterious wisdom of the Druids and their flocks. But for this very reason it is most essential that our minds should be impressed strongly with the historical reality that belongs to the Celtic inhabitants, and to the work which they performed in rendering these islands for the first time fit for the habitation of man. That historical lesson, and a very important lesson it is, is certainly learnt more quickly, and yet more effectually, by a visit to Cornwall or Wales, than by any amount of reading. We may doubt many things that Celtic enthusiasts tell us; but where every village and field, every cottage and hill, bear names that are neither English, nor Norman, nor Latin, it is difficult not to feel that the Celtic element has been something real and permanent in the history of the British isles. The Cornish language is no doubt extinct, if by extinct we mean that it is no longer spoken by the people. But in the names of towns, castles, rivers, mountains, fields, manors, and families, and in a few of the technical terms of mining, husbandry, and fishing, Cornish lives on, and probably will live on, for many ages to come. There is a well-known verse:—

‘By Tre, Ros, Pol, Lan, Caer, and Pen,
You may know most Cornish men.’*

* *Tre*, homestead; *ros*, moor, peatland, a common; *pol*, a pool; *lan*, an enclosure, church; *caer*, town; *pen*, head.

But

But it will hardly be believed that a Cornish antiquarian, Dr. Bannister, who is collecting materials for a glossary of Cornish proper names, has amassed no less than 2400 names with Tre, 500 with Pen, 400 with Ros, 300 with Lan, 200 with Pol, and 200 with Caer.

A language does not die all at once, nor is it always possible to fix the exact date when it breathed its last. Thus, in the case of Cornish, it is by no means easy to reconcile the conflicting statements of various writers as to the exact time when it ceased to be the language of the people, unless we bear in mind that what was true with regard to the higher classes, was not so with regard to the lower, and likewise that in some parts of Cornwall the vitality of the language might continue, while in others its heart had ceased to beat. As late as the time of Henry VIII. the famous physician Andrew Borde tells us that English was not understood by many men and women in Cornwall. 'In Cornwall is two speeches,' he writes, 'the one is naughty Englyshe, and the other the Cornyshe speche. And there be many men and women the which cannot speake one worde of Englyshe, but all Cornyshe.' During the same King's reign, when an attempt was made to introduce a new church service composed in English, a protest was signed by the Devonshire and Cornish men utterly refusing this new English:—

'We will not receive the new Service, because it is but like a Christmas game; but we will have our old Service of Matins, Mass, Evensong, and Procession, in Latin as it was before. And so we the Cornish men (whereof certain of us understand no English) utterly refuse this new English.'*

Yet in the reign of Elizabeth, when the liturgy was appointed by authority to take the place of the mass, the Cornish, it is said,† desired that it should be in the English language. About the same time we are told that Dr. John Moreman‡ taught his parishioners the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, in the English tongue. From the time of the Reformation onward, Cornish seems constantly to have lost ground against English, particularly in places near Devonshire. Thus Norden, whose description of Cornwall was probably written about 1584, though not published till 1728, gives a very full and interesting account of the struggle between the two languages:—

* Cranmer's Works, ed. Jenkyns, vol. ii. p. 230.

† Observations on an ancient Manuscript, entitled 'Passio Christi,' by — Scawen, Esq., 1777, p. 26.

‡ Borlase's 'Natural History of Cornwall,' p. 315.

'Of late,' he says (p. 26), 'the Cornishe men have muche conformed themselves to the use of the Englishe tounge, and their Englishe is equall to the beste, espetially in the easterne partes; even from Truro eastwarde it is in manner wholly Englishe. In the weste parte of the cuntrye, as in the hundreds of Penwith and Kerrier, the Cornishe tounge is moste in use amongste the inhabitantes, and yet (whiche is to be marveyled), though the husband and wife, parentes and children, master and servantes, doe mutually communicate in their native language, yet ther is none of them in manner but is able to convers with a straunger in the Englishe tounge, unless it be some obscure people, that seldome conferr with the better sorte: But it seemeth that in few yeares the Cornishe language wilbe by litle and litle abandoned.'

Carew, who wrote about the same time, goes so far as to say that most of the inhabitants 'can no word of Cornish, but very few are ignorant of the English, though they sometimes affect to be.' This may have been true with regard to the upper classes, particularly in the west of Cornwall, but it is nevertheless a fact that, as late as 1640, Mr. William Jackman, the vicar of Feock,* was forced to administer the sacrament in Cornish, because the aged people did not understand English; nay, the rector of Landewednak preached his sermons in Cornish as late as 1678. Mr. Scawen, too, who wrote about that time, speaks of some old folks who spoke Cornish only, and would not understand a word of English; but he tells us at the same time that Sir Francis North, the Lord Chief Justice, afterwards Lord Keeper, when holding the assizes at Lancelston in 1678, expressed his concern at the loss and decay of the Cornish language. The poor people, in fact, could speak, or at least understand, Cornish, but he says 'they were laughed at by the rich, who understood it not, which is their own fault in not endeavouring after it.' About the beginning of the last century, Mr. Ed. Lhuyd (died 1709), the keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, was still able to collect from the mouths of the people a grammar of the Cornish language, which was published in 1707. He says that at this time Cornish was only retained in five or six villages towards the Land's End; and in his '*Archæologia Britannica*' he adds, that although it was spoken in most of the western districts from the Land's End to the Lizard, 'a great many of the inhabitants, especially the gentry, do not understand it, there being no necessity thereof in regard there's no Cornish man but speaks good English.' It is generally supposed that the last person who spoke Cornish was Dolly Pentreath, who died in 1778, and to whose memory Prince Louis

* Borlase's '*Natural History of Cornwall*,' p. 315.

Lucien Bonaparte has lately erected a monument in the churchyard at Mousehole. The inscription is:—

'Here lieth interred Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1778, said to have been the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish, the peculiar language of this country from the earliest records till it expired in this parish of St. Paul. This stone is erected by the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, in union with the Rev. John Garret, vicar of St. Paul, June, 1860.'

It seems hardly right to deprive the old lady of her fair name; but there are many people in Cornwall who maintain, that when travellers and grandees came to see her she would talk anything that came into her head, while those who listened to her were pleased to think that they had heard the dying echoes of a primeval tongue.* There is a letter extant, written in Cornish by a poor fisherman of the name of William Bodener. It is dated July 3, 1776, that is, two years before the death of Dolly Pentreath; and the writer says of himself, in Cornish:—

'My age is threescore and five. I am a poor fisherman. I learnt Cornish when I was a boy. I have been to sea with my father and five other men in the boat, and have not heard one word of English spoke in the boat for a week together. I never saw a Cornish book. I learned Cornish going to sea with old men. There is not more than four or five in our town can talk Cornish now—old people four-score years old. Cornish is all forgot with young people.†

It would seem, therefore, that Cornish died with the last century, and no one now living can boast to have heard its sound when actually spoken for the sake of conversation. It seems to have been a melodious and yet by no means an effeminate language, and Scawen places it in this respect above most of the other Celtic dialects:—

* Her age was certainly mythical, and her case forms a strong confirmation of the late Sir G. C. Lewis's general scepticism on that point. Dolly Pentreath is generally believed to have died at the age of 102. Dr. Borlase, who knew her, and has left a good description of her, stated that, about 1774, she was in her 87th year. This, if she died in 1778, would only bring her age to 91. But Mr. Haliwell, who examined the register at Paul, found that Dolly Pentreath was baptized in 1714; so that, unless she was baptized late in life, this supposed centenarian had only reached her 64th year at the time of her death, and was no more than 60 when Dr. Borlase supposed her to be 87. And another instance of extraordinary old age is mentioned by Mr. Scawen (p. 25), about a hundred years earlier. 'Let not the old woman be forgotten,' he says, 'who died about two years since, who was 164 years old, of good memory, and healthful at that age, living in the parish of Guithian, by the charity mostly of such as came purposely to see her, speaking to them (in default of English) by an interpreter, yet partly understanding it. She married a second husband after she was 80, and buried him after he was 80 years of age.'

† 'Specimens of Cornish Provincial Dialects,' by Uncle Jan Treenoodle, London, 1846, p. 82.

'Cornish,'

'Cornish,' he says, 'is not to be gutturally pronounced, as the Welsh for the most part is, nor mutteringly, as the Armorick, nor whiningly as the Irish (which two latter qualities seem to have been contracted from their servitude), but must be lively and manly spoken, like other primitive tongues.'

Although Cornish must now be classed with the extinct languages, it has certainly shown a marvellous vitality. More than four hundred years of Roman occupation, more than six hundred years of Saxon and Danish sway, a Norman conquest, a Saxon Reformation, and civil wars, have all passed over the land; but, like a tree that may bend before a storm but is not to be rooted up, the language of the Celts of Cornwall has lived on in an unbroken continuity for at least two thousand years. What does this mean? It means that through the whole of English history to the accession of the House of Hanover, the inhabitants of Cornwall, in spite of intermarriages with Romans, Saxons, and Normans, were Celts, and remained Celts. People speak indeed of blood, and intermingling of blood, as determining the nationality of a people; but what is meant by blood? It is one of those many vague terms, one of those scientific idols, that crumble to dust as soon as we try to define or grasp them. We can give a scientific definition of a Celtic language; but no one has yet given a definition of Celtic blood, or a Celtic skull. It is quite possible that hereafter chemical differences may be discovered in the blood of those who speak a Celtic, and of those who speak a Teutonic language. It is possible also that patient measurements, like those lately published by Professor Huxley, in the '*Journal of Anatomy and Physiology*,' may lead in time to a really scientific classification of skulls, and that physiologists may succeed in the end in carrying out a classification of the human race, according to tangible and unvarying physiological criteria. But their definitions and their classifications will hardly ever square with the definitions or classifications of the student of language, and the use of common terms can only be a source of constant misunderstandings. We know what we mean by a Celtic language, and in the grammar of each language we are able to produce a most perfect scientific definition of its real character. If, therefore, we transfer the term Celtic to people, we can, if we use our words accurately, mean nothing but people who speak a Celtic language, the true exponent, ay, the very life of Celtic nationality. Whatever people, whether Romans, or Saxons, or Normans, or, as some think, even Phœnicians and Jews, settled in Cornwall, if they ceased to speak their own language and exchanged it for Cornish, they are, before the tribunal of the science of language, Celts, and nothing but Celts;

Celts; while, whenever Cornishmen, like Sir Humphrey Davy or Bishop Colenso, have ceased to speak Cornish, and speak nothing but English, they are no longer Celts, but true Teutons or Saxons, in the only scientifically legitimate sense of that word. Strange stories, indeed, would be revealed, if blood could cry out and tell of its repeated mixtures since the beginning of the world. If we think of the early migrations of mankind—of the battles fought before there were hieroglyphics to record them—of conquests, leading into captivity, piracy, slavery, and colonisation, all without a sacred poet to hand them down to posterity—we shall hesitate, indeed, to speak of pure races, or unmixed blood, even at the very dawn of real history. Little as we know of the early history of Greece, we know enough to warn us against looking upon the Greeks of Asia or Europe as an unmixed race. Ægyptus, with his Arabian, Ethiopian, and Tyrian wives; Cadmus, the son of Libya; Phœnix, the father of Europa; all point to an intercourse of Greece with foreign countries, whatever else their mythological meaning may be. As soon as we know anything of the history of the world, we know of wars and alliances between Greeks and Lydians and Persians—of Phœnician settlements all over the world—of Carthaginians trading in Spain and encamped in Italy—of Romans conquering and colonising Gaul, Spain, Britain, the Danubian Principalities and Greece, Western Asia, and Northern Africa. Then again, at a later time, follow the great ethnic convulsions of Eastern Europe, and the devastation and re-population of the ancient seats of civilisation by Goths, and Lombards, and Vandals, and Saxons; while at the same time, and for many centuries to come, the few strongholds of civilisation in the East were again and again overwhelmed by the irresistible waves of Hunnish, Mongolic, and Tartaric invaders. And, with all this, people at the latter end of the nineteenth century venture to speak, for instance, of pure Norman blood as something definite or definable, forgetting how the ancient Norsemen carried their wives away from the coasts of Germany or Russia, from Sicily or from the very Piræus; while others married whatever wives they could find in the North of France, whether of Gallic, Roman, or German extraction, and then settled in England, where they again contracted marriages with Teutonic, Celtic, or Roman damsels. In our own days, if we see the daughter of an English officer and an Indian Raneë married to the son of a Russian nobleman, how are we to class the offspring of that marriage? The Indian Raneë may have had Mongol blood, so may the Russian nobleman; but there are other possible ingredients of pure Hindu and pure Slavonic—of Norman, German, and Roman blood—all of which who is the
chemist

chemist bold enough to disengage? There is perhaps no nation which has been exposed to more frequent admixture of foreign blood, during the Middle Ages, than the Greeks. Professor Fallmerayer maintained that the Hellenic population was entirely exterminated, and that the people who at the present day call themselves Greeks are really Slavonians. It would be difficult to refute him by arguments drawn either from the physical or the moral characteristics of the modern Greeks as compared with the many varieties of the Slavonic stock. But the following extract from 'Felton's Lectures on Greece, Ancient and Modern,' contains the only answer that can be given to such charges, without point or purpose:—'In one of the courses of lectures,' he says, 'which I attended in the University of Athens, the Professor of History, a very eloquent man as well as a somewhat fiery Greek, took this subject up. His audience consisted of about two hundred young men, from every part of Greece. His indignant comments on the learned German, that notorious *Μισέλλην*, or Greek-hater, as he stigmatised him, were received by his hearers with a profound sensation. They sat with expanded nostrils and flashing eyes—a splendid illustration of the old Hellenic spirit, roused to fury by the charge of barbarian descent. "It is true," said the eloquent Professor, "that the tide of barbaric invaders poured down like a deluge upon Hellas, filling with its surging floods our beautiful plains—our fertile valleys. The Greeks fled to their walled towns and mountain fastnesses. By and bye the water subsided and the soil of Hellas reappeared. The former inhabitants descended from the mountains as the tide receded, resumed their ancient lands and rebuilt their ruined habitations, and, the reign of the barbarians over, Hellas was herself again." Three or four rounds of applause followed the close of the lectures of Professor Manouses, in which I heartily joined. I could not help thinking afterwards what a singular comment on the German anti-Hellenic theory was presented by this scene—a Greek Professor in a Greek University lecturing to two hundred Greeks in the Greek language, to prove that the Greeks were Greeks, and not Slavonians.'*

And yet we hear the same arguments used over and over again, not only with regard to the Greeks, but with regard to many other modern nations; and even men whose minds have been trained in the school of exact science, use the term 'blood' in this vague and thoughtless manner. The adjective Greek may connote many things, but what it denotes is language. People who speak Greek as their mother tongue are Greeks, and if a Turkish-

* 'Greece, Ancient and Modern,' by C. C. Felton; Boston, 1867, w

speaking inhabitant of Constantinople could trace his pedigree straight to Pericles, he would still be a Turk, whatever his name, his faith, his hair, features, and stature, whatever his blood, might be. We can classify languages, and as languages presuppose people that speak them, we can so far classify mankind, according to their grammars and dictionaries; while all who possess scientific honesty must confess and will confess that, as yet, it has been impossible to devise any truly scientific classification of skulls, to say nothing of blood, or bones, or hair. The label on one of the skulls in the Munich Collection, 'Etruscan-Tyrol, or Inca-Peruvian,' characterises not too unfairly the present state of ethnological craniology. Let those who imagine that the great outlines, at least, of a classification of skulls have been firmly established consult Mr. Brace's useful manual of 'The Races of the World,' where he has collected the opinions of some of the best judges on the subject. We quote a few passages:—*

'Dr. Bachmann concludes from the measurements of Dr. Tiedemann and Dr. Morton, that the negro skull, though less than the European, is within one inch as large as the Persian and the Armenian, and three square inches larger than the Hindoo and Egyptian. The scale is thus given by Dr. Morton: European skull, 87 cubic inches; Malay, 85; Negro, 83; Mongol, 82; Ancient Egyptian, 80; American, 79. The ancient Peruvians and Mexicans, who constructed so elaborate a civilisation, show a capacity only of from 75 to 79 inches. . . . Other observations by Huschke make the average capacity of the skull of Europeans 40.88 oz.; of Americans, 39.13; of Mongols, 38.39; of Negroes, 37.57; of Malays, 36.41.'

'Of the shape of the skull, as distinctive of different origin, Professor M. J. Weber has said there is no proper mark of a definite race from the cranium so firmly attached that it may not be found in some other race. Tiedemann has met with Germans whose skulls bore all the characters of the negro race; and an inhabitant of Nukahiwa, according to Silesius and Blumenbach, agreed exactly in his proportions with the Apollo Belvedere.'

Professor Huxley, in his 'Observations on the Human Skulls of Engis and Neanderthal,' printed in Sir Charles Lyell's 'Antiquity of Man,' p. 81, remarks that 'the most capacious European skull yet measured had a capacity of 114 cubic inches, the smallest (as estimated by weight of brain) about 55 cubic inches; while, according to Professor Schaaffhausen, some Hindoo skulls have as small a capacity as 46 cubic inches (27 oz. of water);' and he sums up by stating that 'cranial measurements alone afford no safe indication of race.'

* 'The Races of the Old World: A Manual of Ethnology,' By Charles L. Brace. London, 1863, p. 362 *seq.*

And even if a scientific classification of skulls were to be carried out, if instead of merely being able to guess that this may be an Australian and this a Malay skull, we were able positively to place each individual skull under its own definite category, what should we gain in the classification of mankind? Where is the bridge from skull to man in the full sense of that word? Where is the connecting link between the cranial proportions and only one other of man's characteristic properties, such as language? And what applies to skulls applies to colour and all the rest. Even a black skin and curly hair are mere outward accidents as compared with language. We do not classify parrots and magpies by the colour of their plumage, still less by the cages in which they live; and what is the black skin or the white skin but the mere outward covering, not to say the mere cage, in which that being which we call man lives, moves, and has his being? A man like Bishop Crowther, though a negro in blood, is, in thought and speech, an Aryan. He speaks English, he thinks English, he acts English; and, unless we take English in a purely historical, and not in its truly scientific, *i.e.* linguistic, sense, he is English. No doubt there are many influences at work—old proverbs, old songs and traditions, religious convictions, social institutions, political prejudices, besides the soil, the food, and the air of a country—that may keep up, even among people who have lost their national language, that kind of vague similarity which is spoken of as national character.* This is a subject on which many volumes have been written, and yet the result has only been to supply newspapers with materials for international insults or international courtesies, as the case may be. Nothing sound or definite has been gained by such speculations, and in an age that prides itself on the careful observance of the rules of inductive reasoning, nothing is more surprising than the sweeping assertions with regard to national character, and the reckless way in which casual observations that may be true of one, two, three, or it may be ten or even a hundred individuals, are extended to millions. However, if there is one safe exponent of national character, it is language. Take away the language of a people, and you destroy at once that powerful chain of tradition in thought

* Cornish proverbs have lived on after the extinction of Cornish, and even as translated into English they naturally continue to exercise their own peculiar spell on the minds of men and children. Such proverbs are:—

'It is better to keep than to beg.'

'Do good, for thyself thou dost it.'

'Speak little, speak well, and well will be spoken again.'

'There is no down without eye, no hedge without ears.'

and

and sentiment which holds all the generations of the same race together, if we may use an unpleasant simile, like the chain of a gang of galley-slaves. These slaves, we are told, very soon fall into the same pace, without being aware that their movements depend altogether on the movements of those who walk before them. It is nearly the same with us. We imagine we are altogether free in our thoughts, original and independent, and we are not aware that our thoughts are manacled and fettered by language, and that, without knowing and without perceiving it, we have to keep pace with those who walked before us thousands and thousands of years ago. Language alone binds people together and keeps them distinct from others who speak different tongues. In ancient times particularly, 'languages and nations' meant the same thing; and even with us our real ancestors are those whose language we speak, the fathers of our thoughts, the mothers of our hopes and fears. Blood, bones, hair, and colour, are mere accidents, utterly unfit to serve as principles of scientific classification for that great family of living beings, the essential characteristics of which are thought and speech, not fibrine, serum, colouring matter, or whatever else enters into the composition of blood. If this be true, the inhabitants of Cornwall, whatever the number of Roman, Saxon, Danish, or Norman settlers within the boundaries of that county may have been, continued to be Celts as long as they spoke Cornish. They ceased to be Celts when they ceased to speak the language of their forefathers. Those who can appreciate the charms of genuine antiquity will not, therefore, find fault with the enthusiasm of Daines Barrington or Sir Joseph Banks in listening to the strange utterances of Dolly Pentreath; for her language, if genuine, carried them back and brought them, as it were, into immediate contact with people who, long before the Christian era, acted an important part on the stage of history, supplying the world with two of the most precious metals, more precious than gold or silver, with copper and tin, the very materials, it may be, of the finest works of art in Greece, aye, of the armour wrought for the heroes of the Trojan war, as described so minutely by the poets of the 'Iliad.' There is a continuity in language which nothing equals, and there is an historical genuineness in ancient words, if but rightly interpreted, which cannot be rivalled by manuscripts, or coins, or monumental inscriptions.

But though it is right to be enthusiastic about what is really ancient in Cornwall—and there is nothing so ancient as language—it is equally right to be discriminating. The fresh breezes of antiquity have intoxicated many an antiquarian. Words, purely Latin or English, though somewhat changed after being admitted
into

into the Cornish dictionary, have been quoted as the originals from which the Roman or English were in turn derived. The Latin *liber*, book, was supposed to be derived from the Welsh *llyvyr*; *littera*, letter, from Welsh *llythyr*; *persona*, person, from Welsh *person*, &c. Walls built within the memory of men have been admitted as relics of British architecture; nay, Latin inscriptions of the simplest character have but lately been interpreted, by means of Cornish, as containing strains of a mysterious wisdom. Here, too, a study of the language gives some useful hints as to the proper method of disentangling the truly ancient from the more modern elements. Whatever in the Cornish dictionary cannot be traced back to any other source, whether Latin, Saxon, Norman, or German, may safely be considered as Cornish, and therefore as ancient Celtic. Whatever in the antiquities of Cornwall cannot be claimed by Romans, Saxons, Danes, or Normans, may fairly be considered as genuine remains of the earliest civilisation of this island, as the work of the Celtic discoverers of Britain.

The Cornish language is by no means a pure or unmixed language, at least we do not know it in its pure state. It is, in fact, a mere accident that any literary remains have been preserved, and three or four small volumes would contain all that is left to us of Cornish literature. 'There is a poem,' to quote Mr. Norris, 'which we may by courtesy call epic, entitled "Mount Calvary."' It contains 259 stanzas of eight lines each, in heptasyllabic metre, with alternate rhyme. It is ascribed to the fifteenth century, and was published for the first time by Mr. Davies Gilbert in 1826.* There is, besides, a series of dramas, or mystery-plays, first published by Mr. Norris for the University Press of Oxford in 1858. The first is called 'The Beginning of the World,' the second 'The Passion of our Lord,' the third 'The Resurrection.' The last is interrupted by another play, 'The Death of Pilate.' The oldest MS. in the Bodleian Library belongs to the fifteenth century, and Mr. Norris is not inclined to refer the composition of these plays to a much earlier date. Another MS., likewise in the Bodleian Library, contains both the text and a translation by Keigwyn (1695). Lastly, there is another sacred drama, called 'The Creation of the World, with Noah's Flood.' It is in many places copied from the dramas, and, according to the MS., it was written by William Jordan in 1611. The oldest MS. belongs again to the

* A critical edition, with some excellent notes, was published by Mr. Stokes, under the title of 'The Passion.' MSS. of it exist at the British and at the Bodleian. One of the Bodleian MSS. (Gough, Cornwall, 3) is English translation by Keigwyn, made in 1682.

Bodleian Library, which likewise possesses a MS. of the translation by Keigwyn in 1691.*

These mystery-plays, as we may learn from a passage in Carew's 'Survey of Cornwall' (p. 71), were still performed in Cornish in his time, *i.e.*, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. He says:—

'Pastimes to delight the minde, the Cornish men have Guary miracles and three mens songs; and, for the exercise of the body, hunting, hawking, shooting, wrastling, hurling, and such other games.

'The Guary miracle—in English, a miracle-play—is a kind of enterlude, compiled in Cornish out of some Scripture history, with that grossenes which accompanied the *Romanes vetus Comedia*. For representing it, they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of his enclosed playne some forty or fifty foot. The country people flock from all sides, many miles off, to heare and see it, for they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the eare; the players conne not their parts without booke, but are prompted by one called the Ordinary, who followeth at their back with the booke in his hand, and telleth them softly what they must pronounce aloud. Which manner once gave occasion to a pleasant conceyted gentleman, of practising a mery pranke; for he undertaking (perhaps of set purpose) an actor's room, was accordingly lessoned (beforehand) by the Ordinary, that he must say after him. His turn came. Quoth the Ordinary, Goe forth man and shew thy selfe. The gentleman steps out upon the stage, and like a bad Clarke in Scripture matters, cleaving more to the letter then the sense, pronounced those words aloud. Oh! (sayes the fellowe softly in his eare) you marre all the play. And with this his passion the actor makes the audience in like sort acquainted. Hereon the prompter falls to flat rayling and cursing in the bitterest termes he could devise; which the gentleman, with a set gesture and countenance, still soberly related, untill the Ordinary, driven at last into a madde rage, was faine to give all over. Which trousse, though it brake off the enterlude, yet defrauded not the beholders, but dismissed them with a great deale more sport and laughter then such Guaries could have afforded.'†

Scawen, at the end of the seventeenth century, speaks of these miracle-plays, and considers the suppression of the *Guirimears*,‡

* In the MS. in the British Museum, the translation is said by Mr. Norris to be dated 1693 (vol. ii. p. 440). It was published in 1827 by Davies Gilbert; and a critical edition was prepared by Mr. Whitley Stokes, and published with an English translation in 1862. Mr. Stokes leaves it doubtful whether William Jordan was the author, or merely the copyist, and thinks the text may belong to an earlier date, though it is decidedly more modern than the other specimens of Cornish which we possess in the dramas, and in the poem of 'The Passion.'

† *Guare*, in Cornish, means a play, a game; the Welsh *guera*.

‡ According to Lhuyd, *guirimir* would be a corruption of *guiri-mirke*, *i.e.* a miracle-play.—(Norris, vol. ii. p. 455.)

or Great Speeches, as one of the chief causes of the decay of the Cornish language.

'These *Guirrimears*,' he says, 'which were used at the great conventions of the people, at which they had famous interludes celebrated with great preparations, and not without shows of devotion in them, solemnised in great and spacious downs of great capacity, encompassed about with earthen banks, and some in part stone-work, of largeness to contain thousands, the shapes of which remain in many places at this day, though the use of them long since gone. . . . This was a great means to keep in use the tongue with delight and admiration. They had recitations in them, poetical and divine, one of which I may suppose this small relique of antiquity to be, in which the passion of our Saviour, and his resurrection, is described.'

If to these mystery-plays and poems we add some versions of the Lord's Prayer, the Commandments, and the Creed, a protestation of the bishops in Britain to Augustine the monk, the Pope's legate, in the year 600 after Christ (MS. Gough, 4), the first chapter of Genesis, and some songs, proverbs, riddles, a tale and a glossary, we have an almost complete catalogue of what a Cornish library would be at the present day.

Now, if we examine the language as preserved to us in these fragments, we find that it is full of Norman, Saxon, and Latin words. No one can doubt, for instance, that the following Cornish words are all taken from Latin, that is, from the Latin of the Church :—

Abat, an abbot; Lat. *abbas*.
Alter, altar; Lat. *altare*.
Apostol, apostle; Lat. *apostolus*.
Clauster, cloister; Lat. *claustrum*.
Colom, dove; Lat. *columba*.
Gvespar, vespers; Lat. *vesper*.
Cantuil, candle; Lat. *candela*.
Cantuilbren, candlestick; Lat. *candelabrum*.
Ail, angel; Lat. *angelus*.
Archail, archangel; Lat. *archangelus*.

Other words, though not immediately connected with the service and the doctrine of the Church, may nevertheless have passed from Latin into Cornish, either directly from the daily conversation of monks, priests, and schoolmasters, or indirectly from English or Norman, in both of which the same Latin words had naturally been adopted, though slightly modified according to the phonetic peculiarities of each. Thus :—

Ancar, anchor; the Latin, *ancora*. This mig^t
 through English or Norman-French.

Aradar, plough; the Latin, *aratrum*. This must have come direct from Latin, as it does not exist in Norman or English.

Arghans, silver; *argentum*.

Keghin, kitchen; *coquina*. This is taken from the same Latin word from which the Romance languages formed *cuisine*, *cucina*; not from the classical Latin, *culina*.

Liver, book; *liber*, originally the bark of trees on which books were written.

Dinair, coin; *denarius*.

Seth, arrow; *sagitta*.

Caus, cheese; *caseus*.

Caul, cabbage; *caulis*.

These words are certainly foreign words in Cornish and the other Celtic languages in which they occur, and to attempt to supply for some of them a purely Celtic etymology shows a complete want of appreciation both of the history of words and of the phonetic laws that govern each family of the Indo-European languages. Sometimes, no doubt, the Latin words have been considerably changed and modified, according to the phonetic peculiarities of the dialects into which they were received. Thus, *guespar* for *vesper*, *seth* for *sagitta*, *caus* for *caseus*, hardly look like Latin words. Yet no real Celtic scholar would claim them as Celtic; and the Rev. Robert Williams, the author of the 'Lexicon Cornu-Britannicum,' in speaking of a list of words borrowed from Latin by the Welsh during the stay of the Romans in Britain, is no doubt right in stating 'that it will be found much more extensive than is generally imagined.'

Latin words which have reached the Cornish after they had assumed a French or Norman disguise, are, for instance,—

Emperur, instead of Latin *imperator* (Welsh, *ymherawdior*).

Laian, the French *loyal*, but not the Latin *legalis*. Likewise, *dislaiun*, disloyal.

Fruit, fruit; Lat. *fructus*; French, *fruit*.

Funten, fountain; Lat. *fontana*; French, *fontaine*.

Gromersy, i.e., grand mercy, thanks.

Hoyz, *hoyz*, *hoyz*! hear, hear! The Norman-French, *Oyez*.

The town-crier of Aberconwy may still be heard prefacing his notices with the shout of 'Hoyz, hoyz, hoyz!' which in other places has been corrupted to 'O yes.'

The following words, adopted into Cornish and other Celtic dialects, clearly show their Saxon origin:—

Cafor, a chafer; Germ. *käfer*.

Craft, art, craft.

Redior, a reader.

Storc, a stork.

Let, hindrance, let; preserved in the Ger

Considering that Cornish and other Celtic dialects are members of the same family to which Latin and German belong, it is sometimes difficult to tell at once whether a Celtic word was really borrowed, or whether it belongs to that ancient stock of words which all the Aryan languages share in common. This is a point which can be determined by scholars only and by means of phonetic tests. Thus the Cornish *huir*, or *hoer*, is clearly the same word as the Latin *soror*, sister. But the change of *s* into *h* would not have taken place if the word had been simply borrowed from Latin, while many words beginning with *s* in Sanskrit, Latin, and German, change the *s* into *h* in Cornish as well as in Greek and Persian. The Cornish *hoer*, sister, is indeed curiously like the Persian *kháher*, the regular representative of the Sanskrit *svasar*, the Latin *soror*. The same applies to *braud*, brother, *dedh*, day, *dri*, three, and many more words which form the primitive stock of Cornish, and were common to all the Aryan languages before their earliest dispersion.

What applies to the language of Cornwall applies with equal force to the other relics of antiquity of that curious county. It has been truly said that Cornwall is poor in antiquities, but it is equally true that it is rich in antiquity. The difficulty is to discriminate, and to distinguish what is really Cornish or Celtic from what may be later additions, of Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman origin. Now here, as we said before, the safest rule is clearly the same as that which we followed in our analysis of language. Let everything be claimed for English, Norman, Danish, and Roman sources that can clearly be proved to come from thence; but let what remains unclaimed be considered as Cornish or Celtic. Thus, if we do not find in countries exclusively inhabited by Romans or Saxons anything like a cromlech, surely we have a right to look upon these strange structures as remnants of Celtic times. It makes no difference if it can be shown that below these cromlechs coins have occasionally been found of the Roman Emperors. This only proves that even during the days of Roman supremacy the Cornish style of public monuments, whether sepulchral or otherwise, remained. Nay, why should not even a Roman settled in Cornwall have adopted the monumental style of his adopted country? Roman and Saxon hands may have helped to erect some of the cromlechs which are still to be seen in Cornwall, but the original idea of such monuments, and hence their name, is purely Celtic.

Cromlêh in Cornish, or *cromlech* in Welsh, means a bent slab, from the Cornish *crom*, bent, curved, rounded, and *lêh*, a slab. Though many of these cromlechs have been destroyed, Cornwall

still possesses some fine specimens of these ancient stone tripods. Most of them are large granite slabs, supported by three stones fixed in the ground. These supporters are likewise huge flat stones, but the capstone is always the largest, and its weight inclining towards one point, imparts strength to the whole structure. At Lanyon, however, where the top-stone of a cromlech was thrown down in 1816 by a violent storm, the supporters remained standing, and the capstone was replaced in 1824, though not, it would seem, at its original height. Dr. Borlase relates that in his time the monument was high enough for a man to sit on horseback under it. At present such a feat would be impossible, the cover-stone being only about five feet from the ground. These cromlechs, though very surprising when seen for the first time, represent in reality one of the simplest achievements of primitive architecture. It is far easier to balance a heavy weight on three uneven props than to rest it level on two or four even supporters. There are, however, cromlechs resting on four or more stones, these stones forming a kind of chamber, or a *kist-vaen*, which is supposed to have served originally as a sepulchre. These structures presuppose a larger amount of architectural skill; still more so the gigantic portals of Stonehenge, which are formed by two pillars of equal height, joined by a superincumbent stone. Here weight alone was no longer considered sufficient for imparting strength and safety, but holes were worked in the upper stones, and the pointed tops of the pillars were fitted into them. In the slabs that form the cromlechs we find no such traces of careful workmanship, and this, as well as other considerations, would support the opinion* that in Stonehenge we have one of the latest specimens of Celtic architecture. Marvellous as are the remains of that primitive style of architectural art, the only real problem they offer is how such large stones could have been brought together from a distance, and how such enormous weights could have been lifted up. The first question is answered by ropes and rollers, and the mural sculptures of Nineveh show us what can be done by such simple machinery. We there see the whole picture of how these colossal blocks of stone were moved from the quarry on to the place where they were wanted. Given plenty of time, and plenty of men and oxen, and there is no block that could not be brought to its right place by means of ropes and rollers. And that our forefathers did not stint themselves either in time, or in men, or other cattle, when engaged in erecting such monuments we know, even from comparatively modern

* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cviii. p. 200.

times. Under Harold Harfagr, two kings spent three whole years in erecting one single tumulus; and Harold Blatand is said to have employed the whole of his army and a vast number of oxen in transporting a large stone which he wished to place on his mother's tomb.* As to the second question, we can readily understand how, after the supporters had once been fixed in the ground, an artificial mound might be raised, which, when the heavy slab had been rolled up on an inclined plane, might be removed again, and thus leave the heavy stone poised in its startling elevation.

As skeletons have been found under some of the cromlechs, there can be little doubt that the chambers enclosed by them, the so-called *kist-vaens*, were intended to receive the remains of the dead, and to perpetuate their memory. And as these sepulchral monuments are most frequent in those parts of the British isles which from the earliest to the latest times were inhabited by Celtic people, they may be considered as representative of the Celtic style of public sepulture. *Kist-vaen*, or *cist-vaen*, means a stone-chamber, from *cist*, the Latin *cista*, a chest, and *vaen* the modified form of *maen* or *mén*, stone. Their size is generally the size of a human body. But although these monuments were originally sepulchral, we may well understand that the burying places of great men, of kings, or priests, or generals, were likewise used for the celebration of other religious rites. Thus we read in the Book of Lecan, 'that Amhalgaith built a cairn, for the purpose of holding a meeting of the Hy-Amhalgaith every year, and to view his ships and fleet going and coming, and as a place of interment for himself.'† Nor does it follow, as some antiquarians maintain, that every structure in the style of a cromlech, even in England, is exclusively Celtic. We imitate pyramids and obelisks, why should not the Saxons have built the Kitts Cotty House, which is found in a thoroughly Saxon neighbourhood, after Celtic models and with the aid of Celtic captives? This cromlech stands in Kent, on the brow of a hill about a mile and a half from Aylesford, to the right of the great road from Rochester to Maidstone. Near it, across the Medway, are the stone circles of Addington. The stone on the south side is 8 feet high by $7\frac{1}{2}$ broad, and 2 feet thick; weight about 8 tons. That on the north is 8 feet by 8, and 2 thick; weight 8 tons 10 cwt. The end stone 5 ft. 6 in. high by 5 ft. broad; thickness 14 inches; weight 2 tons $8\frac{1}{4}$ cwt. The impost is 11 ft. long by 8 ft. broad, and 2 ft. thick:

* 'Saxo Grammaticus, *Historia Danica*,' 15

† Quoted in Petrie, 'Eccles. Architectur

It is higher, therefore, than the Cornish cromlechs, but in other respects it is a true specimen of that class of Celtic monuments. The cover-stone of the cromlech at Molfra is 9 ft. 8 in. by 14 ft. 3 in.; its supporters are 5 ft. high. The cover-stone of the Chûn cromlech measures $12\frac{1}{2}$ ft. in length and 11 ft. in width. The largest slab is that at Lanyon, which measures $18\frac{1}{2}$ ft. in length and 9 ft. at the broadest part.

The cromlechs are no doubt the most characteristic and most striking among the monuments of Cornwall. Though historians have differed as to their exact purpose, not even the most careless traveller could pass them by without seeing that they did not stand there without a purpose. They speak for themselves, and they certainly speak in a language that is neither Roman, Saxon, Danish, nor Norman. Hence in England they may, by a kind of exhaustive process of reasoning, be claimed as relics of Celtic civilisation. The same argument applies to the cromlechs and stone avenues of Carnac, in Brittany. Here, too, language and history attest the former presence of Celtic people, nor could any other race, that influenced the historical destinies of the north of Gaul, claim such structures as their own. Even in still more distant places, in the South of France, in Scandinavia, or Germany, where similar monuments have been discovered, they may, though more hesitatingly, be classed as Celtic, particularly if they are found near the natural high roads on which we know that the Celts in their westward migrations preceded the Teutonic and Slavonic Aryans. But the case is totally different when we hear of cromlechs, cairns, and kist-vaens in the north of Africa, in Upper Egypt, on the Lebanon, near the Jordan, in Circassia, or in the South of India. Here, and more particularly in the South of India, we have no indications whatever of Celtic Aryans; on the contrary, if that name is taken in its strict scientific meaning, it would be impossible to account for the presence of Celtic Aryans in those southern latitudes at any time after the original dispersion of the Aryan family. It is very natural that English officers living in India should be surprised at monuments which cannot but remind them of what they had seen at home, whether in Cornwall, Ireland, or Scotland. A description of some of these monuments, the so-called Pandoo Coolies in Malabar, was given by Mr. J. Babington, in 1820, and published in the third volume of the 'Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay,' in 1823. Captain Congreve called attention to what he considered Scythic Druidical remains in the Nilghiri hills, in a paper published in 1847, in the 'Madras Journal of Literature and Science,' and the same subject was treated in the same journal by the Rev. W. Taylor. A most careful and
interesting

interesting description of similar monuments has lately been published in the 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy,' by Captain Meadows Taylor, under the title of 'Description of Cairns, Cromlechs, Kist-vaens, and other Celtic, Druidical, or Scythian Monuments in the Dekhan.' Captain Taylor found these monuments near the village of Rajunkolloor, in the principality of Shorapoor, an independent native state, situated between the Bheema and Krishna rivers, immediately above their junction. Others were discovered near Huggeritgi, others on the hill of Yemmee Gooda, others again near Shapoor, Hyderabad, and other places. All these monuments in the South of India are no doubt extremely interesting, but to call them Celtic, Druidical, or Scythic, is, at all events, exceedingly premature. There is in all architectural monuments a natural or rational, and a conventional, or, it may be, irrational element. A striking agreement in purely conventional features may justify the assumption that monuments so far distant from each other as the cromlechs of Anglesea and the 'Mori-Munni' of Shorapoor owe their origin to the same architects, or to the same races. But an agreement in purely natural contrivances goes for nothing, or, at least, for very little. Now there is very little that can be called conventional in a mere stone pillar, or in a cairn, that is, an artificial heap of stones. Even the erection of a cromlech can hardly be claimed as a separate style of architecture. Children, all over the world, if building houses with cards, will build cromlechs; and people, all over the world, if the neighbourhood supplies large slabs of stone, will put three stones together to keep out the sun or the wind, and put a fourth stone on the top to keep out the rain. Before monuments like those described by Captain Meadows Taylor can be classed as Celtic or Druidical, a possibility, at all events, must be shown how Celts, in the true sense of the word, could ever have inhabited the Dekhan. Till that is done, it is better to leave them anonymous, or to call them by their native names, than to give to them a name which is apt to mislead.

Returning to Cornwall, we find there, besides the cromlechs, pillars, holed stones, and stone circles, all of which may be classed as public monuments. They all bear witness to a kind of public spirit, and to a certain advance in social and political life, at the time of their erection. They were meant for people living at the time, who understood their meaning;—if not as messages to posterity, and if so, as truly historical monuments, for history begins when the living begin to care about the good opinion of those who come after them. Some of the single Cornish pillars tell us little indeed; nothing, in reality, beyond
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the fact that they were erected by human skill, and with some human purpose. Some of these monoliths seem to have been of a considerable size. In a village called Mên Perhen, in Constantine parish, there stood, 'about five years ago'—so Dr. Borlase relates in the year 1769—a large pyramidal stone, twenty feet above the ground, and four feet in the ground; it made above twenty stone posts for gates when it was clove up by the farmer who gave the account to the Doctor.* Other stones, like the Mên Scrifa, have inscriptions, but these inscriptions are Roman, and of comparatively late date. There are some pillars, like the Pipers, at Bolleit, which are clearly connected with the stone circles close by, remnants, it may be, of old stone avenues, or beacons, from which signals might be sent to other distant settlements. The holed stones, too, are generally found in close proximity to other large stone monuments. They are called *mên-an-tol*, hole-stones, in Cornwall; and the name of *tol-men*, or *dol-men*, which is somewhat promiscuously used by Celtic antiquarians, should be restricted to monuments of this class, *toll* being the Cornish word for *hole*, *mên* for *stone*, and *an* the article. French antiquarians, taking *dol* or *tól* as a corruption of *tabula*, use *dolman* in the sense of table-stones, and as synonymous with *cromlech*, while they sometimes use *cromlech* in the sense of stone circles. This can hardly be justified, and at all events leads to much confusion.

The stone circles, whether used for religious or judicial purposes—and there was in ancient times very little difference between the two—were clearly intended for solemn meetings. There is a very perfect circle at Boscawen-ûn, which consisted originally of nineteen stones. Dr. Borlase, whose work on the Antiquities of the County of Cornwall contains the most trustworthy information as to the state of Cornish antiquities about a hundred years ago, mentions three other circles which had the same number of stones, while others vary from twelve to seventy-two.

'The figure of these monuments,' he says, 'is either simple, or compounded. Of the first kind are exact circles; elliptical or semi-circular. The construction of these is not always the same, some having their circumference marked with large separate stones only; others having ridges of small stones intermixed, and sometimes walls and seats, serving to render the enclosure more complete. Other circular monuments have their figure more complex and varied, consisting, not only of a circle, but of some other distinguishing properties. In, or near the centre of some, stands a stone taller than the rest, as at Boscawen-ûn; in the middle of others a *kist-vaen*. A *cromlêh* distinguishes the centre of some circles, and one remarkable

* Borlase, 'Antiquities of Cornwall,' p. 162.

rock that of others; some have only one line of stones in their circumference, and some have two; some circles are adjacent, some contiguous, and some include, and some intersect each other. Sometimes urns are found in or near them. Some are curiously erected on geometrical plans, the chief entrance facing the cardinal points of the heavens; some have avenues leading to them, placed exactly north and south, with detached stones, sometimes in straight lines to the east and west, sometimes triangular. These monuments are found in many foreign countries, in Iceland, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany, as well as in all the isles dependent upon Britain (the Orkneys, Western Isles, Jersey, Ireland, and the Isle of Man), and in most parts of Britain itself.

Modern traditions have everywhere clustered round these curious stone circles. Being placed in a circular order, so as to make an area for dancing, they were naturally called *Dawns-mén*, i.e. dancing stones. This name was soon corrupted into dance-men, and a legend sprang up at once to account for the name, viz., that these men had danced on a Sunday and been changed into stones. Another corruption of the same name into *Danis-mén*, led to the tradition that these circles were built by the Danes. A still more curious name for these circles is that of '*Nine Maidens*' which occurs at Boscawen-ûn, and in several other places in Cornwall. Now the Boscawen-ûn circle consists of nineteen stones, and there are very few '*Nine Maidens*' that consist of nine stones only. Yet the name prevails, and is likewise supported by local legends of nine maidens having been changed into stones for dancing on a Sunday, or some other misdeed. One part of the legend may perhaps be explained by the fact that *médn* would be a common corruption in modern Cornish for *mén*, stone, as *pen* becomes *pedn*, and *gwynn gweydn*, &c., and that the Saxons mistook Cornish *médn* for their own *maiden*. But even without this, legends of a similar character would spring up wherever the popular mind is startled by strange monuments the history and purpose of which has been forgotten. Thus Captain Meadows Taylor tells us that at Vibat-Hullie the people told him 'that the stones were men who, as they stood, marking out the places for the elephants of the king of the dwarfs, were turned into stone by him, because they would not keep quiet.' And M. de Cambry, as quoted by him, says in regard to Car 'that the rocks were believed to be an army turned into or the work of the Croins—men or demons, two or high, who carried these rocks in their hands, and pla there.'

A second class of Cornish antiquities comprises buildings, whether castles or huts or caves. Wha

castles in Cornwall are simple entrenchments, consisting of large and small stones piled up about ten or twelve feet high, and held together by their own weight, without any cement. There are everywhere traces of a ditch, then of a wall—sometimes, as at Chûn castle, of another ditch and another wall—and there is generally some contrivance for protecting the principal entrance by walls overlapping the ditches. Near these castles barrows are found, and in several cases there are clear traces of a communication between them and some ancient Celtic villages and caves, which seem to have been placed under the protection of these primitive strongholds. Many of the cliffs in Cornwall are fortified towards the land by walls and ditches, thus cutting off these extreme promontories from communication with the land, as they are by nature inaccessible from the sea. Some antiquarians ascribed these castles to the Danes, the very last people, one would think, to shut themselves up in such hopeless retreats. Here too, as in other cases, a popular etymology may have taken the place of an historical authority, and the Cornish word for castle being *Dinas*, as in *Castle an Dinas*, *Pendennis*, etc., the later Saxon-speaking population may have been reminded by *Dinas* of the Danes, and on the strength of this vague similarity have ascribed to these pirates the erection of the Cornish castles.

It is indeed, difficult, with regard to these castles, to be positive as to the people by whom they were constructed. Tradition and history point to Romans and Saxons, as well as to Celts, nor is it at all unlikely that many of these half-natural, half-artificial strongholds, though originally planned by the Celtic inhabitants, were afterwards taken possession of and strengthened by Romans or Saxons.

But no such doubts are allowed with regard to Cornish huts, of which some striking remains have been preserved in Cornwall and other parts of England, particularly in those which, to the very last, remained the true home of the Celtic inhabitants of Britain. The houses and huts of the Romans were rectangular, nor is there any evidence to show that the Saxon ever approved of the circular style in domestic architecture. If, then, we find these so-called bee-hive huts in places peculiarly Celtic, and if we remember that so early a writer as Strabo* was struck with the same strange style of Celtic architecture, we can hardly be suspected of Celtomania, if we claim them as Celtic workmanship, and dwell with a more than ordinary interest on these ancient chambers, now long deserted and nearly

* Strabo, iv. 197.—τοὺς δ' οἴκους ἐκ σανίδων καὶ γέρβων ἔχουσι μεγάλους θολοειδεῖς, ὄροφον πολλὴν ἐπιβάλλοντες.

smothered with ferns and weeds, but in their general planning, as well as in their masonry, clearly exhibiting before us something of the arts and the life of the earliest inhabitants of these isles. Let anybody who has a sense of antiquity, and who can feel the spark which is sent on to us through an unbroken chain of history, when we stand on the Acropolis or on the Capitol, or when we read a ballad of Homer, or a hymn of the Veda,—nay, if we but read in a proper spirit a chapter of the Old Testament too—let such a man look at the Celtic huts at Bosprennis or Carnchywiddan, and discover for himself, through the ferns and brambles, the old grey walls, slightly sloping inward, and arranged according to a design that cannot be mistaken; and miserable as these shapeless clumps may appear to the thoughtless traveller, they will convey to the true historian a lesson which he could hardly learn anywhere else. The ancient Britons will no longer be a mere name to him, no mere Pelasgians or Tyrrhenians. He has seen their homes and their handiwork; he has stood behind the walls which protected their lives and property; he has touched the stones which their hands piled up rudely, yet thoughtfully. And if that small spark of sympathy for those who gave the honoured name of Britain to these islands, has once been kindled among a few who have the power of influencing public opinion in England, we feel certain that something will be done to preserve what can still be preserved of Celtic remains from further destruction. It does honour to the British Parliament that large sums are granted, when it is necessary, to bring to these safe shores whatever can still be rescued from the ruins of Greece and Italy, of Lycia, Pergamos, Palestine, Egypt, Babylon, or Nineveh. But while explorers and excavators are sent to those distant countries, and the statues of Greece, the coffins of Egypt, and the winged monsters of Nineveh, are brought home in triumph to the portals of the British Museum, it is painful to see the splendid granite slabs of British cromlechs thrown down and carted away, stone-circles destroyed to make way for farming improvements, and ancient huts and caves broken up to build new houses and stables, with the stones thus ready to hand. It is high time, indeed, that something should be done, and nothing will avail but to place every truly historical monument under national protection. Individual efforts may answer here and there, and a right spirit may be awakened from time to time by local societies; but during intervals of apathy mischief is done that can never be mended again; and unless the damaging of national monuments, even though they should stand on private ground, is made a misdemeanour, we doubt whether, two hundred years hence, any enterprising

enterprising explorer would be as fortunate as Mr. Layard and Sir H. Rawlinson have been in Babylon and Nineveh, and whether one single cromlech would be left for him to carry away to the National Museum of the Maoris. It is curious that the wilful damage done to Logan Stones, once in the time of Cromwell by Shrubsall, and more recently by Lieutenant Goldsmith, should have raised such indignation, while acts of Vandalism, committed against real antiquities, are allowed to pass unnoticed. Mr. Scawen, in speaking of the mischief done by strangers in Cornwall, says:—

‘Here, too, we may add, what wrong another sort of strangers has done to us, especially in the civil wars, and in particular by destroying of Mincamber, a famous monument, being a rock of infinite weight, which, as a burden, was laid upon other great stones, and yet so equally thereon poised up by Nature only, as a little child could instantly move it, but no one man or many remove it. This natural monument all travellers that came that way desired to behold; but in the time of Oliver’s usurpation, when all monumental things became despicable, one Shrubsall, one of Oliver’s heroes, then Governor of Pendennis, by labour and much ado, caused to be undermined and thrown down, to the great grief of the country; but to his own great glory, as he thought, doing it, as he said, with a small cane in his hand. I myself have heard him to boast of this act, being a prisoner then under him.’

Mr. Scawen, however, does not tell us that this Shrubsall, in throwing down the Mincamber, *i.e.*, the Ménamber, acted very like the old missionaries in felling the sacred oaks in Germany. Merlin, it was believed, had proclaimed that this stone should stand until England had no king, and as Cornwall was a stronghold of the Stuarts, the destruction of this loyal stone may have seemed a matter of wise policy.

Even the foolish exploit of Lieutenant Goldsmith, in 1824, would seem to have had some kind of excuse. Dr. Borlase had asserted ‘that it was *morally* impossible that any lever, or indeed force, however applied in a mechanical way, could remove the famous Logan rock at Trereen Dinas from its present position.’ Ptolemy, the son of Hephæstion, had made a similar remark about the Gigonian rock,* stating that it might be stirred with the stalk of an asphodel, but could not be removed by any force. Lieutenant Goldsmith, living in an age of experimental philosophy, undertook the experiment, in order to show that it was *physically* possible to overthrow the Logan; and he did it. He was, however, very properly punished for this unscientific experiment, and he had to replace the stone at his own expense.

* Cf. Photius, ‘Bibliotheca’ ed. Bekker, p. 148, l. 32, *περὶ τῆς παρὰ τὸν ἁγίων Γίγωνίους πέτρας, καὶ ὅτι μόνον ἀσφοδείῳ κινεῖται, πρὸς πᾶσαν βίαν ἀμετακίνητος οὖσα.*

As this matter is really serious, we have drawn up a short list of acts of Vandalism committed in Cornwall within the memory of living man. That list could easily be increased, but even as it is, we hope it may rouse the attention of the public:—

Between St. Ives and Zennor, on the lower road over Tregarthen Downs, stood a Logan rock. An old man, perhaps ninety years of age, told Mr. Hunt, who mentions this and other cases in the preface to his charming collection of Cornish tales and legends, that he had often logged it, and that it would make a noise which could *be heard for miles*.

At Balnoon, between Nancledrea and Knill's Steeple, some miners came upon 'two slabs of granite cemented together,' which covered a walled grave three feet square, an ancient kist-vaen. In it they found an earthenware vessel containing some black earth and a leaden spoon. The spoon was given to Mr. Praed, of Trevecha; the kist-vaen was utterly destroyed.

In Bosprennis Cross there was a very large coit or cromlech. It is said to have been fifteen feet square, and not more than one foot thick in any part. This was broken in two parts some years since, and taken to Penzance to form the beds of two ovens.

Another Cornishman, Mr. Bellows, reports as follows:—

'In a field between the recently discovered Beehive hut and the Boscawen-ûn circle, out of the public road, we discovered part of a "Nine Maidens," perhaps the third of the circle, the rest of the stones being dragged out and placed against the hedge, to make room for the plough.'

The same intelligent antiquarian remarks:—

'The Boscawen-ûn circle seems to have consisted originally of twenty stones. Seventeen of them are upright, two are down, and a gap exists of exactly the double space for the twentieth. We found the missing stone not twenty yards off. A farmer had removed it, and made it into a gate-post. He had cut a road through the circle, and in such a manner that he was obliged to remove the offending stone to keep it straight. Fortunately the present proprietress is a lady of taste, and has surrounded the circle with a good hedge to prevent further Vandalism.'

Of the Mên-an-tol, at Boleit, we have received the following description from Mr. Botterele, who supplied Mr. Hunt with so many of his Cornish tales:—

'These stones are from 20 to 25 feet above the surface, and we were told by some folks of Boleit that more than 10 feet had been sunk near, without finding the base. The Mên-an-tol have both been displaced, and removed a considerable distance from their original site. They are now placed in a hedge, to form the side of a gateway. The

upper portion of one is so much broken that one cannot determine the angle, yet that it worked to an angle is quite apparent. The other is turned downward, and serves as the hanging-post of a gate. From the head being buried so deep in the ground, only part of the hole (which is in both stones about six inches diameter) could be seen; though the hole is too small to pop the smallest, or all but the smallest, baby through, the people call them *crick-stones*, and maintain they were so called before they were born. Crick-stones were used for dragging people through, to cure them of various diseases.'

The same gentleman, writing to one of the *Cornish papers*, informs the public that a few years ago a rock known by the name of *Garrack-zans* might be seen in the town-place of *Sawah*, in the parish of *St. Levan*; another in *Roskestal*, in the same parish. One is also said to have been removed from near the centre of *Trereen*, by the family of *Jans*, to make a grander approach to their mansion. The ruins, which still remain, are known by the name of the *Jans House*, although the family became extinct soon after perpetrating what was regarded by the old inhabitants as a sacrilegious act. The *Garrack-zans* may still be remaining in *Roskestal* and *Sawah*, but, as much alteration has recently taken place in these villages, in consequence of building new farm-houses, making new roads, &c., it is a great chance if they have not been either removed or destroyed.

Mr. J. T. Blight, the author of one of the most useful little guide-books of *Cornwall*, '*A Week at the Land's End*,' states that some eight or ten years ago the ruins of the ancient *Chapel* of *St. Eloy*, in *St. Burian*, were thrown over the cliff by the tenant of the estate, without the knowledge or permission of the owner of the property. *Chûn-castle*, he says, one of the finest examples of early military architecture in this kingdom, has for many years been resorted to as a sort of quarry.

From an interesting paper on *Castallack Round* by the same antiquarian, we quote the following passages showing the constant mischief that is going on, whether due to downright *Vandalism* or to ignorance and indifference:—

'From a description of *Castallack Round*, in the parish of *St. Paul*, written by *Mr. Crozier*, perhaps fourteen or fifteen years ago, it appears that there was a massive outer wall, with an entrance on the south; from which a colonnade of stones led to an inner enclosure, also formed with stones, and nine feet in diameter. *Mr. Haliwell*, so recently as 1861, refers to the avenue of upright stones leading from the outer to the inner enclosure.

'On visiting the spot a few days ago (in 1865), I was surprised to find that not only were there no remains of an avenue of stones, but that the existence of an inner enclosure could scarcely be traced. It was, in fact, evident that some modern Vandal had here been at work.

A labourer,

A labourer, employed in the field close by, with a complaisant smile, informed me that the old Round had been dug into last year, for the sake of the stones. I found, however, enough of the work left to be worthy of a few notes, sufficient to show that it was a kindred structure to that at Keris, known as the Roundago, and described and figured in Borlase's "*Antiquities of Cornwall*." . . . Mr. Crozier also refers to a stone, 5 feet high, which stood within a hundred yards of the Castallack Round, and from which the Pipers at Boleit could be seen.

'The attention of the Royal Institution of Cornwall has been repeatedly called to the destruction of Cornish antiquities, and the interference of landed proprietors has been frequently invoked in aid of their preservation; but it unfortunately happens, in most cases, that important remains are demolished by the tenants without the knowledge or consent of the landlords. On comparing the present condition of the Castallack Round with a description of its appearance so recently as in 1861, I find that the greater and more interesting part has been barbarously and irreparably destroyed; and I regret to say, I could draw up a long list of ancient remains in Cornwall, partially or totally demolished within the last few years.'

We can hardly hope that the wholesome superstition which prevented people in former days from desecrating their ancient monuments will be any protection to them much longer, though the following story shows that some grains of the old leaven are still left in the Cornish mind. Near Carleen, in Breage, an old cross has been removed from its place, and now does duty as a gate-post. The farmer occupying the farm where the cross stood, set his labourer to sink a pit in the required spot for the gate-post, but when it was intimated that the cross standing at a little distance off was to be erected therein, the man absolutely refused to have any hand in the matter, not on account of the beautiful or the antique, but for fear of the old people. Another farmer related that he had a neighbour who 'haeled down a lot of stoans called the Roundago, and sold 'em for building the docks at Penzance. But not a penny of the money he got for 'em ever prospered, and there wasn't wan of the hosses that hael'd 'em that lived out the twelvemonth; and they *do* say that some of the stoans do weep blood, but I don't believe that.'

There are many antiquarians who affect to despise the rude architecture of the Celts, nay, who would think the name of architecture disgraced if applied to cromlechs and bee-hive huts. But even these will perhaps be more willing to lend a helping hand in protecting the antiquities of Cornwall when they hear that even ancient Norman masonry is no longer safe in

country. An antiquarian writes to us from Cornwall:—"I heard of some farmers in Meneage (the Lizard district) who dragged down an ancient well and rebuilt it. When called to task for it they said, "The ould thing was got so shaky that a was'n fit to be seen, so we thought we'd putten to rights and build'un up *fitty*."

Such things, we feel sure, should not be, and would not be, allowed any longer, if public opinion, or the public conscience, was once roused. Let people laugh at Celtic monuments as much as they like, if they will only help to preserve their laughing-stocks from destruction. Let antiquarians be as sceptical as they like, if they will only prevent the dishonest withdrawal of the evidence against which their scepticism is directed. Are lake-dwellings in Switzerland, are flint-deposits in France, is kitchen-rubbish in Denmark, so very precious, and are the magnificent cromlechs, the curious holed stones, and even the rock-basins of Cornwall, so contemptible? There is a fashion even in scientific tastes. For thirty years M. Boucher de Perthes could hardly get a hearing for his flint-heads, and now he has become the centre of interest for geologists, anthropologists, and physiologists. There is every reason to expect that the interest, once awakened in the early history of our own race, will go on increasing, and two hundred years hence the antiquarians and anthropologists of the future will call us hard names if they find out how we allowed these relics of the earliest civilisation of England to be destroyed. It is easy to say, What is there in a holed stone? It is a stone with a hole in it, and that is all. We do not wish to propound new theories, but in order to show how full of interest even a stone with a hole in it may become, we will just mention that the *Mén-an-tol*, or the holed stone which stands in one of the fields near Lanyon, is flanked by two other stones standing erect on each side. Let any one go there to watch a sunset about the time of the autumnal equinox, and he will see that the shadow thrown by the erect stone would fall straight through the hole of the *Mén-an-tol*. We know that the great festivals of the ancient world were regulated by the sun, and that some of these festive seasons—the winter solstice about Yule-tide or Christmas, the vernal equinox about Easter, the summer solstice on Midsummer-eve, about St. John Baptist's day, and the autumnal equinox about Michaelmas—are still kept, under changed names and with new objects, in our own time. This *Mén-an-tol* may be an old dial erected originally to fix the proper time for the celebration of the autumnal equinox; and though it may have been applied to other purposes likewise, such

as the curing of children by dragging them several times through the hole, still its original intention may have been astronomical. It is easy to test this observation, and to find out whether the same remark does not hold good of other stones in Cornwall, as, for instance, the Two Pipers. Nay, if their astronomical character could once be firmly established, it might even be possible, at least approximately, to fix the time of their erection. If we suppose that the shadow of the stones on each side of the *Mên-an-tol* was intended to fall through the hole on the day of the autumnal equinox, then if there is any slight deviation at present, and that deviation in the direction demanded by the precession of the equinoctial points, the difference might be calculated and translated into years, and we should thus be enabled to fix, at least with a margin of a century or two, the time when that time-piece was first set up on the high plains of Cornwall. We do not wish to attribute to this guess as to the original intention of the *Mên-an-tol* more importance than it deserves, nor would we in any way countenance the opinion of those who, beginning with Caesar, ascribe to the Celts and their Druids every kind of mysterious wisdom. A mere shepherd, though he had never heard the name of the equinox, might have erected such a stone for his own convenience, in order to know the time when he might safely bring his flocks out, or take them back to their safer stables. But this would in no way diminish the interest of the *Mên-an-tol*. It would still remain one of the few relics of the childhood of our race; one of the witnesses of the earliest workings of the human mind in its struggle against, and in its alliance with, the powers of nature; one of the vestiges in the first civilisation of the British Isles. Even the Romans, who carried their Roman roads in a straight line through the countries they had conquered, undeterred by any obstacles, unawed by any sanctuaries, respected, as can hardly be doubted, Silbury Hill, and made the road from Bath to London diverge from the usual straight line, instead of cutting through that time-honoured mound. Would the engineers of our railways show a similar regard for any national monument, whether Celtic, Roman, or Saxon? When Charles II., in 1663, went to see the Celtic remains of Abury, sixty-three stones were still standing within the entrenched enclosure hundred years later they had dwindled down to a few. In 1743, when the antiquary published a description of Abury in 1743, he saw the upper stone of the great cromlech still standing, the fragments of it making no more than a low wall. After another century had passed, so

within the great enclosure, and these, too, are being gradually broken up and carted away. Surely such things ought not to be. Let those whom it concerns look to it before it is too late. These Celtic monuments are public property as much as London Stone, Coronation Stone, or Westminster Abbey, and posterity will hold the present generation responsible for the safe keeping of the national heirlooms of England.

ART. III.—1. *I Miei Ricordi di Massimo d'Azeglio.* Due Volumi. Firenze, 1867.

2. *Correspondance Politique de Massimo d'Azeglio.* Ed. Eugène Rendu. Paris, 1867.

THE life of a man who was soldier, artist, diplomatist, novelist, and statesman; whose earliest reminiscences were of Alfieri and the Countess of Albany, and who lived to be introduced to the present heir-apparent of the British throne; who, born in the highest social circle, mingled by choice and by profession with members of every class, and who exercised no small influence upon the destinies of his native Italy, can hardly fail to present some points of interest. Whether the 'Reminiscences' lying before us can be placed, as an intellectual effort, on the same level as the author's 'Nicolo de' Lapi,' may reasonably be doubted. Nevertheless the book has beauties and merits of its own, and we trust that, even in the comparatively brief account of it which we propose to lay before our readers, its attractions may be found not to have wholly disappeared.

Massimo Taparelli d'Azeglio was born at Turin on the 24th of October, 1798. The family came originally from Brittany, which perhaps, as our author playfully remarks, accounts for the existence of a certain vein of stubbornness (*testa un po' dura*) running through the race. At the close of the thirteenth century a member of this house descended into Italy, most probably with Charles of Anjou, and settled in the Piedmontese town of Savigliano. Here their ancient and honourable appellation of Chapel or Capel got corrupted, no one knows how, into Taparelli, to which the *cognomen* of Azeglio has been subsequently added, in consequence of the acquisition of a village of that name.

Azeglio's grandfather, Count Robert of Lagnasco, married Christina, Countess of Genola, a member of another branch of the same family. From this marriage sprang two sons, of whom the elder died in youth: the younger, Cæsar, became the father of the subject of this narrative. Cæsar's mother died a few days
after

after having given him birth ; but by a second marriage Count Robert had a daughter, who became the wife of Count Prospero Balbo, and the mother of Cæsar Balbo. Thus of the three Piedmontese of our time who have most deeply affected the fortunes of Italy—Gioberti, Azeglio, and Balbo—the two latter were first cousins.

The parents of our author stand forth in the pages of these volumes in marked outlines and vivid colouring. The Marquis Cæsar d'Azeglio appears to have been a fine type of the old Piedmontese nobility ; brave, simple in his tastes and habits of life, sincerely religious, and self-sacrificing. He was poor, because his fortune was always at the service of his country and the house of Savoy. By 'his country' must be understood rather the kingdom of Sardinia than the Italian peninsula ; for this last was to him, at least in his earlier years, little more than 'a geographical expression.' Personally attached to his Sovereign, he lost some sixteen thousand pounds—a very large sum in that country—during the wars arising out of the great French revolution. When taken captive, he had only accepted liberty on the express condition of *not* promising to give up military service on behalf of his native soil. He was not a man of brilliant abilities, nor had he any very great capacity for adapting himself to that new order of things which (both in the world of thought and the world of action) began to overshadow and to influence the mind and conduct of Europe after the overthrow of Napoleon. But he was willing to let the new phase of constitutional, as opposed to absolute, monarchy have its trial in the kingdom of Sardinia ; provided always that such change arose out of the deliberate will and consent of the reigning monarch, and was not forced upon him from without by the threats or rebellion of his subjects. There was much in Massimo d'Azeglio that was especially his own ; much that was produced by the moulding impress of the times in which he lived. His great and varied abilities cannot be said to have been inherited from his father. But there is manifested throughout these 'Reminiscences' an earnest desire to impress upon the mind of his countrymen the all-important lesson—that it is only by the formation of such characters as those of his parents that Italy can hope to succeed in the great experiment which she is now engaged in trying. Another country supplies a weighty warning. 'From 1814 to 1848,' says the distinguished son of one who was an eminent minister under Louis Philippe, 'France tried for thirty-four years the experiment of representative government. Three unfavourable tendencies have chiefly contributed to make this attempt twice prove a failure ; a general and systematic spirit of

opposition to authority, excessive pretensions, and the keenness of personal enmities. These three features of the national character, common to nearly all our politicians, have rendered all but impossible a government with institutions whose freedom encourages resistance, excites ambition, and gives full play to rivalry.* These sorrowful reflections of Prince Albert de Broglie,* so applicable just now to Italy, may not, perhaps, be wholly out of place even in a country like our own. But we must not wander from our more immediate subject.

The manner in which we have just referred to our author's parents implies that his mother was not unworthy of her husband. She might have been able to accomplish even more for her children, if her health had been robust. But in the fourth year of her wedded life she received a shock from which she never thoroughly recovered. She was officially informed that her husband had been slain in battle, fighting against the French invaders of Piedmont. So circumstantial was the account, that the will of the supposed deceased was formally opened. It left the widow most handsomely provided for, with a jointure which was not (apparently a rare event in Italy) to suffer diminution in the event of a second marriage. And it was specially insisted on that she was on no account to put on mourning if her husband had fallen with arms in his hands for his country and his king. Two months later came the news that Cæsar d'Azeglio was alive and unhurt, although a prisoner in France. But the sudden and unlooked-for joy was a fresh trial to one already weakened by grief, and expecting at no distant date to add to the number of her family. Subsequent events, as was natural during the troublous times in which her lot was cast, increased the injury thus wrought; and we are not surprised to learn, that from this parent the young Massimo and his brethren were not able to obtain any great amount of intellectual culture. But she gave them what her son justly calls the loftier benefit of admirable precepts and example; an education of the heart, a right guidance of the sentiments and of the affections.

The war in which Cæsar d'Azeglio was taken captive, had fallen upon Piedmont after the land had known some six-and-forty years of peace. With a generation untrained in military habits and discipline, the small Subalpine kingdom was left alone to contend against the power of France. The issue could not long be doubtful. There were some, indeed, who hoped, says our author, that liberty might come to the vanquished, like other *articles nouveautés* from Paris, without the need of any

* 'Études Morales et Littéraires.' Paris, 1853, p. 305.

personal merit on the part of the recipients. They had to learn by sad experience the stern lesson taught by the course of events to so many enthusiasts of that date,—a lesson nobly expressed by one of those very enthusiasts when he sang of the hollow joy of Greece on receiving liberty as a gift from the favour of Rome, and of the exceptional soundness of heart displayed in Ætolia:—

'Ah! that a *Conqueror's* words should be so dear;
 Ah! that a *boon* could shed such rapturous joys!
 A gift of that which is not to be given
 By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.
 The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter scorn:
 "'Tis known," cried they, "that he who would adorn
 His envied temples with the Isthmian crown
 Must either win, through effort of his own,
 The prize, or be content to see it worn
 By more deserving brows."

These lines from two sonnets by Wordsworth might not unfitly be placed as a general motto to the autobiography of Massimo d'Azeglio. But if these lessons were needed by all Italians, the Piedmontese perhaps required them the least. It is well known that Massimo d'Azeglio was one of the first, perhaps the very first, to suggest that Florence should be the capital of the kingdom of Italy. In singular contrast with this event of 1864 stands the account of the departure of the Azeglio family in 1800 from Turin to Florence as to a *land of exile*. Such, however, was the feeling of his parents, when the battle of Marengo had laid northern Italy at the feet of Napoleon, and had induced them to remove to the Tuscan city until better days should dawn. Among the earliest infantine recollections of Massimo was a picture of Turin, in his father's study at Florence, with the motto *Fuit* inscribed below. Happily the flight of the family was by no means a solitary one. The distinguished houses of Balbo, Perrone, Delborgo, Prié, and others, all adopted the same course, preferring such banishment to the acceptance of foreign rule in Turin, and to the implied rejection of the house of Savoy, whose head had retired to the maritime portion of his realm, the island of Sardinia.

One day, in a house belonging to a member of this set, a little child, unembarrassed by clothing, was being held on his mother's knees, while a painter was drawing from the form before him an infant Jesus. 'Now, Mammolino, be quiet! (*Ehi, Mammolino, stai fermo*)' was the exclamation uttered in a deep voice by a bystander, a tall gentleman, wholly dressed in black, with a pale face, bright eyes, frowning eyebrows, locks of a hue inclining towards red, and thrown back from the temples and the brow.

The

The deep voice coming from a figure regarded by the child with much awe produced the desired effect, and a Holy Family was the result. The picture is believed to be in a church at Montpellier. The house was the *studio* of the artist Fabri; the child was the infant Massimo, then called endearingly Mammolino; the awesome bystander was the celebrated Vittorio Alfieri.* In Massimo d'Azeglio's latest days he had only to shut his eyes, and there rose up before him the house where Alfieri, and the Countess of Albany in her dress *à la Marie-Antoinette*, used to receive their company; the pictures by Fabri (one of Saul at Endor, and one of Pompeii) on the walls, and his father in conversation with some of their circle, or with M. Langensverd, the Swedish minister.

The heavy hand of Napoleon was ere long to fall on this retreat. With a minuteness of persecution, which in many quarters seemed to outweigh all the advantages which Italy derived from the imperial sway, the new ruler forbade his Turinese subjects to send their children abroad for education. Three of Massimo's brothers were students at the Tolomei college, in Sienna, when this decree was promulgated. But Sienna not being a Piedmontese city, was considered to be 'abroad,' and the youths had, of necessity, to be withdrawn. A second order compelled all the emigrants to return from Florence and elsewhere to their Subalpine homes.

The domestic education received by the young family on their return to Turin was admirable in the way of discipline. To speak low, to treat their sister with the same courtesy as a young lady of another house, to bear great pain without complaint, and even to preserve under it the appearance of cheerfulness, to take all possible care not to add to the illness of their mother, not to expect praise and petting, such were the home lessons received in the house of the Taparelli d'Azeglio. The following incident is an illustration. It occurred when the family had a villa near Fiesole, and in the course of a long ramble with his father:—

'I had gathered an enormous bunch of wild broom and other flowers, and I was also carrying a stick in my hand, when somehow I became entangled, and fell heavily. My father hurried to lift me up again, examined me to see where I was hurt, and observing that I complained much of one arm, he laid it bare, and found that it deviated decidedly from the straight line; in fact, I had broken the ulna, the large bone of the arm.

'I, who was gazing fixedly into his face, saw his countenance change,

* The supposed *habitat* of this picture, which is not mentioned in 'I Miei Ricordi,' is supplied in an able and suggestive critique of the work by M. de Mazade, in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' for 15th February, 1867.

and assume an expression of such keen and tender solicitude, that he scarce seemed to me like the same man. He fastened my arm to my neck as well as he could, and we again set out homeward. After a few moments had passed, during which he had had time to regain his usual nature, he said to me, "Listen, Mammolino, your mother is not strong. If she were to see how you have hurt yourself, it might make her very ill. You must be brave, my child. To-morrow, we will go to Florence, and do all that can be done for you; but this evening, you must not let her see that anything is wrong with you. Do you understand?"

'All this he said to me with his usual firmness, but with the greatest affection; and as for me, I did not feel that I had any very important or difficult affair to manage: in fact, I kept in a corner all that evening, holding up my broken arm as well as I could, my mother thinking I was tired after my long walk, and perceiving nothing more.

'Next day I was taken to Florence, and my arm was duly set. But its cure had to be completed by the muddy waters of Vinadio, some years later.

'Does any one think this proceeding of my father's a harsh one? I can recal that incident as if it had happened yesterday, and I well remember that it never entered into my head for an instant to think him harsh or unkind. I was, on the contrary, so happy at the unspeakable tenderness I had seen in his face, and also I felt it so reasonable not to alarm my mother, that I regarded the difficult command rather as an excellent opportunity of doing myself credit.

'And that, because I had not been spoiled, but had had some good foundations laid in my heart. And now that I am old, and have seen the world, I bless my father's stern firmness; and I would that all Italian children possessed a parent like him, and would profit more by it than I did: within thirty years Italy would be the first of nations!'—i. pp. 105-107.

The compulsory return to Turin had involved a correspondence between the head of the family and his Sovereign, which was highly honourable to both parties. Cæsar d'Azeglio offered to join Victor Emmanuel in the island of Sardinia. But the king advised him to submit; he could not think of removing from the youthful Taparelli a father of whom they now had more than ever such a special need. The Marquis d'Azeglio consequently took the oath of allegiance to Napoleon, and preserved it faithfully. But he aided to the best of his ability those who suffered under the French *régime*, more particularly some of the dignitaries of the Roman Church and Court.

These recollections suggest some striking thoughts to our author. During several years of Napoleon's reign, most notably, perhaps, about 1809, after the triumph of Wagram and his marriage with Maria Louisa, he impressed on his contemporaries, says Azeglio, the idea that he was simply a *fate* that could not
be

he resisted. Now we need not go to Italy to seek for the prevalence of such notions. They are marked in the diaries of many English politicians of the time, as, for example, that of Sir James Mackintosh; and we suspect that expressions tending, to say the very least, in that direction, might be plentifully culled without much difficulty from the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

We have seen so many instances in this country of the political and religious differences between brothers, that perhaps we ought not to be astonished to learn that the elder brother of Massimo d'Azeglio not only took holy orders, but joined the Jesuits, and ultimately became the editor of the most extreme ultramontane paper, the organ of that society, and of the Roman Court, the 'Civiltà.' He was known as Father Taparelli. It must be mentioned, to the honour of both brothers, that their differences were never allowed to chill the warmth of their fraternal affection. Massimo expresses a keen sense of the purity and sincerity of his brother's mind, and of the sacrifices which he had made in joining the Order.

The fall of Napoleon, the delirious joy of the Turinese when their Sovereign made his re-entry into their city (borrowing in his poverty a carriage from the Marquis d'Azeglio), the delight at the departure of those French to whom they have since owed so much, *their equal amount of pleasure at witnessing the arrival of the Germans*, are all set forth in these volumes with much liveliness. Well might the writer italicize, as we have done, the above clause, and almost doubt whether he can be the writer of such words. Assuredly the vast majority of the Italians, who were then young, lived to alter their sentiments as regards these nations.

Changes in the great world carry with them of necessity a vast number of changes in the lesser worlds of private circles. The altered state of affairs, which ensued upon the events just mentioned, transformed the youthful Massimo from being a mere boy into an *attaché*, and then into an officer. The former position arose from the circumstance of his father being sent as a provisional minister to the Court of Rome, to congratulate Pius VII. on his return. The kind offices of Cæsar d'Azeglio towards the persecuted clergy were fully acknowledged by the Pontiff. Massimo was likewise much noticed, and found himself plunged at once into the midst of high clerical and diplomatic society. And here it may be observed that if any of our readers shall have chanced to look at that part of Dr. Döllinger's book, 'The Church and the Churches,' which treats of the Papal Temporalities, he will find its comment on the rule inaugurated by Cardinal Consalvi entirely confirmed by the reflections of Azeglio. The general impression

impression left by both writers appears to us to be identical; namely, that the new Papal régime aimed at carrying out the French system of centralisation without having the French skill and energy that were needed for such a task. Thus the ancient municipal liberties of the towns in the Ecclesiastical States were not restored; and the Legations, finding that they had lost French order without gaining Italian freedom, sunk before long into a chronic state of insurrection.

The honesty of our autobiographer compels him to record with shame, that for four or five years (that is to say, between the ages of 17 and 22) he passed an idle, and far worse than idle, existence. He acquired, however, a love for pictorial art, and became also passionately fond of music.

Of all *trustworthy* accounts of the Roman clerical society of that date, Azeglio's appears to us to be one of the least favourable. His father seems to have been a far stricter man, both in word and deed, than many of the canons and *prelati* whom they met. The fact, that the youthful Massimo himself was more than once pressed to take holy orders, did not exalt in his eyes the suitors, and generally he maintains that there was very little of what is known as *unction* among the Roman clergy of that day. He had been accustomed to a much higher standard of duty and devotion by the conduct of the priesthood at Turin.

The study of antiquities is one of the very few branches of knowledge that can be said to flourish in the Rome of the present century. Some chances were offered of prosecuting researches into the curiosities of pagan, or of the early Christian times; but our author at that season loved, as he puts it, *le novità e non le antichità*. However, the gay career of an *attaché*, with its dinners, balls, and *soirées*, was cut short by the arrival of the *actual* ambassador from Turin, the Marquis of San Saturnino. A great consolation for the young man lay in the circumstance that a commission had in the meantime been obtained for him in the Royal Cavalry of Turin. Before leaving Rome he saw his brother Prospero formally installed into the Order of the Jesuits. The gravity of the ceremony was for a moment disturbed by a mistake of the aged general, Father Panizzoni. Dim of sight, he advanced to embrace Massimo, instead of the elder brother. 'A pretty business we two should have made of it,' says the former.

Azeglio's experience of the army led him to take part in the theory of war, and also in such practical ¹ can be acquired in a time of peace. His first home with his regiment is reckoned by him six most joyful events of his strangely var

upper portion of one is so much broken that one cannot determine the angle, yet that it worked to an angle is quite apparent. The other is turned downward, and serves as the hanging-post of a gate. From the head being buried so deep in the ground, only part of the hole (which is in both stones about six inches diameter) could be seen; though the hole is too small to pop the smallest, or all but the smallest, baby through, the people call them *crick-stones*, and maintain they were so called before they were born. Crick-stones were used for dragging people through, to cure them of various diseases.'

The same gentleman, writing to one of the Cornish papers, informs the public that a few years ago a rock known by the name of Garrack-zans might be seen in the town-place of Sawah, in the parish of St. Levan; another in Roskestal, in the same parish. One is also said to have been removed from near the centre of Trereen, by the family of Jans, to make a grander approach to their mansion. The ruins, which still remain, are known by the name of the Jans House, although the family became extinct soon after perpetrating what was regarded by the old inhabitants as a sacrilegious act. The Garrack-zans may still be remaining in Roskestal and Sawah, but, as much alteration has recently taken place in these villages, in consequence of building new farm-houses, making new roads, &c., it is a great chance if they have not been either removed or destroyed.

Mr. J. T. Blight, the author of one of the most useful little guide-books of Cornwall, '*A Week at the Land's End*,' states that some eight or ten years ago the ruins of the ancient Chapel of St. Eloy, in St. Burian, were thrown over the cliff by the tenant of the estate, without the knowledge or permission of the owner of the property. Chûn-castle, he says, one of the finest examples of early military architecture in this kingdom, has for many years been resorted to as a sort of quarry.

From an interesting paper on Castallack Round by the same antiquarian, we quote the following passages showing the constant mischief that is going on, whether due to downright Vandalism or to ignorance and indifference:—

'From a description of Castallack Round, in the parish of St. Paul, written by Mr. Crozier, perhaps fourteen or fifteen years ago, it appears that there was a massive outer wall, with an entrance on the south; from which a colonnade of stones led to an inner enclosure, also formed with stones, and nine feet in diameter. Mr. Haliwell, so recently as 1861, refers to the avenue of upright stones leading from the outer to the inner enclosure.

'On visiting the spot a few days ago (in 1865), I was surprised to find that not only were there no remains of an avenue of stones, but that the existence of an inner enclosure could scarcely be traced. It was, in fact, evident that some modern Vandal had here been at work.

A labourer,

A labourer, employed in the field close by, with a complaisant smile, informed me that the old Round had been dug into last year, for the sake of the stones. I found, however, enough of the work left to be worthy of a few notes, sufficient to show that it was a kindred structure to that at Kerria, known as the Roundago, and described and figured in Borlase's "Antiquities of Cornwall." . . . Mr. Crozier also refers to a stone, 5 feet high, which stood within a hundred yards of the Castallack Round, and from which the Pipers at Boleit could be seen.

'The attention of the Royal Institution of Cornwall has been repeatedly called to the destruction of Cornish antiquities, and the interference of landed proprietors has been frequently invoked in aid of their preservation; but it unfortunately happens, in most cases, that important remains are demolished by the tenants without the knowledge or consent of the landlords. On comparing the present condition of the Castallack Round with a description of its appearance so recently as in 1861, I find that the greater and more interesting part has been barbarously and irreparably destroyed; and I regret to say, I could draw up a long list of ancient remains in Cornwall, partially or totally demolished within the last few years.'

We can hardly hope that the wholesome superstition which prevented people in former days from desecrating their ancient monuments will be any protection to them much longer, though the following story shows that some grains of the old leaven are still left in the Cornish mind. Near Carleen, in Breage, an old cross has been removed from its place, and now does duty as a gate-post. The farmer occupying the farm where the cross stood, set his labourer to sink a pit in the required spot for the gate-post, but when it was intimated that the cross standing at a little distance off was to be erected therein, the man absolutely refused to have any hand in the matter, not on account of the beautiful or the antique, but for fear of the old people. Another farmer related that he had a neighbour who 'haeled down a lot of stoans called the Roundago, and sold 'em for building the docks at Penzance. But not a penny of the money he got for 'em ever prospered, and there wasn't wan of the hosses that haeld 'em that lived out the twelvemonth; and they *do* say that some of the stoans do weep blood, but I don't believe that.'

There are many antiquarians who affect to despise the rude architecture of the Celts, nay, who would think the name of architecture disgraced if applied to cromlechs and bee-hive huts. But even these will perhaps be more willing to lend a helping hand in protecting the antiquities of Cornwall when they hear that even ancient Norman masonry is no longer safe in that country.

country. An antiquarian writes to us from Cornwall:—"I heard of some farmers in Meneage (the Lizard district) who dragged down an ancient well and rebuilt it. When called to task for it they said, "The ould thing was got so shaky that a was'n fit to be seen, so we thought we'd putten to rights and build'un up *fitty*."

Such things, we feel sure, should not be, and would not be, allowed any longer, if public opinion, or the public conscience, was once roused. Let people laugh at Celtic monuments as much as they like, if they will only help to preserve their laughing-stocks from destruction. Let antiquarians be as sceptical as they like, if they will only prevent the dishonest withdrawal of the evidence against which their scepticism is directed. Are lake-dwellings in Switzerland, are flint-deposits in France, is kitchen-rubbish in Denmark, so very precious, and are the magnificent cromlechs, the curious holed stones, and even the rock-basins of Cornwall, so contemptible? There is a fashion even in scientific tastes. For thirty years M. Boucher de Perthes could hardly get a hearing for his flint-heads, and now he has become the centre of interest for geologists, anthropologists, and physiologists. There is every reason to expect that the interest, once awakened in the early history of our own race, will go on increasing, and two hundred years hence the antiquarians and anthropologists of the future will call us hard names if they find out how we allowed these relics of the earliest civilisation of England to be destroyed. It is easy to say, What is there in a holed stone? It is a stone with a hole in it, and that is all. We do not wish to propound new theories, but in order to show how full of interest even a stone with a hole in it may become, we will just mention that the *Mén-an-tol*, or the holed stone which stands in one of the fields near Lanyon, is flanked by two other stones standing erect on each side. Let any one go there to watch a sunset about the time of the autumnal equinox, and he will see that the shadow thrown by the erect stone would fall straight through the hole of the *Mén-an-tol*. We know that the great festivals of the ancient world were regulated by the sun, and that some of these festive seasons—the winter solstice about Yule-tide or Christmas, the vernal equinox about Easter, the summer solstice on Midsummer-eve, about St. John Baptist's day, and the autumnal equinox about Michaelmas—are still kept, under changed names and with new objects, in our own time. This *Mén-an-tol* may be an old dial erected originally to fix the proper time for the celebration of the autumnal equinox; and though it may have been applied to other purposes likewise, such

as

as the curing of children by dragging them several times through the hole, still its original intention may have been astronomical. It is easy to test this observation, and to find out whether the same remark does not hold good of other stones in Cornwall, as, for instance, the Two Pipers. Nay, if their astronomical character could once be firmly established, it might even be possible, at least approximately, to fix the time of their erection. If we suppose that the shadow of the stones on each side of the *Mên-an-tol* was intended to fall through the hole on the day of the autumnal equinox, then if there is any slight deviation at present, and that deviation in the direction demanded by the precession of the equinoctial points, the difference might be calculated and translated into years, and we should thus be enabled to fix, at least with a margin of a century or two, the time when that time-piece was first set up on the high plains of Cornwall. We do not wish to attribute to this guess as to the original intention of the *Mên-an-tol* more importance than it deserves, nor would we in any way countenance the opinion of those who, beginning with Cæsar, ascribe to the Celts and their Druids every kind of mysterious wisdom. A mere shepherd, though he had never heard the name of the equinox, might have erected such a stone for his own convenience, in order to know the time when he might safely bring his flocks out, or take them back to their safer stables. But this would in no way diminish the interest of the *Mên-an-tol*. It would still remain one of the few relics of the childhood of our race; one of the witnesses of the earliest workings of the human mind in its struggle against, and in its alliance with, the powers of nature; one of the vestiges in the first civilisation of the British Isles. Even the Romans, who carried their Roman roads in a straight line through the countries they had conquered, undeterred by any obstacles, unawed by any sanctuaries, respected, as can hardly be doubted, Silbury Hill, and made the road from Bath to London diverge from the usual straight line, instead of cutting through that time-honoured mound. Would the engineers of our railways show a similar regard for any national monument, whether Celtic, Roman, or Saxon? When Charles II., in 1663, went to see the Celtic remains of Abury, sixty-three stones were still standing within the entrenched enclosure. Not quite a hundred years later they had dwindled down to forty-four, the rest having been used for building purposes. Dr. Stukeley, who published a description of Abury in 1743, tells us that he himself saw the upper stone of the great cromlech there broken and carried away, the fragments of it making no less than twenty cart-loads. After another century had passed, seventeen stones only remained

a hard life, but Massimo enjoyed good health, and though poor, he was independent. In May he went into the country to make landscape studies from nature. His first essay of this kind was at Castel Sant' Elia, a village between Nepi and Civit  Castellana. He seems to have learnt much in this department of art from the school of Hackert, whose style in landscape was followed for some twenty years by the Dutch artists Woogd and Therlink, the Fleming Verstappen, Denis and Chauvin from France, and a Bolognese of the name of Bassi. In Azeglio's eyes it was one especial charm of this beautiful part of Italy, that it was unknown to the foreigner and the tourist.

In Piedmont, Massimo, as a younger son, had been simply *II Cavaliere*. The different practice of the south was manifested in his case under the following circumstances :—

'I carefully concealed my birth, which, however, some unforeseen incident often revealed, to my great discomfiture. And thus it chanced at Castel Sant' Elia.

'I must first inform my reader that in Central and Southern Italy, all the sons enjoy the same title as their father. My father was a Marquis, consequently I was a Marquis too. One day I had written to the Orengo family for, I forget now what clothes, which were accordingly sent to me in a parcel directed to "*The Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, Nepi*:" and a letter was posted at same time to me to inform me where they should be inquired for. I went in person, and presented myself to I know not what Vetturino, who undertook parcel carriage both from and to Rome. I had forgotten to make any change in my toilette, so appeared in my usual costume; shirt sleeves, a *camicia* thrown over one shoulder, and no stockings, because of the heat. I walk in, and say; "There ought to be a parcel here for Azeglio." "There is one, but it is for the Marquis." "All right, I am come for it; how much is there to pay?" "Oh don't be in such a hurry, I can't let you have it; his lordship the Marquis must come and give me his receipt for it, and my payment." "But I am the Marquis!" I exclaim at last, annoyed at being compelled to reveal myself. "*You are the Marquis!*"

'I laugh even now, when I recal the look of incredulity and contempt which my interlocutor threw on me, a man without stockings, guilty of such outrageous presumption.

'I forget now whether I had to bring evidence to prove my identity, or whether I ended by being believed. But I well remember that I had a good long battle before I could carry my clothes off home; and the grand news of my Marquisate spreading rapidly, I found myself, at Castel Sant' Elia in the same predicament as *Almaviva* in the last act of the Barber of Seville, "*I am Almaviva, but not Lindoro!*" Luckily, I too was at the last "Act" of my country life. July had come, and the malaria with it, so I was compelled to change my climate.'

While our hero was thus employed, a hasty and ill-judged
political

political movement occurred at Turin. This was in 1821. His elder brother Robert was implicated in the movement, and was compelled for a time to retire with his wife into Switzerland. The Jesuit party and the reactionary society of the *Sanfedisti* became more triumphant than ever. But in the Roman States, in 1821 as now in 1867, brigandage was extremely rife. Nor did this second sojourn of Azeglio's change for the better his opinion of the population of Rome itself. His first visit had led to an unfavourable comparison of the Roman with the Turinese clergy. He now saw more of the laity, especially when his name as an artist began to win him fame and bread. In his judgment, his inability to mix much with his own class of society was a real advantage. What he did see convinced him that they lived in an atmosphere of fawning and intrigue. Of their marvellous ignorance he supplies us with one or two specimens.

We should have supposed that if there was a naval battle of European celebrity, it was the sea-fight of Lepanto. But at Rome it ought to enjoy a special claim to reputation, because ardent Roman Catholics maintain (and not without some reasonable grounds) that the reigning Pontiff, Pius V., assuredly one of the very best who ever occupied the Papal chair, was mainly instrumental in bringing about this mighty destruction of Turkish vessels and overthrow of Turkish domination on the Mediterranean. It is even claimed for Pope Pius, that with prophetic instinct he foreknew that prosperous issue of the battle for which he had prayed; and a hymn in his honour (for he was afterwards canonized) declares:—

‘Tu, comparatis classibus,
Votis magis sed fervidis,
Ad insulas Echinadas
Fundis tyrannum Thraciæ.’

Massimo d'Azeglio was one evening in the palace of Prince A——. In one of the halls he observed a picture, evidently of the Flemish school, representing an inland scaling of a tower by an armed host:—

“What scene is represented by the capture of this fortress?” said I to the prince. He replied; “It must be the battle of Lepanto!!!” I gave a look at him to see whether his countenance betrayed any merriment; but it remained perfectly serious, and—*amen*.’—ii. p. 79.

Ladies, of course, are not to be expected to rise in these matters much above the level of fathers and husbands. One fair dame requested from Azeglio an account of a great *Paramano* which had arrived in Rome from Paris, and had been the subject of much conversational eulogy. He was at first utterly at a loss for a reply,

a reply, not knowing what in the world a *Paramano* could be; but in time he made out that it was a *Panorama*! '*La differenza era poca*' is his comment.

There arrived in Rome a Piedmontese noble, a friend of Massimo, the Marquis Lascaris di Ventimiglia, whose only daughter subsequently married a brother of the celebrated minister Cavour. Ventimiglia was a man of excellent character, highly cultivated, amiable, original, and passionately fond of art and artists. He saw a picture which Massimo had just completed, and offered to buy it. Now much as our artist had desired this consummation, it was with something of a struggle that he made up his mind to the acceptance of his first payment for his picture. But having argued with himself that there was nothing to be ashamed of, he resolved to take his money like a man with his own hands, and to look boldly into the face of the purchaser. He was not, however, quite sure whether at the critical moment he thoroughly and unflinchingly carried out his programme. For the means of independence thus acquired he felt thankful to the Giver of all good. He was destined in after years to feel doubly thankful for such a means of subsistence. Having munificently spent his official gains in works of charity, he had recourse to his pencil again on ceasing to be a minister of the Crown.

Meanwhile his artistic tours taught him much concerning the governors and the governed in the Papal States. He learnt more and more to think favourably of the latter and unfavourably of the former. Our limits will not permit us to go into details, though some of them are amusing enough. But Azeglio's general report of the population around Rome strikes us as being remarkably accordant with the twenty-third chapter of that excellent work, so justly recommended by Lord Stanhope, '*Six Months in Italy*,' by the American traveller, Mr. Hillard. On the Roman aristocracy we have the following general reflections:—

'Good service has doubtless been done by vigorous aristocracies. The French, our own, the German, and others, in war, the English in statesmanship, have produced great and admirable men and deeds; but from an aristocracy of the *dolce far niente*, such as is the Roman (the offspring and slave of the papacy for the most part), what could be hoped? The clergy, who made it rich, were half afraid of it, and would not have it powerful; but excluded it from all political interference; extinguished in luxury and forced idleness all its higher qualities; hence followed sloth, degradation, ruin! But we shall come back to this subject again presently.

'This vice is by no means specially confined to aristocracies; it may be seen in all classes to whom are granted such privileges as render it needless for them to possess any intrinsic value, or real merit, or any laudable object of existence.

'The

'The Roman plebeians, who were privileged to live on regular alms from their Emperors, without doing anything whatever, became the most colossal mountain of *canaille* recorded by history.

'And alas! the ancient *donatives*, and the monies for indulgences, in Papal Rome, have perpetuated those sad traditions, still living and powerful in the people to this day; and their *eldorado* is, to make *halfpence* without earning them.

'Nepotism was the creator of the largest portion of the Roman families in the "Book of Gold." Whilst in our lands, as I said before, the nobility won their titles on the battle-field, the Roman nobles gained theirs in courts; and as for their riches, I think I do not speak too severely of *their* origin when I say, that if the shades of all the Cardinal nephews could be evoked, and each of them made to publish his account book, we should have some strange revelations.'—ii. pp. 69, 77.

It must, we think, be owned, that Massimo d'Azeglio did not wholly and entirely escape the contagion of the tone of society around him. In his first volume he tells of an early love which was pure and honourable; and he takes occasion to express his indignation at those popular French novelists of the time of Louis Philippe, who had done their best to lower the tone of national, and perhaps of European, sentiment in all that concerns the tender passion. But the long and fervent admiration which he cherished for a lady in Rome, though never leading apparently to any overt mischief, was, we fear, irregular and culpable. The object of his passion was endowed with a beauty that was extraordinary, even in that land of beautiful women. But she was utterly destitute of any elevation of mind, and finally cashiered Azeglio for another admirer by a *ruse*, which could hardly have succeeded with one less infatuated than he appears to have been. Perhaps men of letters, especially the imaginative writers, feel more deeply or disclose more openly their wounds of the heart. As regards Azeglio's unfortunate attachment, it is our earnest desire to abstain from anything like Pharisaic criticism. A country with such records as those of our Divorce Court before it had better be chary of censure upon the manners of other lands. Above all, it must not be forgotten, that but for our author's unflinching honesty no word of this episode would ever have reached the general ear. He who thus lays bare his faults has earned the right of demanding our faith in his truthfulness and honesty. Most gladly would we have passed by this topic in silence, after the example of a French critic of the 'Reminiscences.' But would such reticence be paying real honour to the memory of one so candid and so open in all his words and deeds? We cannot think it. In his own emphatic language, '*Scrivendo di me, debbo mostrarmi quale sono.*

Debbo esser io, proprio io, e non un altro.' We speak, then, as we believe that he would have wished us to have spoken.

In 1823 occurred the death of Pope Pius VII. Such an event, says Azeglio, always fills the population of Rome with incredible delight. It is not necessarily hatred of the deceased that evokes such sentiments, but the excitement, the possibility of advantage. For as each Cardinal has a long tale of connections, every city in Italy has its own interests—its own hopes and illusions. The election of the aged valetudinarian Della Genga, who took the title of Leo XII., thus far increased the joy that it involved the overthrow of the administration of Consalvi. Our author's reflections on the many virtues of this famous Cardinal Secretary, and his many mistakes, form a valuable contribution to history. But we have not space for them in our pages.

The new Pope determined to have the year 1825 kept as a year of jubilee. The mention of this subject brings us to the consideration of one cause of the great interest, which Massimo d'Azeglio's writings possess for many minds. There are those who feel an instinctive distrust of partisan works respecting Rome. In all places men have a great tendency to see what they desire to see; but nowhere is this tendency more marked than in books about Italy and Rome. An emissary from Exeter Hall, an Irish ultramontane member of Parliament, might be thought to be describing two different cities and two different sets of men. It is one great charm of these '*Reminiscences*' that we have in them the evidence of a man who was always a sincere Roman Catholic in his creed, in his later years a very earnest one, but who was also an eye-witness of facts which he recorded when no one else dared to speak, and when such speech involved the risk of banishment from Italy.

Now a jubilee is sometimes described on the one side by ultra-protestants as a mere means of making money. Cardinal Wiseman, on the other hand, in his weak and reticent '*Personal Reminiscences of Four Popes*,' declares that it is a great pecuniary loss, although (if we recollect aright) he regards it as an unmixed spiritual benefit for all concerned. It is curious to find Azeglio leaving Rome because of the jubilee. He knew that for twelve months every form of amusement, theatres, feasts, balls, receptions, would have to give way to sermons, missions, processions, and other religious functions. Of the sincerity of the proceedings he appears to have felt no doubt; but he had likewise no doubt of what would be the effect on his own mind. Convinced that the result would be injurious, he visited his parents at Turin. When, in the following year, he returned to Rome, he found his youthful
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lay contemporaries perfectly maddened (*arrabbiati*) against the priests and their system. 'One may imagine,' he adds, 'the profit that thence accrued to the true moral and religious sense.' Surely if jubilees must be held, they ought, in a city of 150,000 people, to be restricted to a particular area, and the rest of the place left free for its usual occupations.

In the meantime his skill and reputation as an artist had obtained for him a really exalted position. And here it may be observed that Azeglio's 'Reminiscences' tend greatly to support the observations made by Mr. John Stuart Mill, in his address at St. Andrew's, respecting the far more intimate connection between life and art which obtains in continental countries than is at all the case in England.* It is true that many of Azeglio's pictures were only landscapes, and that some of his historical pieces, such as that of the 'Death of Montmorency,' do not betray any intimate association with the dominant current of his thoughts. But many of them are closely intertwined with the objects of his political aspirations. To an English spectator, for example, a picture of the battle of Thermopylæ may be replete with noble associations, but the thoughts suggested are mainly those of the past. It was far otherwise with the youth of Italy some forty years since. To them the Persians meant Austrians, and the Spartans—who were to prove the Spartans was still the question? But many a one would probably walk away from Azeglio's painting, repeating inwardly that stately ode of Leopardi's addressed to *Italy*, which begins with the words—

'O patria mia, vedo le mura e gli archi
E le colonne e i simulacri e l'erme
Torri degli avi nostri,
Ma la gloria non vedo'—

and presently proceeds to apostrophise the 'ever-honoured and glorious Thessalian straits, where Persia and Fate proved less strong than a few frank and generous souls.'

The picture of Montmorency's death made a great impression both in Rome and in Turin. The artist's father was in ecstasies. He desired to present Massimo to the King, Charles Felix; and hoped to obtain for his son a post at court, the office known as that of *gentiluomo di bocca*. Massimo's heart sank within him. Life at court would to him be misery, and yet to refuse his father

* We may venture to say that Azeglio would have read with sympathy and delight the article on Leopardi which appeared in this 'Review' a few years since; but we suspect that he was no great master of English, and we cannot but think that he scarcely did justice to the English character and English statesmen.

and run counter to all the parental notions of life was hardly possible. He assented, but coldly, and the matter was soon dropped. 'My entrance at court,' he adds with natural exultation, 'was destined to be in another shape and on other grounds twenty-one years later.' At that date he came into the presence of his Sovereign, not as an Usher or Chamberlain, but as first Minister of the Crown.

The autobiography before us does not include that later period of Azeglio's life, to which reference is here made. But the affectionate daughter (his only child, the Countess Ricci) who has given to the world these interesting volumes, has added in a supplement a brief epitome of its chief events. Much light is thrown upon this later portion by the other work placed at the head of this article; the collection of Azeglio's political correspondence during the last nineteen eventful years (1847 to 1866) of his strangely-varied life. These letters are lovingly and excellently edited by his friend M. Eugène Rendu, to whom the majority of them were addressed, and we much regret that we cannot find room for the many interesting citations which might be made from them. Azeglio's remarks concerning Victor Emmanuel; his criticisms on MM. de Montalembert and Veuillot; his references to the Pope's Encyclical of 1864; the delight with which he quoted a speech delivered in the same year by Lord Stanley at King's Lynn,* in favour of the proposal of Florence as the capital of Italy; these and several other features in M. Rendu's collection, combined with the eloquent preface of the editor, would possess for many readers great attractions. We must at this point content ourselves with a single sentence, which embodies one of our author's most favourite and prominent ideas, '*Le bien de l'Eglise! nul ne le désire plus que moi, à condition qu'elle soit une Eglise en effet, et non une Police.*'

During those latter years Azeglio went through an eventful career. He fought, and received a severe wound, at the disastrous battle of Novara. He was then for some three years, until 1852, chief Minister to Victor Emmanuel, until his friend Cavour (whom he had introduced into office) became the more trusted adviser of the King and people in Piedmont. Cavour's ascendancy was fairly won, and Azeglio supported him in his policy of

* In this speech Lord Stanley slightly satirized the desire to have Rome for the capital of the Italian kingdom. '*Avouez,*' said Azeglio, after having quoted the speech, '*qu'on ne saurait nous railler avec plus de grâce et plus de bon sens.*'—(p. 303, note.) It is a curious coincidence that Lord Stanley, as Foreign Secretary, should have summoned Massimo d'Azeglio's nephew, the present Marquis, to take his seat at the recent conference concerning Luxemburg.

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joining the allies in the Crimean war. At a subsequent date, when Garibaldi made his famous expedition into the kingdom of Naples, Azeglio differed from Cavour both as to means and ends. He could not approve of the manner in which the attack on Sicily was made, and his deep conviction of the corrupt state of the Neapolitan dominions led him to question the possibility of their proving a *real* acquisition to the kingdom of Northern Italy. But when Italy had at length been acknowledged by the majority of the great powers as a consolidated kingdom, he in time not only accepted the new condition of things, but protested against any attempt to undo what had been accomplished. In 1859 Cavour sent him as plenipotentiary to Paris and to London, rejoicing in the conviction that Azeglio's acceptance of such a post would be regarded, both by France and England, as a proof that the then newly-formed North Italian kingdom did not desire to play the part of a revolutionary fire-brand in Europe. During the summer of 1859, the year of the campaign of Magenta and Solferino, he had employment both civil and military; and in 1860 he became for a few months Governor of that city of Milan, in which he had previously spent some years, and had married the daughter of the celebrated Manzoni. The difference of opinion between him and Cavour on the matters of Southern Italy did not dissolve the ties of friendship, and Azeglio bitterly regretted the death of the premier, which occurred, as our readers will remember, in the summer of 1861.

To a certain extent Massimo d'Azeglio occupied a peculiar and isolated position. Ever since the death of his father, in 1831, he had become an earnestly religious Roman Catholic: although the avarice respecting fees exhibited on that occasion by the Turinese clergy and officials was a trial alike to his faith and temper. But this increased seriousness only intensified his strong convictions respecting the badness of the Papal Government, especially in the Romagna: though, in conjunction with other elements in his character, it rendered him more completely anti-Mazzinian. Two famous personages, Garibaldi and Pius IX., are both referred to in his letters in tones of lamentation on account of the deplorable interval which, in each of them, exists between the heart and the head. Of the Pope he writes even so lately as 1854, after all the disappointments of 1849, '*J'ai aimé le pauvre Pio Nono et je l'aime encore.*' Of Garibaldi he says, '*Cœur d'or, tête de buffle.*' Again, referring to his own position, he adds, 'I am under the ban of the court for too great sincerity; under the ban of the Catholic party for treason against the Papal Government; under the ban of the freemasons as an opponent of the

the plan for having Rome as our capital ; under the ban of the sects and of the reds for having told them too hard truths.*

We have been compelled to pass in silence many portions of the 'Reminiscences;' more especially the author's general reflections upon such themes as education, Napoleon I., and conquerors in general, the characteristics of the ancient Romans, and other topics. This, however, we regret the less, because these parts of the book are, in our judgment, decidedly the least happy and successful. Undeniably great and most deservedly loved and honoured as an Italian, we question whether Azeglio shines equally, when he comes forward as a citizen of the world. Indeed in some cases his very prominence and ardour in the one character seem to have proved injurious to his performance of the more extended rôle. It has been said, that in novels written by ladies, men are usually described, not as they appear to their fellow-men, but only as they appear to women : that the main question at issue is, not how did this man act in his calling, whatever that may have been, but how did he behave towards the heroine ? A somewhat analogous sentiment seems occasionally to pervade the reasonings of Azeglio. *Italia* is his heroine ; and alike concerning men and nations his first question is, how have they behaved towards *her* ? Thus, for instance, he is found constantly denouncing Napoleon I., and as constantly eulogizing Napoleon III. '*Mon idée fixe*,' he says in a letter, '*est que, dans l'histoire, le neveu aura le dessus sur l'oncle*.' We do not pause to discuss the correctness or incorrectness of this opinion ; but thus much we may safely assert, that Massimo d'Azeglio is not an unprejudiced judge in the case. He thinks, almost exclusively, of the relation which each bore to Italy. The work achieved by the First Consul for France does not seem to come into his field of vision. This is the more remarkable when we call to mind that he had the sincerest admiration for his father-in-law, Manzoni ; whose famous ode on the death of Napoleon, entitled 'Il Cinque Maggio,' does such ample justice to the statesman as well as to the captain. We must add with regret, that his attack upon the utility of classical studies seems to us commonplace and superficial ; and we fear that a similar verdict must be pronounced upon his criticisms concerning pagan Rome. Often, however, when we differ most from Azeglio's judgments, we find ourselves charmed by the fresh and lively style in which his opinions are recorded. Possibly some idea of the merits of

* The evidence for the assertions made in this paragraph will be found partly in the 'Reminiscences,' but more emphatically and summarily in M. Rendu's preface to the Letters.

the 'Reminiscences' in this respect may have been suggested, even in a translation, by our extracts. As regards his command over the French language, M. Rendu, no mean judge, has declared that many of his letters are models *du plus fin et aussi du plus grand style*; that in all of them may be traced the graces of a mind which showers, playfully and unconsciously, felicitous expressions as well as lofty thoughts.

But we have not yet traced the links of connection between Azeglio the artist, and Azeglio the author and the politician. To do this we must have recourse to the latter half of the second volume of the 'Reminiscences.' It has been shown that his pencil, not content with the production of mere landscapes, had been successfully engaged upon historical subjects. In 1833 he selected for pictorial treatment an event in Italian history known as *The Challenge of Barletta*; a quasi-duel which had occurred at the beginning of the sixteenth century between certain French and Italian officers. While he was engaged with his brush, a conviction of its inadequacy, as a means of saying *all* that he wished, rushed forcibly upon his mind. His father-in-law had won European fame by '*I Promessi Sposi*;' his friend Grossi had followed, if at some distance, yet not unsuccessfully, with his '*Marco Visconti*.' Might not he, Massimo d'Azeglio, succeed in hinting, through a tale of the past, some of his thoughts upon the actualities of the present; some of his views on matters political and ecclesiastical? The work was begun, and in due time its opening pages were read by the author to his cousin, Cæsar Balbo, himself an able writer, and one not wont to be prodigal of praise. With considerable nervousness did Massimo commence his task. Twenty pages were read when the critic, who had sat motionless, turned and said, 'But this is exceedingly well written—*Ma questo è molto ben scritto*.' 'Never,' says Azeglio, 'did music of Rossini or Bellini sound more sweetly in my ears than those words.'

The work was finished, and entitled '*Ettore Fieramosca, o La Sfida di Barletta*.' The next question was, would the Austrian censor permit the publication in Lombardy of a book intended to suggest *inter alia*, that the Austrians ought to be driven out of Lombardy? Fortunately for Azeglio, the censor, the Abate Bellinsomi, was kindly, dull, and anxious to save himself trouble. The novelist plied him with all sorts of small attentions, and watched his opportunities. The *imprimatur* was granted, the book enjoyed an astonishing and overwhelming success; and poor Bellinsomi was deprived of his office. The only marvel is that he was ever appointed to it. The often-quoted words of Pindar speak of things which are full of meaning for those who
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are quick to understand, but which need interpreting for the many. But here, among the world of Italian readers, the *συγχετοὶ* and the *τὸ πᾶν* were well-nigh co-extensive terms. All educated persons in Italy read 'Ettore Fieramosca,' and all who read it understood its drift and purpose.

The longer and still finer tale of 'Nicolo de' Lapi' followed a few years later. This time, not unnaturally, the Austrian censor forbade its publication in Lombardy. But the author's fame was now established. The success of the second story was, as it deserved to be, even greater than that of the former; and it will remain a question for another generation whether it may not be placed, to say the least, on a level with 'I Promessi Sposi,' and claim with it an enduring place in European, rather than in merely Italian literature.

But with all his success, both in letters and in art, he still felt the want of a great work to engage his heart and understanding. It came to him unexpectedly; it came to him, he firmly believed, with the blessing, as well as by the ordering, of a divine and benignant Providence.

Azeglio had gone to Rome for a visit connected with art. Before long messages from Adolphus S., of Pesaro, and Philip A., of Cesena, were conveyed to him, desiring a political conversation. He visited them under pretence of seeking medical advice for an asthmatic complaint. The asthma, though real, was very slight, and, in fact, a mere pretext; and the *soi-disant* patient cannot recal the incident without remarking that it is one of the worst evils of such a government that it leaves for many no choice between a prison and a life of systematized dissimulation. His new friends told him that a man was needed who should traverse many parts of Italy, but specially the Papal States. The mission of this mentor was to be as follows: to urge on the inhabitants, that small and isolated risings were a mistake, and only did harm to the cause they were intended to subserve; that it were better to hold aloof from such societies as the Mazzinian *Giovine Italia*; that it was a duty to endure until some great occasion arose; that an attempt must be made to win the support of the treasury, army, and rulers of Piedmont. The emissary must be some man not mixed up with clubs, sects, or former uprisings; 'and, dear Signor Azeglio,' they added, 'we all think that it ought to be *you*.'

After his first unfeigned astonishment was over, Azeglio consented. His freedom from all previous complicity with plots, and his known habits as an artist, gave him every chance of travelling without molestation. He went alone, as a painter, through many a town and hamlet, carrying from each the name
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of the person to whom he was to have recourse in the next place on his route. Although too late to prevent the ill-advised rising at Rimini, his exhortations elsewhere produced great effect. Terni, Spoleto, Camerino, Loretto, Ancona, were all visited; and he then went by Genoa to Turin and demanded an audience of the King of Sardinia, the unfortunate Charles Albert.

A living English poet has composed a powerful drama upon an episode in the history of the house of Savoy in 1730. When a generation or two shall have passed away, if a man of Robert Browning's genius shall need a subject for dramatic poetry, the career of Charles Albert will furnish him with a nobler theme than the story of 'King Victor and King Charles.' For Charles Albert's character presents one of those singular mixtures of elements with which second and third-rate writers of fiction or of history are utterly unfit to grapple, but in which masters of the art, a Shakspeare or a Walter Scott, revel with delight, because the very difficulties arouse their genius and afford scope and opportunity for their noblest triumphs. Such an one may some day tell how the Prince de Carignano, when heir to his uncle's throne, was known to have cherished aspirations on behalf of Italian freedom; how in 1821 and 1832 he disappointed his partisans; how his uncle apparently forced him, almost as a condition of succeeding him, to fight at the Trocadero in the French army which, in 1823, crushed the premature attempts of the Spaniards; how a deeply-rooted vein of mystical piety (to the sincerity of which even Azeglio seems scarcely to do justice) crossed the path of a love of freedom which in many minds was unhappily associated with anti-religious tendencies. And then, before he comes to the campaigns of 1848-49, the overthrow at Novara, the abdication and speedy death of the last King of Sardinia, he will study the following recital from the pen of one of the chief actors in this eventful drama:—

'I requested an audience and it was granted at once, which I thought a good omen. The time fixed was, as was usual with Charles Albert, six in the morning, which at that season of the year meant before day dawned; and at the appointed hour I entered the Royal palace (which was all awake and fully lighted up whilst the city still slept), and I entered it with a beating heart. After one minute of antechamber, the equerry in waiting opened a door for me, and I found myself in the saloon next after the state antechamber, and in presence of Charles Albert, who stood erect near a window; he replied, by a courteous bend of the head, to my respectful reverence, pointed to a stool in the embrasure of the window, invited me to seat myself thereon, and placed himself immediately opposite to me.

'The King was at that date, a mystery; and (although his subsequent conduct was explicit enough) will remain a mystery in some degree,

degree, even for history. At that period the principal events of his life, the twenty-one and the thirty-two, were assuredly not in his favour: no one could make out what was the connecting link, in his mind, between his grand ideas of Italian Independence and Austrian marriages; between tendencies to the aggrandizement of the House of Savoy, and the favouring of Jesuits or retaining in his service such men as Escarena, Solaro della Margherita, &c.; between an apparatus of even womanish piety and penitence, and the greatness of mind and firmness of character implied by such daring projects.

‘Hence no one trusted Charles Albert. A great evil for a man situated as he was; for the small arts whereby men hope to retain the support of all parties, usually end in alienating alike the goodwill of all.

‘His very appearance had something inexplicable about it. Extremely tall and slight, with a long pale face of habitually stern character, he had, when he spoke to you, the gentlest expression, most sympathetic tones of voice, and kind and familiar words. He exercised a positive fascination over all with whom he conversed; and I recollect that during his first few words, whilst he inquired after myself (whom he had not seen for some little time) with a kindly courtesy peculiarly his own, I had to make a continual effort, and say to myself perpetually,—“Trust not, Massimo!” to prevent my being carried away by the winning seduction of his words and manner.

‘Unfortunate monarch! He had in him so much of the good and great, why would he believe in intrigue?

‘In his courteous inquiries after me, he happened to say “And where do you come from now?” which exactly furnished me with the thread whereon to hang all I had to say. I did not let it escape me, but addressed him as follows:

“Your Majesty, I have traversed city by city, a great part of Italy, and if I have now asked for admission to your presence, it is because, if your Majesty will permit me, I should like to explain to you the present state of Italy, and what I have seen and talked of, with men of every country and of every rank, concerning political questions.”

‘CHARLES ALBERT. “Oh speak, by all means, you will do me a pleasure.”

Azeglio, after recounting all that he had seen and done, asked the King whether he approved or disapproved of his conduct.

‘I awaited in silence the reply, which the expression of the King’s countenance told me would not be harsh; but which, so far as the important part of the matter was concerned, I expected would be an *ibi redibis*, leaving me as wise as before. Instead of this, without in the least hesitating or avoiding my glance, but (on the contrary) fixing his eyes on mine, Charles Albert said calmly, but resolutely:

“Tell those gentlemen to be quiet and not to move; as there is nothing possible to be done at this moment. But tell them that when the opportunity does arise, *my life, the lives of my sons, my arms, my treasure, my army, all shall be spent in the cause of Italy.*”

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' I, who had expected so different a response, stood a moment mute, unable to find one syllable of reply. I thought I must have misunderstood. I, however, speedily recovered myself; but I think the King perceived the amazement I had felt.

' The scheme he had so resolutely laid down to me, and above all the phrase "*Tell those gentlemen*," had so astounded me, that I could scarcely believe I had heard aright.

' But meanwhile, the great matter for me was to comprehend fully; for then as now, I always like to play with my cards on the table; and I think that all equivocating, and worse still all deception, does harm.

' Thanking him therefore, and saying that I felt (as indeed I assuredly did) touched and delighted at his frankness, I took care to engraft into my answer his very words, saying—" *I will then tell those gentlemen*." He bent his head in token of assent, to explain to me that I had rightly understood him, and then dismissed me: and when we both rose to our feet, he laid his hands on my shoulder, and touched both my cheeks with both his, first the one, then the other.

' That embrace had about it something so studied, so cold, indeed I might say so funereal, that it froze me; and the internal voice, that terrible "*trust not*," arose in my heart: tremendous condemnation of the habitually astute, to be suspected even when they speak the truth.

' And he had spoken it then—my unfortunate sovereign!—as events proved.

' Who could have told me, as we two sat in that embrasure of a window, on those two gilded ottomans covered with green and white flowered silk (which make me shudder now every time I see them), that whilst he was offering through me arms, treasure, and life to the Italians, I was unjust not to trust him instantly and wholly? Who could have foretold to me, that that great opportunity (so distant apparently in 1845, and which both of us despaired of living to see arrive) was appointed by God to appear only three years later? And that in that war, so impossible according to all appearances then, he was to lose his Crown, then his country, then his life; and that for me, as First Minister to his son, was reserved the mournful duty of seeing him laid (myself drawing up the formal notices) in the royal sepulchres of the Superga!!!

Poor human beings! who fancy they direct events.

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' As will be imagined, I left the palace with a tumult in my heart over which hovered, on outspread wings, a great and splendid hope.

' I returned to my little room on the last slope of Trombetta, and sat down instantly at my desk to write to the one among my correspondents who was to communicate the reply to the remainder.

' Before quitting them I had invented a cypher, of an utterly different nature from all the usual ones; a most safe cypher and one which in my opinion would defy all attempts to read it, but most troublesome to compose in. So I did not write my letter quickly.

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It conveyed all the precise tenour of Charles Albert's reply; but in order to be scrupulously exact, and not risk giving as a certainty what might be only my own impression, I ended thus; "*These were the words; the heart God sees.*"

Each kept his promise faithfully. Charles Albert, though no strategist, and out-generalled by the superior skill of Radetzky, fought to the last with that calm courage in which none of his long and ancient line have ever shown themselves wanting. An Austrian officer has done full justice to the hapless monarch's coolness amidst the hail of bullets at Novara. 'He was one of the last,' says this eye-witness, 'who abandoned the heights of the Bicocca. Several times in the retreat he turned towards us, reining up his horse in the midst of the fire, then, as the balls seemed to be unwilling to strike him, he walked his horse slowly onward and regained the town.'* Azeglio, according to an agreement (he could not remember whether he or the king first suggested the idea), soon after the interview published that little pamphlet '*On the Latest Events in the Romagna*' (*Degli ultimi Casi di Romagna*);† which, while blaming the imprudence of the outbreak, narrated the grievances of the inhabitants in a style so calm and measured, so calculated to carry conviction of the writer's truthfulness into the minds of its readers, and so careful in its details, that it admitted of one reply and one only. The reply was the expulsion of himself from Tuscany and of his wife from Lombardy. But for the first time since 1814 the banishment of an assailant of the Papal Court did not include the whole of Northern Italy. Piedmont was still open; and Azeglio's sojourn for a season on his native soil was the commencement of a confidence on the part of his countrymen in his calmness, his reasonableness and moral courage, which made all his words henceforth to be utterances of weight and influence.

We have said that he seemed scarcely to do justice to England and Englishmen. But we also believe that he never knew us well. We trust, however, that such want of knowledge and want of appreciation may in no wise prove reciprocal. Like Sismondi, who was the last of an Italian race not less ancient and noble than the Taparelli d'Azeglio, he has given us ample means of knowing *him*; and not to avail ourselves of the opportunity would, we feel sure, be a serious loss to ourselves. We

* Cited by M. Monnier, '*L'Italie est-elle la Terre des Morts.*'

† The '*Christian Remembrancer*' has given copious extracts from this pamphlet in an article on the Papal Temporalities, published in January, 1867. It seems right to say that a great moral improvement in the conduct of the clergy in Rome seems to have taken place during the last thirty years.

shall know more of Italy in learning to understand one who has so powerfully influenced her destinies. And Italy, on her side, is not slow to recognise her debt. The graceful officer-like form of her soldier-artist-author-statesman dwells deeply in the remembrance of many hearts. Even while we write, medals are being struck which display a reproduction of the fine and striking portrait which adorns these volumes. The council of Florence have decreed to lay his mortal remains in their Westminster Abbey, the far-famed sanctuary of *Santa Croce*. The municipality of Turin has presented that of Venice with an album containing photographs of the choicest productions of Azeglio's pencil. A monument to his honour is being raised by national subscription in Turin, and a square in the capital of the Kingdom of Italy will long remind his countrymen of the noble words and deeds, of the exalted genius and lofty character, of MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

ART. IV.—*Courts of Justice Commission: Instructions for the Competing Architects.*

WHEN Lord Palmerston's Government obtained the sanction of Parliament to their scheme for the concentration and reconstruction of our Courts of Law, the most essential elements of the problem were left to find their own solution. Those long years of discussion, which are required by the British public for the apprehension of what is obvious, had brought us to see the inconvenience of having our Courts of Chancery seated in sheds at Lincoln's Inn, and those of Common Law crowded into small ill-ventilated rooms, equally distant, whether at Westminster or Guildhall, from the legal quarter of the town. Funds were provided from a source, the very existence of which is a sad proof of the losses attendant on litigation. The first idea of choking up the largest square in London, by building over Lincoln's Inn Fields, having been happily rejected, a space which for the time seemed ample was found a little further to the South, covered for the most part with that class of tenements whose existence is a foul blot on London. These squalid fever-breeding courts and alleys are now in course of demolition, and the appointed judges have been for some months deliberating on the merits of eleven designs for occupying the ground with buildings covering an area of some seven acres, and presenting on their several sides a total frontage of 2400 feet, of which 700 look upon the great thoroughfare of the Strand. The magnificence of the drawings seems to have captivated the eyes of
men

men with visions like that of the youthful poet, as he 'beheld a sudden Thebes aspiring' at the music of Amphion:—

‘There might you see the lengthening spires ascend;
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend;
The growing towers like exhalations rise,
And the huge [chimneys] heave into the skies.’

And we should almost as soon expect to see a Temple of Fame actually built from the descriptions of Chaucer and Pope, as the visions which these competitors have shown us upon paper translated into a permanent fabric. At this point we most earnestly call upon the judges and Parliament, the architects and the public, to pause for reflection before it is too late. The vastness of the undertaking, its enormous cost, the irrevocable permanence of the work, and the lasting effect it must have on the architectural character of our capital, justify any degree of caution against an irreparable mistake. It has been assumed from the first that the perfect arrangement of so vast a plan, and the designing of such ‘stupendous elevations,’ as seem to have formed the general idea of this building, was quite within the compass of our architectural skill: that, as in the great engineering works of our age, we had only to find the money and the thing was as good as done. Will any one hold to this opinion after a careful study of the designs?

And here, once for all, we feel it but due to our readers and the competitors, as well as to ourselves, to avow the fact that, looking at the question from an unprofessional point of view, we have nothing to do with any rivalry of professional claims or reputations. We believe we are right in assuming that the eleven selected architects do fairly represent the strength and the weakness of our architectural skill. Their unanimous choice of Gothic (for the only exception is an alternative design) exempts us happily from the ‘battle of the styles.’ Each, while striving for the future prize of having his name associated with the greatest building of modern times, has been comforted by an ample present remuneration for his drawings. We may be sure that each and all have done their best, according to the instructions they had to follow; and not a word that we have to say is meant to detract from the praise due to so striking a display of cleverness and industry. But the more entire our conviction that we have here the best that any competition can do for us, the more serious is the question, whether that best is the very thing we want. In other words, have we a right conception of the plain common-sense principles on which a concentration of our Law Courts should be planned, or of the way in which artistic design should be combined with the first requisites of utility?

This

This competition may be fairly regarded as the climax of architectural opportunities unparalleled in our country since Wren formed his grand scheme for rebuilding London. The burning down of the Houses of Parliament happened to coincide with a new phase of that eclecticism which has marked our architecture ever since we ceased to have an indigenous style. The interval of one-third of a century since that event has witnessed a development of wealth, and a growing taste for material vastness, which has found expression alike in the city warehouse, the government office, and the homes of art and science, real or so called. Meanwhile there has grown up among us a fashion, imported from abroad, of calling these big things by very big names. While city warehouses and banks are praised as *palatial*—a doubtful compliment, considering their use—what our forefathers were content to call the ‘Houses of Parliament’ have become the ‘Palace of Westminster,’ and the ‘Courts’ used for the administration of law are called by the outlandish name of a ‘Palace of Justice.’

This contrast in names is significant of the whole spirit in which the things are now undertaken. There was a charm of utility, as well as of picturesque homeliness, in the group formed of old by Westminster Hall, St. Stephen’s Chapel, the Painted Chamber, the comfortable houses of the Speaker and other officers, each showing its distinct form amidst the trees of Thorney Island, under the shadow of the Abbey. What have we in their place? A *Palace*, with a front of about a thousand feet, fulfilling Pope’s idea of Gothic—

‘O’erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride,’

but destitute of any structural variety, with its long-drawn façade crushed to insignificance by its unwieldy towers.

We take the Palace of Westminster as the great existing type of the kind of edifice aimed at for the Law Courts. It was designed by the most skilful architect of the day. It is admirably planned, and for technical accuracy it is a perfect pattern. But it is a mere mechanical feat. The rooms are fitted together as closely and cleverly as the hexagonal cells of bees: but the bees don’t want light nor much air; whereas the occupants of these rooms (excepting only those along the river front) find them most cheerless and revolting to every sense. The extent is great, but there is no space. The windows are numerous, but light is wanting. Colour is lavished, but the effect is a rusty dulness, at least where there is light enough to see it at all. The whole resulting impression on those daily using the building has been such a strong antipathy to Gothic Architecture, as thus exemplified,

plified, that, in our next great national building, we have even to be thankful for the new India and Foreign Offices! Only, the chief error was not in the architecture, but in the scheme. Concentration was carried to excess. A *Palace* was ordered, where there should have been *Houses*: just as now we ask for *Courts of Law*, and they offer us a *Palais de Justice*. Palaces are state residences: not places for public business. They are built not for convenience or comfort; but for pomp and ceremony.

The vital error of the palatial idea is equally seen in the exterior of the Houses, that is, so far as the exterior is seen at all: for the external features that we should most wish to see are, from the nature of the plan adopted, totally invisible. It is only by glimpses snatched through a window here and there, as through the peepholes of a cosmorama, that we ever see the exterior of the central and more important buildings. And this is the more tantalizing, since, when discovered, these simpler parts are so superior to the external façades, that sound judges admired the building most before it was finished. Who has not felt the absurdity of a pile called the Houses of Parliament, in which neither a House of Lords nor a House of Commons is externally discoverable? Who wishes to see a Palace of Justice in which the Courts themselves shall be equally invisible? For, be it remembered, the bird's-eye views now shown on paper will never be seen again, except by 'intrepid aeronauts' at a risk almost as great as that of the suitors within.

What meets the eye, then, at Westminster is but a *screen*, masking the essential parts of the building. Yet this has to be relied on to give character to the whole. The secondary apartments placed in it forbid dignity and variety of treatment, and so the architect was thrown back upon the mere confectionary of ornamentation. No doubt the design is good as a whole, and some parts of the river front are exceedingly graceful. But, because the north-east pavilion is excellent, why repeat it at the south-east angles, and twice in the space between? Why should the enjoyment of thirty feet of architectural display entirely use up all the delight for which the thousand feet of the river frontage afforded so glorious an opportunity? To be sure, we may be thankful that the frontage is towards the river, and that we can, if so minded, get a view free enough to embrace it as a whole—a view worth seeing from its grouping with the Abbey and the bridge. But imagine the like symmetrical longitude of wall and window planted in the midst of the Strand! As many feet of iceberg would scarcely be more chilling and repulsive.

The finest architecture of Christendom could never be acceptable

ceptable in such a position. The Strand is a street of shops, a long bazaar; and to interrupt the line of business frontages along seven hundred feet would be a commercial error, as well as an artistic grievance. True, the present condition of Pickett-street is so forlorn as scarcely to admit of injury: but these Law Courts will do little for the architecture of London, if they do not cheer and glorify, instead of obstructing and saddening, the street in which they stand. In such a matter it is scarcely necessary to go into detail: but a reminiscence of Mr. Garling's range of buttress-plinths, of Mr. Lockwood's laborious flight of steps, of Mr. Burges's dismal arcade, of the obstructive projections in the centre of Mr. Scott's and Mr. Waterhouse's designs, or of the compound of the three latter in the plan by Mr. Seddon, ought to ensure the condemnation of the palatial idea, at least in such a position. Look at the buildings of Lincoln's Inn along the west side of Chancery-lane: would any amount of ornamentation make such a dead walling a permissible condition of frontage in the Strand? Our visitors to Paris can give the answer. The new northern wing of the Louvre is certainly not deficient in ornament. The ablest artists have been employed in its decoration. But can any one walk half the length of that gorgeous façade without intensely longing for a glimpse at the simple shop-fronts of the boulevard? Or, for those who remain at home and know the weariness of the walk along Victoria-street on a summer afternoon,—would a parliamentary agent from Westminster congratulate his Templar friend on the transfer to the Strand of one of those dreary lengths of palatial chambers? No! carve and decorate it as you will, you do but substitute dismal materialism for cheery humanity. Let us look from the site of the Law Courts across the Strand, and imagine the condition of the street were a continued façade of Somerset House to be substituted for the present simple commercial buildings. Or what if, in the busy life of the City, the baldness of the Bank were repeated along the sides of the Royal Exchange?

We want no Palace along the Strand: but the ground now cleared gives the best possible opportunity for the commencement of the noblest reform ever instituted in the architecture of London. Sir Thomas Gresham's Exchange was but an example of what was then the universal practice of appropriating to the requirements of commerce the ground-floor of all secular buildings in great thoroughfares. On the Continent instances without end might be quoted of this common-sense arrangement.

* Some of our readers may remember the extreme case of such stately monotony presented by the Ludwigs-Strasse at Munich.

In Rome, Naples, Milan, noble and even royal palaces are thus arranged. And, to take a more familiar case, the Palais Royal lost none of its dignity, and gained immensely in popularity, by its conjunction of the homeliness of trade with the splendour of the Court. In the same manner we should propose to treat the Strand frontage of the Law Courts. And here we would at once object to the notion involved in the word 'design,' as applied to an architectural elevation. The idea is that of careful composition, involving symmetry, balance of 'wings' and 'flanks,' towers, windows, and other architectural features. One section of the front is a perfect index to the whole; and a spectator standing opposite the centre of the building, and looking towards the left, is charmed to observe that the view is an exact reflex of the prospect to the right. To be sure it would require a distance five times as great as the width of the Strand to obtain such a view of the seven hundred feet frontage of the Law Courts. But that matters little: we know that the design is symmetrical; for by walking along it we can, with the help of memory, discover the proper balance of parts and detail; and we are thankful. The practice has not been limited to architecture; our earlier landscape gardening is entirely subject to its rules:—

'Grove nods at grove; each alley has its brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.'

We have got rid of this foolish formality in our parks and gardens; and it is time to endeavour to release our buildings from such absurd 'designs.' It should be noticed, however, that these formal groves had a dignity and spaciousness, of which in our modern work, architectural or sylvan, we have no examples.

An accident in the site of the proposed Courts seems almost to force upon us the arrangement which common sense and the best precedents suggest. The ground slopes in such a manner from Carey-street as to make the lowest story towards the Strand in reality a basement, running side by side and on the same level with that busy thoroughfare. On this front, then, we would place a range of really noble houses, with shops all life and utility along the street; their upper stories (which might contain chambers and legal offices) enriched with delicate and varied work: and all crowned with those picturesque *gables* which would give us the only sky-line fit for a London street, and the restoration of which is as essential to the very beginning as to the completion of a revival in our street architecture. Let any one who doubts it give one look at the few gables still left us in London, or those at Rouen, Hanover, Frankfort, or on the Grande Place at Brussels.

sels. Such a varied line of distinct houses—designed, not with symmetry of form and detail, nor yet without suitable combination and consistency of effect—if entrusted to a dozen or a score of our best Gothic architects, might be made so charming a display of the beauties and capabilities of our native English style, that a swift and sweeping revolution of our street architecture would be the inevitable result.

The mutual respect engendered by active co-operation in so great and useful a work would cherish the conscious dignity of the true artist. A generous and friendly emulation would be substituted for an anxious competitive rivalry. Each architect would feel himself a true *builder*—the very name of which the fellow-workmen of Phidias were not ashamed*—not a mere maker of clever and captivating pictures. Instead of perhaps the mere *name* of an architect, and the fact of a number of clerks, we should have a number of architects engaged on the work. We should use their united talents, instead of throwing away the grace of one, the dignity of another, the picturesqueness of a third, the organising genius of a fourth, to peril all in one questionable venture. The comparison of their works would be infinitely instructive to the public taste, which sadly needs teaching from the very beginning, but would, when so taught, recognise the right with an ‘unerring instinct;’ and even any serious errors, being partial and detached, would not be irreparable. The force of such an example would spread first over a neighbourhood in which there is almost unlimited room for improvement, and would speedily transform the whole of London.

There must of course be some special frontage for the Courts of Law. A noble portal, with or without a tower, might form a suitable and characteristic entrance to the legal buildings, and would give ample scope for as full a display of the resources of the art as the greatest advocate for the splendid decoration of our metropolis could possibly desire. Let this Gate of Justice be as grandiose and splendid as you please, a majestic portal, whose whole form and every feature should express the calm dignity of English law: not a mere freak of fancy, caricaturing the poet’s

‘Frontispiece of diamond and gold,
Embellished thick with sparkling Orient gems,’

but a glorious and worthy monument of our highest English art. At Somerset House we have a Strand frontage, bearing a similar

* The genuine old Greek for an architect is οἰκοδόμος, a *house-builder*. The name *architect* (ἀρχιτέκτων) is but the *chief artificer*, the ‘skilful master-builder’ of our good old Bible English. Here is another case in which names pervert our idea of the things.

relation to the noble building behind it. But there, the style being in its main lines horizontal, more width was required than would be necessary in a design governed by the perpendicular lines of Gothic Art. The obvious *financial* advantages of this plan need only be referred to. The first saving of cost in needless ornamental detail would be immense; and the rental of the shops and of the chambers or residences above would be a most valuable property. While combining in itself all these advantages, this Strand frontage would be, not as at Westminster a screen to hide, but a suitable enclosure to contain, the Courts themselves.

The interior must, in one word, be treated as *an aggregation of Courts*, not *a building cut up into rooms*. As a sort of vestibule and centre, common to all who have or fancy they have business with the law, a very spacious Hall no doubt is necessary. And here we may point out the utter impracticability of excluding the public from the floor of such a hall, as is proposed in some of the very designs which make the Hall the great point of view for the whole interior. This is not the day when so unpopular a scheme can be insisted on. The same free access that is given to the Central Hall at Westminster will assuredly not only be demanded here but will be obtained, and the exclusive accommodation required by the profession can be supplied elsewhere. Not, however, that we are indicating a hall of the pretensions shown in these designs. Intended for use rather than for show, it should be decidedly simple in its details. Any tendency to enrichment would be quite inappropriate. No one would consider the style of St. Stephen's Hall more suitable than that of Westminster Hall for a 'Salle des Pas Perdus.'

Next come the separate Courts, each with its precincts forming a group distinctly visible. Each should have its special ante-chambers and ambulatories; and these, with the courts themselves, and all their adjuncts, should be spacious, well ventilated by direct access to the open air, and cheerful in all their aspects and surroundings. These essentials can only be secured by the plan of *good-sized open courts or quadrangles*, not mere *cells*, as at Westminster, but admitting plenty of *free* air, with *direct* and ample light, to at least every important part of the building. By *direct light* we mean *light from the sky*, not cut off by intervening buildings—light from a sky visible to the eye within.* Whoever has at any time inhabited a London street will remember the effect of that dismal shadow cast by the opposite houses on all

* We may take this opportunity of denouncing the use, proposed by some of the competing architects, of so-called 'sky-lights;' which, instead of what we mean by direct light, give a cold reflection from the walls, and are always dirty, leaky, and noisy.

but

but a few favoured spots into which the light of heaven contrives to plunge rather than enter freely. Be it remembered that the buildings shown in these designs are high enough to overshadow the width of Portland Place. It is therefore superfluous to ask whether the small courts or narrow streets, which have been contrived with so much ingenuity, will be sufficient for their object. Nor let it be forgotten that the season during which the Courts sit in London is that which demands that the little light of a northern winter, already impeded by the atmosphere of fog and smoke which our folly, rather than nature, permits to brood over London, should be husbanded to the last precious beam. What crime have our Judges committed, that they who sentence malefactors to prisons replete with air and light, should be doomed, with all over whom they preside, to ply their own hard labour amidst darkness visible, alternating with the injurious light and pestilential fumes of London gas? The Judges are among the hardest worked of public servants. They and the bar, of all professions, ought not to be denied those conditions of light and air, which are essential to the health of eye, and mind, and nerve. And yet these gorgeous Palaces, with their crowded areas and excessive height, are worse conditioned than the squalid tenements which they supplant. Take the design which has been justly praised as one of the best for its provision of light and air. In Mr. Street's bird's-eye prospect, we look down on the space between the Central Hall and the outer shell occupied almost entirely by the *roofs* of the Courts: that is, the internal space would be ample, if the Courts were removed; or, in other words, the site is adequate for all the necessary buildings, *except the Courts themselves*. But, together with the first necessities of light and air, each Court should have, so to speak, its own atmosphere and circumstances well defined and self-contained; and above all, the Court and the rooms for counsel, solicitors, clients, and witnesses, should all be on the ground-floor. Some of our readers may share our painful recollection of the 'going up' to the Committee-rooms at Westminster. Each Court should have a dignity, a completeness, an individuality of its own, with all its belongings carefully designed to suit each case. This being secured, let the combination of all be boldly and judiciously effected.

We are quite prepared for the obvious inference. These conditions cannot possibly be satisfied on the ground at present prescribed. The fact has become evident alike to the architects and the profession; and we cannot doubt its recognition by the public. Who could be expected to foresee what space would be required for four and twenty courts, with all their appliances? And, now that the truth is seen, who desires to see the gentlemen of the
long

long robe as close packed as the four and twenty winged bipeds of the nursery rhyme? If we have now discovered that the Palace of Westminster is too small for the two Houses and their adjuncts, what will this building be for all these courts and offices? Is it to be endured for a moment that a million sterling, or much more, should be spent in huddling together a number of dark and dismal chambers, with tunnels and dungeons, dirty skylights and hanging galleries, viaducts and bridges, pits and hydraulic lifts, and every variety of clever scheme to make seven acres of land do the duty of fourteen? The country does not wish it; the public feeling is decidedly in favour of a dignified and satisfactory solution of this question. No one will say that these designs do furnish such a solution. They are clever, far too clever for practical utility. The rooms are packed so close as to make the whole inflexible. The building may be conceived to be perfect, or nearly so: this may be within the scope of the imagination. On the other hand, it may have faults; and how a single fault can be remedied, where all the parts are fitted so tight together, it is impossible to see. It is the fashion of our age, in every new scheme, to expect a Minerva out of the head of Jove. Even in mythology this only happened once; and in human affairs the hope is sure to be disappointed. 'Do the thing well while you're about it.' Yes! in the provision made for improvement by experience. But think of the alternative: the whole thing may be done badly and the fault will be irreparable. The erroneous calculation of space, which has now become undeniable, will for ever spoil every part of the building. Our readers will probably be amazed to learn that the ruling dimensions of the Courts are 40 feet by 30 feet, and this area of a mere room is overhung by galleries for spectators, which, after all, like the gallery of the House of Commons, are so small as to mock the idea of publicity. How all this must preclude proper ventilation is best seen from the painfully elaborate contrivances of some of the competitors. Mr. Scott is content with the assumption that any good building ought to be capable of ventilation as easily as another: and in one sense he is quite right. No mechanical appliances will keep a room well ventilated which has not plenty of cubic space: the alternative is foul air or painful draughts.

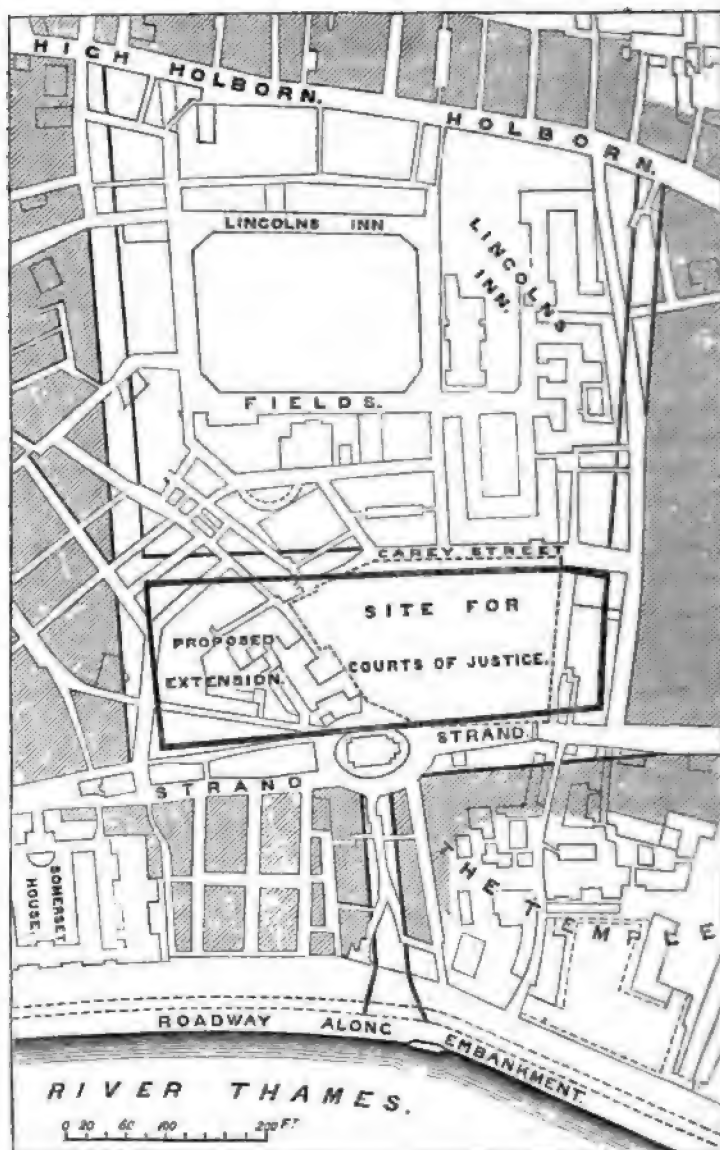
The plan of distinct quadrangles, besides being absolutely the best, would have these two immense advantages: it could be completed gradually, and an error could be retrieved without touching any but the faulty part. The portions first completed would serve as an experiment to govern all the rest: and new offices might rise up round each quadrangle as the need of them

was

was felt. Corridors or cloisters, which add a charm to interior quadrangles, would be provided where they are wanted, instead of dismal arcades along the Strand, behind the gratings of which the lawyers would seem to the busy passengers to be doing penance like the boys at St. Paul's School. The business of each court would be kept sufficiently apart from the rest, and jostling and overcrowding would be avoided. Every needful accommodation for the separate use of Judges, the Bar, the suitors, and witnesses, could of course be better given in the larger space; and the consultations of the Judges could be provided for at least as well as by the long-drawn passages shown in some of these plans, from which one would think that their lordships had nothing to do but to go about the building paying visits to each other. In architectural effect, we should have a true interior as well as exterior; two things for one: or rather a varied exhibition of both; for the separate quadrangles might be entrusted to separate architects with immense advantage.

The extended site needful to carry out this scheme stands ready, inviting occupation. The present western boundary along Clement's Lane is as arbitrary as a glance at the map shows it to be awkward. Beyond it we have no valuable business ground, to be paid for by paving it with gold, but the three small 'Inns,' the occupants of which might be far better accommodated by a judicious exchange, and further west the filthy purlieus of Clare Market and Holywell Street. It needs no minute calculation to show that the whole ground from Chancery Lane to Newcastle Street, and from the Strand to Carey Street, should come within the scope of the present scheme. The Strand frontage must, in any case, be 'rectified' by the removal of the two churches from their present obstructive and noisy sites. This, and the demolition of the 'middle row' of Holywell Street, would be the appropriate work of the coming Municipal Council. Our block plan shows how, in connection with the designation of the site, to provide for two thoroughfares from north to south, which have long been felt to be indispensable, without infringing on the tranquillity of Lincoln's Inn Fields. That 'lung' *must* be preserved, and ought to be so laid out as to form a noble and healthful centre for the legal quarter of the town, the systematic arrangement of which would be begun by this plan.*

* The western extension of Carey Street might be so modified as not to interfere with King's College Hospital; but indeed the removal of the hospital to a new site overlooking the Thames Embankment, east of the College itself, would be an inestimable benefit; and so would the devotion of the whole space from Carey Street to Lincoln's Inn Fields to chambers, extending and widening Portugal Street, and sweeping away Clare Market.



The needful site being thus defined, the frontage to the Strand would be occupied as we have described. The central portal would occur opposite the broad site of St. Clement's Danes, whence a noble avenue might lead down to the Thames embankment, with a broad subway connecting the Law Courts with the Metropolitan Railway station; and independent entrances to the several quadrangles might be provided on the other fronts. This seems the fittest place to notice the absurd scheme of rebuilding Temple Bar as a part of the general design. Artistically it would destroy the sharp termination of the façade at its south-east angle, and carry the eye across the street with an expectation of seeing the design continued there. Practically, the folly of making a permanent limit to the width of the street, and the obstruction of light and air, would be perpetuated; and to what end? The passenger from the chief floor of the Law Courts to the lower level of the Temple must first mount over the additional height required for the proper rise of the arch, and then descend to a depth which might be reached at once by a subway. As for the climb upwards from the Temple, it is painful even to think of. This feature of the project must be got rid of altogether. To ensure the needful quiet, the Courts themselves must of necessity be placed round the inner quadrangles; and the frontages to Chancery Lane, Carey Street, and Newcastle Street may be appropriated to less important uses, with a corresponding simplicity of architectural detail. The rents of offices and chambers along these fronts, and especially of the shops towards the Strand, would go some way to cover the extra cost of the site.

This added cost would also be in a great measure compensated by the adoption of a fit style for all the buildings. Courts of Law are not Palaces; but places where the business of private persons is finally adjusted. Display is here impertinent and distracting. Quiet dignity, free from absolute baldness, is all that is needful or appropriate. There must be propriety and subordination in the style. Courts of Law are not ecclesiastical buildings; and to apply to them the forms, and lavish on them the ornaments, consecrated to sacred associations, is to degrade the latter without elevating the former. This question of style is of supreme importance in the present crisis of our national architecture: for a crisis it really is, brought about by a long course of errors on the part of the profession and ignorance in the public. It has been resolved by a sort of universal sentiment, concurring with the wishes of the legal profession, that the noblest use shall be made of this opportunity. How then are we to use it? Are we to do a thing which is of substantial

stantial architectural merit, or are we to make a mere display of fashion—the chignons and crinolines of art? * For the last three hundred years, we have been copying and importing foreign fancies and fashions. With a national cleverness almost Chinese, we have imitated most continental and some remoter nations in their architecture as in their millinery. Looking back from what we trust may prove the end of this process to its earliest epochs, what reason have we to boast over Inigo Jones? There, at any rate, was grandeur. There were giants on the earth in those days, and they gave us Whitehall: the practice of our modern Gothic imitations has brought us to such classic work as the India Office.

The so-called revivers of Gothic architecture are as yet mere imitators, however clever and well-intentioned; but this is not the worst, their imitations have taken a most unfortunate direction. They choose the cathedrals for their models. The most ornate style, elaborated for the highest objects, is transferred by them to mere secular work; and this not so much by copying its beautiful forms, as by depending on the piquant prettinesses of Gothic detail, which they have used up without restraint. They have gone over to France, and worked the Sainte Chapelle and Notre Dame; or they have explored Italy and even Spain in search of novelties. They have had to satiate an ignorant and exacting multitude, who have money and will have show. There may be students here and there, whose intelligence and culture might direct and guide the mass; but these are not the men to whom the conduct of our public buildings is confided. Mere wealth and position are sufficient to ensure the appointment of a Committee to decide on a public work; and we know the results.

The popular idea of Gothic architecture is that of a large symmetrical building. Thousands visit the English and foreign cathedrals, admire their fronts, and wonder at their interiors. But how few are aware, or take the pains to consider, that these Cathedrals were in fact but the chief rooms, those devoted to the highest purposes, in a vast assemblage of conventual or monastic buildings? Consequently, a mere glimpse at York, at Notre Dame, or at Cologne, will give a most imperfect idea of the true character and spirit of Gothic architecture. It would be as reasonable to take the grand soliloquy of Wolsey as a sub-

* Since writing this sentence, we find the same illustration used by Mr. Fergusson in an able paper in 'The Builder' (April 6, 1867), and we gladly welcome the concurrence of so high an authority. Having abstained from reading any of the criticisms on these designs which have appeared in the daily and weekly papers, till our own views were matured and written down, we are gratified to find how far we are from being alone in our opinions.

stitute for the varied incident and tragic power of the whole drama, as to assume that these isolated buildings form by themselves an exhibition of the whole method of Gothic work. We appeal to those who have repeatedly seen that model of perfect symmetry, Cologne Cathedral, whether at each successive visit there is not a constant diminution of interest. Is it not, after all, felt to be infinitely inferior in sustained effect to the homely variety of Peterborough or Canterbury, where the limbs, though mutilated, are still seen in their connection with the head? Here we behold the essentials of variety, fitness, and subordination; and we feel that the collection of buildings stimulates the imagination and elevates the mind. But when we go back to our imitations, and see the high enrichment and graceful conceptions of ecclesiastical architecture brought into secular buildings, the effect is merely the sense of degradation.

When we thus view these ancient buildings as a whole, we see that *they grew*, not only in their plan and their forms, but in every detail and decoration. Each part was made as it was wanted, every room had its proper use, and that use was expressed in its style. Decoration was not put on by bits to please the eye; but, as a rule, it was distributed according to the relative importance of the buildings. The whole was a *building*, not a *design*; and the builders were true *workmen*, who would have felt that to 'design' a building in the modern sense, was like designing a tree, much as our fathers cut their yews and boxes into elephants and pin-cushions. These were houses made with hands and heads, not with drawing-boards and T squares, bow-pens and hair-dividers. As in those works of literature which live the longest, and take the strongest hold on human sympathies, Shakspeare and Scott did their work *as craftsmen*, so art will never live till sculptors turn their studios into workshops, and architects are content to be chief masons.

The simple sad truth is, that Architecture in England is a dead art. Let not the reader start with incredulity. A noble poet has expressed, in language too familiar to need repeating, the truth, that beauty may for a while survive death, in its 'fixed yet tender traits,' but a beauty only lighted by

' Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away.'

The ever active powers of nature soon sweep with dissolution the form that has lost its life; but, in art and literature, the 'one treacherous hour' may be prolonged into an age before we know that we have lost 'the lines where beauty lingers.' Alexandrian grammarians

grammarians may draw out their dull hexameters in the dead language of Homer, and architects may reproduce the lifeless forms of Doric or Ionic, Gothic or Palladian, with wondrous unconsciousness. The dress of the mummy, that same constant guest at our artistic feasts, may be changed so often as to distract our attention from the inexpressive features, till at length the truth is suddenly revealed—

‘We start, for *soul* is wanting there!’

To ourselves, we candidly confess, after years of sympathy with the Gothic revival, this discovery has come while studying the designs exhibited in New Square.

The works of our modern architects are composed in a foreign language; a style as suitable for our Law Courts as if the barristers were to plead in Greek or medieval Latin, or the judgments were to be given, as of old, in Norman French. Not only is the language foreign, it is a heterogeneous jargon; these towers are literally towers of Babel. If, by that evil fate which dogs our national efforts at building, any of them should come to be erected, and if workmen from France and Flanders, Italy and Spain, with small helps from almost unknown lands, each in some antique dress, were to be heard mingling their native tongues in admired confusion, the result would not be more absurd than that already presented to our eyes. One dialect, perhaps, predominates over the rest, and this certainly is not native. There was a time, while Pugin was in the ascendant, when, like an infant trying his first steps with his mother's aid, our architects were content to lean on the pure Edwardian Gothic. But the infant gained no strength of his own; as he grew, he still wanted go-carts and crutches, and he found comfort and amusement in varying their pattern; if they could not give him strength, they might amuse him as toys. The favourite toy has been Italian Gothic. Its forms are picturesque, and to the ignorant public they offer a novelty, which only makes the more instructed wonder whether these artists think that no one has been in Italy but themselves. It matters little that the Italian Gothic is essentially a southern variety, with shadowy arcades, diminutive windows, and a compactness of plan suited to the oppressive brilliancy of a southern climate, and to a town like Venice, where the light is absolutely painful. The long frontages of the proposed building seem to have offered a special temptation to the adoption of the horizontal lines peculiar to this style, together with a constraint of symmetry which is as much in place as if counsel were bound to plead in hexameters or ottava rima. After all, Venetian is but half Gothic, Italian
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arcading enriched with Gothic detail, and the style is in its principles essentially antagonistic to pure English work. Ours originates in a perfect simplicity, admits of any amount of enrichment, and, in its authentic examples, is never known to be anything but beautiful.

It seems at first a wonder how the eleven competitors could, with one consent, have given us such extravagant versions of the palatial idea. The confined area, the over minute instructions, and the specific requirements of certain towers, will account for many faults of the plans, but not for the prevailing character of the designs. A lawyer might find the cause in a recent precedent. Some few years ago Manchester was raised to the dignity of an assize town, on the condition of providing suitable courts. The enterprising citizens, resolving to do well what scarcely a town in England had done at all, advertised for designs. The judicious architect understands how to respond to such an invitation. He knows that, like a cook or a comedian, he has to please :

‘ *Id sibi negoti credidit solum dari*
Populo ut placerent quas fecisset [curias].’

Success, not excellence, must be his first object. Merit would be of doubtful value; but there could be no question of the advantage of display. The judges, whose studies of architecture had chiefly extended from the Royal Infirmary to the Free Trade Hall, might probably be repelled by the simple dignity appropriate to courts of law, and would certainly be captivated by the pretty confusion of English and Italian Gothic. We have as the result the undigested design of the Manchester Assize Courts, in which from base to roof it is difficult to find two features consistent in style, combination, and effect. Judges and counsel, mindful of the miseries of the London Courts, joined in a chorus of commendation at the efficiency with which their convenience had been secured; and merits, which judicious criticism would have limited to the plan, were attributed to the general design. When, therefore, the present competition was announced, what could the selected architects do better than to follow so fortunate an example?

Our readers will see that in this discussion we have dealt throughout with principles; and so anxious are we to keep clear of any personal questions, that we would gladly have refrained from criticising the designs. But this is of course impossible. Not only are we bound to justify by examples our firm conviction that the whole scheme has to be revised; but we see in these designs the great climax of the wrong path that
has

has so long been followed. The errors we want to expose are here concentrated into a focus; and one advantage at least results from the competition: it has brought the palatial idea to a *reductio ad absurdum*.

Let us commence with the elaborate series of perspective views which, while they do full justice to Mr. Scott's acknowledged powers of selection, fail to exhibit one valuable original idea. The design is a patchwork of English and continental Gothic details, carefully spread over the entire façade. Instead of consistent variety, we have monotonous incongruity, a medley of prettiness and expense, with neither individuality, character, nor effect of contrast. Those parts in which there is an appearance of design—for instance, the two flanking towers of the centre pavilion, and the two Record Towers in the western wing—are failures as conspicuous as can be met with in the whole collection. The latter towers, by the way, compel a painful reminiscence of the strange addition placed on the top of the new building in St. James's Park. The abrupt termination of the Record Towers is as amazing as the lantern spires which seem to have alighted on the roofs of the other pair; and the whole sky-line is curiously composed of Flemish pinnacles, Venetian parapets, Florentine cornices, and fretwork from the Rhine. The projecting centre has a roof, but the flank walls seem to be mere screens. Is the Venetian arcade in the lower storey to be a grateful shelter from our November sun, or a peaceful promenade in full view of the Strand? In its whole effect this version of the palatial idea would be equally appropriate for a warehouse or even a railway station; and we may now be fully consoled for the loss of the Italian-Gothic design for the Foreign Office.

Mr. Burges also has been to Venice, of which his reminiscences are fairly accurate. At the City in the Sea the Doge's Palace and the Dungeons are in contact; but in Mr. Burges's mind they are in combination, and they are further associated with the medieval fortress. Other people besides Mr. Burges go to Italy, and we esteem it no favour that he should bring over to us a specimen of a Veronese campanile or the machicolated towers of a medieval civic fort. These towers have, by some mistake, been capped with conical roofs; but why should our Courts of Law be encumbered at all with any such inappropriate and useless adjuncts? Such towers had their uses when every Italian city was a battle-field of rival factions, and, worn and battered as they are, they are doubtless picturesque; but is our art reduced to this, that, for sheer want of ideas to develope, we must import whole features of an outlandish style, and actually build for ornament an imitation of works which were laboriously raised

raised for the sake of security and defence? As to the details, the key-note of the whole seems to be a persevering use of stumpy cylinders. The paucity of window opening, the long row of dark arcades, the controlling influence of the horizontal lines, and the lumpishness of the details, form as great a contrast as could well be imagined to the light, cheerful, and healthy expression which is essential to the permanent popularity of any English building. Elaboration without grace, heaviness without power, and not dignity but dulness, are the effective impressions of this design. The whole thing is an overstrained effort at massiveness, which only results in sheer oppression, and withal has an utterly unreal and unpractical air, and gives the idea of a scene-painting rather than a building.

Mr. Brandon is somewhat too ecclesiastical in his suggestions; but still his design evinces more variety and independent thought than any other in the room. The detail is refined and pure, and the centre compartment of the Strand front, with the two portal towers, is perhaps one of the most acceptable features in the whole series, though a plain wall face might with advantage be substituted for the bay-windows. But the design, as a whole, cannot be considered suitable for the object.

In Mr. Waterhouse's design the salient feature is the central pavilion, sadly undermined by the great weak spreading arch of the carriage entrance. This weakness of constitution extends from floor to floor to the very top, where the high walls of roof, balanced on tottering arcades, seem to invite the fate of a child's house of cards. The design, extensive as it is, has no breadth, but is an utter fritter both of face and outline. The continental sketch-book has evidently been well-filled, and not forgotten. Ranges of small windows, little arcades, and all the decorative features that could be crowded into so many superficial feet of frontage, have been studiously collected to make up this flashy composition, in which there is not a mark of dignity or merit. The folly and extravagance of the towers only enhance, by a grotesque contrast, the insipidity and utter worthlessness of the remainder of the design.

The general conception of Mr. Seddon's building is picturesque, though erroneous. He has shewn the good sense of simplicity, if not in outline, at all events in decoration, and his Strand front would, in many respects, be very appropriate for commercial buildings. The oblique porches and most extraordinary steeples, together with the excessive dimensions of the Record Tower, give an air of absurdity to the rest of the work.

Passing over Mr. Deane, we come to the designs exhibited by Mr. Garling and Mr. Lockwood. Both are mere mechanical commonplaces,

commonplaces, Gothic counterparts to the terraces in the Regent's Park, of which it will suffice to remark that monotonous and mechanical repetition is more suggestive of weariness than of extent. While scanning Mr. Barry's drawings, with recollections of many works bearing that honoured name, we were irresistibly reminded of the resolve expressed by Dionysus, in Aristophanes, not to deem Iophon, the son of Sophocles, a great tragedian, till it should be seen what he could do without his father: and the design of Mr. Abraham recalls a more familiar allusion:—

‘The thing itself is neither rich nor rare.’

though perhaps the next line might be hardly applicable.

Mr. Street's drawings contrast with all the rest by the fact that their entire conception is in harmony with the true principles of building. His Strand front exhibits much variety of treatment; the walling is simple and solid, and the rooms shew their relative importance. In some respects, indeed, the design is deficient: the entrances are insignificant, and the chamfered angles of the centre compartments have a most impoverished effect: but the work lives, though with no very sturdy vitality. No one would associate it with a phantasmagoria or scene-painting. The great tower, with the ornamental screen at its base, is beyond all comparison the finest thing in the entire series. We speak, not of the alternative tower, but of the original, which, if properly carried out, would be unsurpassed by anything of the kind in Europe. The way in which dignity of proportion, simplicity, and grandeur of outline, are combined with multiplicity of parts and utility of plan, is absolutely successful. To those who have not the opportunity of studying these drawings in detail,* we would recommend the selection of this very important feature for consideration and comparison throughout the whole series; and it will be evident that the principles on which this tower of Mr. Street's has been designed are thoroughly sound, while all the rest fall away into error or debasement, monstrosity or commonplace. But Mr. Street seems to have exhausted himself in this effort; and his remaining elevations are certainly inferior. The exterior of the Great Hall, which forms the central feature of the bird's-eye view, will be reserved, by the essential fault of the whole scheme, for the exclusive admiration of the plumbers and gasmen. And, chiefly through this innate viciousness of the

* A very fair idea of the drawings, except of course as to minor details, may be obtained from the engravings published with the current weekly numbers of the *Building News*, which we would advise our readers to hang up and keep in frequent view for some little time.

whole conception, we are compelled to sum up all by plainly saying that the designs are utterly worthless *for their purpose*. Genuine *buildings* have only to be properly arranged and carried out; but these drawings would give us merely big walls, covered with architectural details. The decorations, which look so pretty in these brightly coloured drawings, innocent of London fog, will seem coarse when done into stone, dull in the twilight and dirty in the smoke of our city, even if they do not perish in its atmosphere. The lawyers will permit us for once to apply their own Cassian maxim in its more popular sense—*Cui bono?* Who's to get any good from it? Who will care to look at it in a year's time? Our architects have been long enough lifted, like the Socrates of comedy, above the level of humanity; they have to come down and walk on the earth.

Of the interiors we have little to say. They may be generally characterised as elaborate misconceptions of the tone and feeling required for that conjunction of the utilitarian and the dignified which befits the supreme administration of the law. The whole thing is elaborately overdone: these carvings and mouldings, paintings and decorations, marbles and statues and niches, would seem merely to flout the pre-occupied lawyer and the anxious client. Let any one examine Mr. Scott's perspective views, his halls and ambulatories, his Venetian-Gothic arcades, his dome from St. Mark's, his statues and paintings,—and it will assuredly be felt that the whole is a mere travesty of ecclesiastical work, not genuine in any sense, but merely borrowed from an example which has of late obtained an accidental and temporary notoriety. The lavishing of needless expense is mere vulgar bad taste, an appeal to the same low instincts which are gratified by the costly folly of a Popish shrine. This outlay would be fairly paralleled by the substitution, in the library of Lincoln's Inn, of 'Riviere's best crimson morocco binding, gilt extra,' for the simple and appropriate 'vellum' and 'law calf,' or by an argument in an easement case interlarded with quotations from the second book of 'Paradise Lost.' Above all, the mosaic ceiling of the dome is here a painful impertinence, presuming to associate our erring attempts at justice with the ineffable sanctity of Divine judgment in a way which would be ridiculous were it not much worse. Mr. Waterhouse has not erred in this direction; we cannot charge him with even the travesty of dignity. His Central Hall has the glass roof and crossing bridges of a railway station, over two ranges of model lodging-houses, tricked out with orange-trees and oleanders from a continental hotel-yard, from which extend lengths of dark crypt described as corridors. Mr. Street has avoided the too

ecclesiastical effect of Mr. Brandon's otherwise noble Hall, by the use of a single arcade down the centre, forming two equal aisles; and his courts, as well as this hall, are characterised by a very commendable simplicity of style. But, after all, we cannot doubt that, if the architects had not been trammelled by the utter inadequacy of the allotted space, they would have depended for public approval on the essentials of good arrangement, instead of being thrown back on mere decorative outlay. As it is, light and air, convenience and dignity, have been alike sacrificed. The plan is a sort of mosaic work, a cabinet of courts and chambers, packed tight and close, without windage or possibility of modification; admirable in stowage, but miserable for any work of human life. A visitor has but to step out of the rooms where the designs are exhibited, and to see counsel and attorneys coming out of the neighbouring courts into the open spaces of Lincoln's Inn, to feel the necessity for some such immediate access to the fresh air.

The separation of the profession and the clients, the witnesses and the public, by flights of stairs through several floors, is quite impracticable and absurd. The free circulation of visitors has become, by long usage, an inseparable part of the public administration of justice. No greater misfortune could befall either bench or bar than any diminution of that interest and supervision which maintains the popularity of our judicial system. Each Court, too, should have its own individual character, instead of twenty-four repetitions of the same fashion, which may be suddenly discovered to be faulty or inadequate. This fatal precision and inflexibility is alone a sufficient condemnation of the present scheme; while a more tentative process would have manifest advantages. Let the plans be simple. It is perfectly easy to invent all sorts of convenient arrangements, but true judgment is shown in dispensing with them. Most modern plans are over-designed. There are many things that it seems desirable to have, but there are nearly as many that we should be thankful to get rid of. When satisfied of our method by the experience of a part, how much more boldly might we proceed to the remainder of the work. Time properly expended is never lost; and we should escape the danger of perpetrating a huge, costly, symmetrical blunder. The true interests of architecture and law would be equally advanced. At present, architecture is not an art, but a profession, and may even be called a trade. Its practitioners no doubt adroitly meet the tastes of their special public, employing for that end their own powers of memory and the combining clerkmanship of their assistants. These large buildings are no doubt *designs*, in the nature of the manufacturer's pattern, but
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not of the artist's conception. Technical knowledge and skill are of course employed, as they are in the construction of a crank-axle or of a siphon-pump; but genuine thought, real dignity of idea, power of suggestion, fertility of fancy, and variety of expression, are scarcely to be met with even in the best works of modern Gothic architects. Knowledge is not wanting, research has even ceased to be a merit, as the present competition proves. Mouldings, and carvings, and plinths, and cornices, and panels, and groins, are exhibited with a profusion and variety which to the learned and unlearned vulgar is abundantly captivating. By constant professional practice they have attained, in their art, to the 'fatal fluency' of the habitual popular speaker. The public taste is like that of a child charmed with the raw colours in a druggist's window, the mere materials for the effects which art is needed to develope; and artists, clever but half-taught, can quickly learn the tricks and knacks which satisfy the popular demand. They have a conceit of their knowledge of the mere grammar of the art; and their style resembles a discourse made up of extracts. After detecting bits from the palaces of Westminster or Venice, from the works or books of Viollet-le-duc, we now and then come upon some fancy or folly of detail or combination which is decidedly the architect's own.

We are not objecting to influence and instruction from old examples: * but mere readiness of memory, quickness of eye, and facility of finger, are not to be substituted for weight of brain. Much less must this be done with an air of knowingness and instruction, as if it were a new revelation. The method is neither new nor inexhaustible; we have been fain to use it ever since the Reformation: Roman, Grecian, Egyptian, and Chinese have been used up in turn; and what satisfaction shall we gain when by these designs we shall have vulgarized Venice? We are only imitating, neither practising nor developing an art: we are but players, ready to produce any drama adapted from abroad. These designs are not genuine builder's work, but mere 'art manufacture,' against the continuance of which we feel it our solemn duty to protest. What gain to art has resulted from the Palace at Westminster? It has been totally unfruitful, and has but served to produce a number of superior mechanics, whose works, whether in wood or metal, are destroying the individual

* Among the ideas that we might import with advantage from abroad, is the use, so suited to our climate, of terra-cotta and glazed tiles. How admirably such materials may be introduced into architectural works of a high order may be seen from Gruner's recently published work on the 'Terra-cotta Architecture of North Italy;' a magnificent volume, containing 48 illustrations, engraved and printed in colours, which will be found alike useful to the architect, and interesting to all lovers of art.

artistic character of every church and cathedral that falls within the scope of the 'restoring mania.'

What we want is a growth, and not a toy; a building, not a design; an edifice that shall rise up as a thing of life and beauty, not a mere ornamented wall set down in the midst of our streets. In everything we are too elaborate. A city warehouse in the Gothic style must have the marbles and enrichments of a cathedral presbytery: even a village church is not allowed the dignity of simplicity, and is nothing if not pretty. To this state we have been brought by the principle of competition; and the present occasion, on which the evil has reached its height, presents a fitting opportunity for entering a better way. Let the work be distributed according to the practical division we have already indicated. Let Gothic architects of proved ability be invited, without previous restriction of number, to confer, and settle the general plan of the buildings. While each architect would assume the initiative in designing his own separate portion, every part might be subject to such critical judgment of the entire number as would ensure the harmonious combination of the whole work. On this plan, it may confidently be expected that the architects will no longer treat the business as one of mere technical superintendence, but will give to the moderate amount of work that may be entrusted to the care of each such studious regard as a generous emulation, to say nothing of professional interest, would naturally induce. Thus the greatest amount of architectural ability and judgment that our country can produce will be brought to bear upon the work. The initiative of one architect for each court will give that individuality and variety which we have shown to be so essential; while a thorough harmony of effect will be secured through the general co-operation of the architects. And certainly four-and-twenty, or even thirty men can be found to whom as many sections of the work can be advantageously entrusted: even for the larger number there would be an average amount of some fifty thousand pounds' worth of work, which would give ample employment to a zealous and conscientious artist. We altogether refuse to admit the idea that the true spirit of harmonious co-operation would be wanting: and, as for the sense of responsibility, nothing could possibly strengthen it more than the arrangement we propose. This combination of special knowledge with responsibility is the essential condition of success in every well-ordered undertaking; and this is the plan we habitually follow in politics, law, and medicine. Where special knowledge is required, to judge and select it by special ignorance is absurd. The Commissioners are able, intelligent, and cultivated men, but they are not architects; and to ask them

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to decide on the merits or demerits of these designs is as sagacious as to require the eleven competitors to give judgment in a case of contingent remainders. We have had enough of dilettantism; let us get well rid of it, and give the architects fair play. Our national architecture — from cathedrals to cottages — was not created by inviting people, who had so well devoted their lives to other studies as to have achieved distinguished success in them, to decide on the practice of an art in which they were perfectly, or, what is still worse, *imperfectly* ignorant. 'Westminster' and 'Lincoln,' 'Strasburg' and 'Cologne,' were built by honest workmen, who knew nothing of Commissioners, and who found that they had more than enough to do to satisfy themselves. But now, our architects are required, not to build nobly, but to please committees; and we know the contemptible results. It would be interesting to compare first, the drawing instruments of the two ages, and then the work on which they were employed; the manly roughness of the one with the finicking precision of the other. Let us return to the old paths. It is only by a union of practical artists that worthy thoughts can be interchanged and feeble fancies eliminated. Institutes and societies will not do this: there must be community in practice. In the really great periods of art there have always been schools not merely of students, but of workers, who at once thought and acted. In the creative age of Greece we find families of artists with such significant names as Eucheir, Eupalamus, Cheiriosophus (*good and cleave with the hand*), and Chersiphron (*handy-minded*). And in the middle ages it is clear that the builders, by constant association, perfected method, and thus became true 'masters' of their art.

There must of course be some acknowledged principle of style; and this must be purely English. We have a style, national and indigenous, which for utility and beauty has never been equalled, and every substitute we have tried has proved a failure. Let us start again from the pure Gothic of the fourteenth century, and let every advance be a genuine and sympathetic development of this, not a mere addition of inconsistent and incoherent forms. We daily hear complaints that our architects are for ever imitating, and never able to attain to an original and truly English style. But, in truth, a new English architecture is no more wanted than a new English language: both have the growth and flexibility needful to meet every requirement of modern life. Of this we are well assured, that there is no lack among us of men fully competent to carry forward the style of our old builders: but would any one mistake these designs for the productions of those true workmen? The very ruins of the old work are full of
dignity

dignity and suggestion ; but suppose a Palace of Justice, built after the designs we have been examining, to be in ruins, what sense of dignity or reverence would be associated with them ? Buildings are enduring monuments of the character of an age. By them we know the ancients : what idea of us would these give to our posterity ? Once erected, they must stand, to bear such a witness ; unlike perishable pictures, and statues that can be removed from the places they adorn or encumber. Much, indeed, is due to the mellowing effects of time ; but we should work like men who can wait for the fruits of age, not strive, like children, to anticipate them by the petty artifice of decoration and display.

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- ART. V.—1. *Murray's Handbook for Travellers in Switzerland, and the Alps of Savoy and Piedmont.* New Edition. London, 1867.
 2. *Murray's Knapsack Guide—Switzerland.* New Edition. London, 1867.
 3. *Ball's Guide to the Alps.* New Edition. London, 1866.
 4. *The Alpine Journal.* Vols. I. and II. London, 1864-1866.
 5. *Jahrbuch des Oesterreichischen Alpen-Vereines.* Wien, 1863-1866.
 6. *Bulletino Trimestrale del Club Alpino di Torino.* 1865, 1866.
 7. *Les Alpes Suisses.* Par Eugene Rambart. Paris and Geneva, 1866.

STEAM and iron are the two great magicians of the age. Besides the wonders which they can boast in the field of commercial enterprise, they have cast a not less potent spell over our lighter occupations. Ease and rapidity of transit from place to place have effected as much for the light step of pleasure as for the toiling hand of care. Our recreations have undergone a thorough transformation. This is true in no small degree even if we do not look beyond the home-department of relaxation. The sea-side in summer, the race-course, the cricket-ground, the arena of athletic sports, all bear their testimony to the mighty energy by which crowds are poured upon them ; each stands out in remarkable contrast to what it was a generation ago. But in no respect has the strong hand laid upon time and space worked greater wonders for us islanders than in the vastly increased opportunity and facility for continental rambles. What a quarter of a century ago was the costly privilege of a few with trouble and difficulty, is now the economical boon of the many with ease and comfort. In twenty-eight hours from London we may scent the Mediterranean breeze at Marseilles ; or we may be set down among the
 very

very fastnesses of the Alps in less time and with less fatigue than it cost our grandsires to achieve the journey from York to London. Human flesh now creeps at the thought of the old mail-coach journey between London and Edinburgh; and recollections of the old summer crawl through heat and dust between Paris and Geneva are as a horrible nightmare. Yet we have still hardy stuff among us ready for other forms of endurance, to which the speed of modern travelling has introduced us. Whereas formerly the busy haunts of men, and the treasures of art which they boasted, were the usual and almost exclusive objects of travel, now the solitude of the Alpine valley, and the palaces of nature, attract thousands. If that pleasant sprinkling of incident which gave a zest to the travelling of the last century has been lost in the rapidity with which we are hurried from place to place, it has in some measure found a substitute in adventure of another description. The mountain side affords a rich field of enterprise. The Handbooks for Switzerland, the Tyrol, and the Mountains of France belong essentially to a generation of changed tastes and habits. Travelling is now for the many, and will become so more and more. The exclusive may sigh, and the orthodox traveller, whose night's sleep has fled before the noisy intrusion of one of Mr. Cook's excursion parties, may groan, but the stream of tourists will be as the Alpine torrent when the sun strikes down upon the snows; and Switzerland will be its main channel. Our forefathers bound for Italy by any of the great Alpine passes used to catch a passing glimpse of the majesty of the mountains, but even that was the privilege of the few. Now it may be said that the precincts of the Alps have become the playground of Englishmen. There by many the marks of the year's toil are rubbed out, and the frame is braced anew for a fresh round of exertion.

While the Pyrenees, and the portions of the great Alpine chain towards the east and south-west, are sought by some for variety or from love of quiet, the central district of the Alps is that which attracts by far the greater number of travellers. It contains an endless variety of the grandest scenery in a very moderate compass. From Geneva eastward to the Ortler is little more than two hundred miles in a direct line, and from the Rhine at Basle to Monte Rosa is less than a hundred and twenty. If we regard only a central area, comprising Switzerland and the portion of Italy corresponding to it on the other side of the chain, taking our stand on the St. Gothard as a central point, a radius of from eighty to a hundred miles will include the entire extent of mountain scenery; and its more striking features, both towards the north and towards the
south,

south, lie within a much narrower limit. The courses of the great rivers, especially in their upper channels, are a key to the configuration of the Alps, and no better station can be found for a preliminary study of the mountain-groups than the St. Gothard. Within a sweep of a dozen miles are the sources of six normal streams; towards the west rise the Rhone, the Aar, and the Reuss, —towards the east the Rhine,—and on the south the Ticino, and the Toccia or Tosa, flowing to different points of the Lago Maggiore. The other rivers, whose courses should be particularly noted as defining the Alpine chain, are the Dora Baltea, the Inn, and the Adda. The general parallelism of the upper valleys of the Rhine, the Rhone, the Aar, the Inn, and the Adda, is particularly worthy of observation. The main or Pennine chain of the Alps extends between the valley of the Rhone and that of the Dora, and is continued towards the east in the Rhætian and Bernina group, between the valleys of the Rhine and those of the Inn and Adda. Between the Rhone and the Aar is the range of the Bernese Oberland. From the valleys parallel to the main ridge others strike up at intervals into the very heart of the ice-world: and it is chiefly by exploring these that nature is to be seen in succession in her fairest, grandest, and wildest aspects.

Among the earlier English travellers in the Alps, Mr. Brockedon stands conspicuous by the valuable volumes which he published, with illustrations, in 1827-29. During the few years which preceded that publication our countrymen seem to have sought the Alps in unusual force for those times. The attention which the accident to Dr. Hamel's party in 1820 attracted may have contributed to this. In 1823 Mr. Clissold published his 'Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc;' and this was followed shortly afterwards by those of Messrs. Sherwill, Fellowes, and Auldjo, in three successive years. Mr. Fellowes and his companion Mr. Hawes were the first to pursue the route by the Corridor. The 'Pedestrian' and the 'Alpenstock' of Latrobe were the contribution of an intermediate period to the stock of Alpine literature, which of late years has so rapidly increased, and includes so many works of interest, that enumeration is impracticable and selection invidious.

The Guide-books have accomplished with great judgment and skill the difficult task of breaking up the complicated mountain masses into groups, and pointing out the routes which will best reward the traveller. Murray's 'Handbook for Switzerland and Savoy' could not have been brought to its present state without repeated accessions of special local observation. Compilation from miscellaneous books of travel would have

have failed. The soundness of the plan has been strongly attested by the number of imitators on the Continent, and the genuineness of its execution by the book having already attained its eleventh edition. It is indeed by this rapid succession, not of reprints, but of new editions, that even such matters as the character of hotels and mountain inns, which often vary much within a short time, are so seldom found to mislead. Nor is it only in the matter of topography that the Guide-books are useful companions,—they bring together every conceivable advice and information which the incipient traveller can desire or need, to secure, as far as may be, his health and comfort and pleasure during his trip. Passports, money, the country, the people, warnings (often much needed) not to degrade John Bull in their eyes, horses, guides, and inns, tours for those who don't ride and for those who do, for those who walk, and for those who climb, dangers and precautions, glacier theories and meteorology, the Alpine fauna and flora, these are all in the Handbooks. The 'Alpine Guide' of Mr. Ball is planned to consist of three parts, comprising severally the Western, the Central, and the Eastern Alps. Of these the first was published in 1863; the second followed in 1864; the third has not yet appeared. Of the two parts published there were new editions in the course of last year; and, as in the case of the 'Handbooks,' fresh information is being continually gathered for future incorporation. On the geologist and the botanist Mr. Ball has conferred an especial boon by some fifty closely printed pages of prefatory matter on the Geology of the Alps, and by noting the botanical treasures of each district in their proper place. To those who travel chiefly by carriage or even by mule, a somewhat bulky Guide-book in the portmanteau is of small account, but to the pedestrian, whose *impedimenta* must be carried by himself or his guide, this becomes a more serious consideration. The Knapsack Guides of Mr. Murray, being smaller volumes, not only relieve the inconvenience, but, by judicious selection and rigid conciseness, provide for the pedestrian just what he needs.

Many magnificent scenes in the Alps, which were formerly sealed to all except those able and willing to endure the rough accommodation of the *châlet*, are now brought within the reach of travellers in general. Alpine inns have been established in the most attractive spots, some perched high among the mountains, some nestling in the upper valleys. We note a few to which either their very recent establishment, or the excellence of their situation and management, gives prominence. At the foot of the Rhone Glacier, at a height of 5700 feet, there is now a comfortable hotel, replacing the mere hut of some years

years ago. On the slope of the Eggischhorn, above Viesch, more than 7000 feet above the sea, the traveller will find good quarters. Wellig, the spirited proprietor, exerts himself to the utmost for the comfort of his guests, and has so macadamised the upper rocks of the mountain as to make the summit with its glorious view easily accessible. A smaller but excellent inn stands at nearly an equal elevation on the Lusgen Alp, now named the Bel Alp, commanding a fine view of Monte Leone in front, and overlooking the Aletsch Glacier behind. Seiler's inn, at the Rifel over Zermatt, occupies still higher ground, being little less than 8500 feet above the sea. It was much enlarged in 1864, and is both comfortable and well kept. The Théodule pass has now the benefit of a good inn at Breuil, besides the hut on the summit, and those who cross the Moro find not only much improved quarters at Macugnaga, but a decent homely inn at the Matmarksee. At Gressonay a second substantial and well-appointed hotel has been opened; it is a spot at which the traveller should linger. In the Val d'Anniviers at St. Luc and at Zinal, in the Val d'Erin at Evolena, in the Val de Bagnes at Pont de Mauvoisin under Mont Pleureur, there are new inns, by the help of which districts formerly unvisited may be conveniently explored. At Chermontane, the head of the Val de Bagnes, such a refuge would be a great acquisition. At Champéry, under the Dent du Midi, on the west, and at Pontresina and Samaden on the east, hotel accommodation has been much increased and improved, and a new inn, likely to be very useful, has just been completed between the foot of the Morteratsch Glacier and the Bernina Pass. The new carriage-road by the Albula to Tiefenkasten was opened last year, giving further choice of routes to the Engadine. Though it is now full forty years since our illustrious countryman Sir J. W. Herschel made the first ascent of the Breithorn above Zermatt, few Englishmen set foot in the village for many years afterwards. Fifteen years ago there was only one little inn there, with accommodation for hardly a dozen persons. Great is the contrast now presented on a Sunday in August in that fine Alpine retreat.

Saas has long been a halting-point in crossing the Moro. Some half-hour's ascent from the village by a good path unfolds an Alpine scene unique and unsurpassed in grandeur, the Fee Glacier backed by the peaks of the Mischabel; yet numbers of travellers, from ignorance, incredulity, or apathy, go their way without beholding it. Numbers of visitors to Chamonix both go and return by the St. Martin and Geneva road, and, without ever having quitted the valley, think, if they have been fortunate in the weather, that they have had a perfect view of Mont Blanc.

Blanc. Some leave the place mistaking, not unnaturally, the Dôme du Goûté for the summit. But, while the Aiguilles are a perfect picture from Chamonix, and the real charm of the situation, Mont Blanc proper can be no more advantageously seen from the valley than a portrait hanging high on a wall can from a point of the floor too immediately beneath it. To estimate the vastness of the Monarch, and the proportions of his giant limbs, it is necessary to ascend the northern side of the valley, the nearer to the ridge of the Brévent the better. Indeed, by placing this ridge between Mont Blanc and the beholder, so that it becomes a foreground, a more perfect picture is obtained. The views from the Col d'Anterne, and from the summit or some of the slopes of the Buet, are of this kind. For those who ride there is no better way of approaching Chamonix than by the Col d'Anterne. It combines several advantages; it takes the traveller to Sixt, in the immediate neighbourhood of which are beauties too little known, and the best route thence to the Col lies through the Vallée des Fonds, the loveliest of glens, passing close to Mr. Wills's house, the Eagle's Nest. From the Col Chamonix may be reached either by Servoz, or (which is much better) by crossing the ridge of the Brévent. From Sixt to Chamonix is too long a day for the generality of travellers. An inn near the Châlets d'Anterne would be a great boon. It would then be only a moderate day's work to reach Chamonix by the Col d'Anterne and the Brévent. Sixt is within forty miles of Geneva; there is a good carriage-road thither; the part between Samoens and Sixt, formerly full narrow for a pair of horses, has been lately widened and improved. Sixt is also easily reached from the Rhone valley by the Val d'Illiez. When he has seen the beauties of Champéry, two easy Cols conduct the traveller to Sixt. It is singular that the death of two Balmats, both celebrated in the annals of Chamonix, should be associated with the Valley of Sixt. Jacques, the first person who ascended Mont Blanc, perished on the Glacier of Mont Ruan, it is said in a search for gold; Auguste, the well-known guide of Professor Forbes, died at the house of Mr. Wills, and is interred in the churchyard at Sixt, close to the inn, which is in fact an adaptation of the old convent. A traveller leaving Chamonix in the direction of Martigny will do well to combine the Col du Balme, the Tête Noire, and the Gorge of Trient in his route. From the Col du Balme a mule-path descends to a point near the Tête Noire inn. Sleeping quarters may be had either there, or at the Barberine, and the journey be continued by Finhaut and Salvent, after a visit to the cascade. The rough part of the road, where it ascends from the Eau Noire, was improved last year.

A succession

A succession of wet days at a mountain inn is a sore trial to the unhappy traveller, cut off from resources which solace him at home for the loss of a favourite pursuit or pleasant engagement. When he has written up his journal and despatched his letters, he may chance to have a somewhat weary time of it. If he happen to be weather-bound in some of the more frequented haunts, surrounded by the comforts of a large and sumptuous hotel, he may fall back upon the study of character. He will most probably find not only several nations represented, but various types of each. Considering the intervening stretch of ocean, the general prevalence of the trans-Atlantic element in these gatherings is remarkable. The tide sets strongest along the route of the Great St. Bernard, and attains its height at the Hospice itself, which seems with many to be the great object of the pilgrimage. Sterne, in his 'Sentimental Journey,' classifies the whole circle of travellers under heads. His vain traveller, if of the talkative order, is a lucky resource to a party whose spirits are down with the barometer. He is doubly diverting. He has a budget of good stories on the perplexities of the unsophisticated tourist, and he is a good story himself in his grand air of superiority to criticism, while he is probably a very gullible mortal. We once heard him, after unsparing ridicule of others, come out with the remark that Mont Blanc would be at a discount now thirty dressmakers of Geneva had been to the summit. A mild suggestion of doubt as to the fact was repelled with magnificence. *Smellfungus* and *Mundungus* are not yet extinct even in the Alps, though the mountain air is not favourable to spleen, nor the mountain scenery to apathy. We cannot imagine why people who are perpetually grumbling should travel, unless it be that they grumble worse at home. But *Mundungus*, who 'looks neither to the right hand or the left,' must still make the grand tour. For though he cares not to see, he must be able to say that he has seen. He must be presented at the Court of Nature, and do homage in her gorgeous palaces. 'What,' asks he, 'is that opening?' 'It is the R** Glacier; if you walk only a few hundred yards, you will have a superb view up its whole extent to the highest peaks.' 'Enough,' says M., suiting the action to the word in a book he carried: 'the R** Glacier; thanks;—I've ticked it off.'

The distinction between the traveller and the tourist is well known. It is said to have been more definitely marked twenty or thirty years ago than it is at present. It is to be hoped that the Alps may have a wholesome influence towards its obliteration. Already there is a goodly proportion of such as come not only to see, but to gaze and to understand. And much indeed is there to be understood,

stood, much to evoke energy of mind, as well as to confer vigour of body. Mountain excursions possess this advantage over most other recreations, that they may be blended with pursuits of an elevating and instructive character. Close to oft-trod ways, the botanist and the geologist may find profusion of treasure to enrich their collections, while in Alpine recesses guarded by rocks and ice are laid up evidences concerning some of Nature's most interesting secrets, like the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides. The names of De Saussure, Rendu, Agassiz, Studer, Forbes, Hopkins, and Tyndall, declare how much various departments of physics owe to ardent exploration of the Alps. The eternal snows indeed furnish some of the most intricate problems in the range of mechanical science. It is only lately that the constitution of the glacier, and the descent of the great ice-stream on its uneasy bed, have been rigorously explained and settled, and there still remain minor, though hardly less engrossing, questions, which require patient observation and further evidence for their elucidation.

The growing taste for exploring the snow-fields of the Alps soon led to the establishment of Alpine Clubs both in England and on the Continent. By the association of a few congenial spirits at home about ten years ago the English Alpine Club was organised, and in 1859 was fairly inaugurated with the public by their favourable reception of a volume recording some of the Alpine experiences of its members.* As the Club gave a fresh impulse to mountaineering, it was only reasonable that it should take an interest in improving the means and appliances of the mountaineer. This responsibility it has not ignored, and has perhaps done even greater service by the influence which it has exercised on the guide-systems abroad, than by the attention which it has bestowed on the various articles of Alpine gear. The usual qualification for the Club is acquaintance with the higher Alps, but eminence in literature, science, or art, combined with a fair extent of ordinary Alpine travelling, is also a passport to admission. It is a worthy object to bring together genuine lovers of the Alps, and it would be matter for regret if a mere climbing qualification were ever pressed to the exclusion of such persons, while it admitted the man who by mere accident of company, and under other favourable circumstances, had made two or three *cours extraordinaires*, but whose tastes would perhaps never draw him to the Alps again. It is not to be expected that a

* A second series of the 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers,' in two volumes, appeared in 1862; and the 'Alpine Journal' was published quarterly from March, 1863, to the end of last year.

club constituted as this is should possess a distinctly scientific character, but it certainly has great opportunities of promoting a kind of observation of which scientific inquiry craves a fuller store, and we would gladly see a continued prevalence of the spirit in which a few years ago minimum thermometers were under its sanction placed on some of the highest peaks of the Alps.

Of the contributions of some of its members to Alpine geography the Club may be justly proud, the more so as in three instances their merits have received a graceful recognition from the Sovereign in whose territory they had been active explorers. Mr. Ball, the first president of the Club, Mr. W. Mathews, and Mr. Tuckett, were honoured in 1865 with the order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus by the King of Italy, in consideration of their scientific and geographical investigations in the Alps. When it is remembered how much of their work consisted in exposing the numerous and grievous errors of the Sardinian Government maps, the generosity of this acknowledgment will be the better appreciated. Mont Iséran, for so many years the culminating point of the Tarentaise *on the maps*, and described in glowing colours as little lower than Mont Blanc, vanished at the magic touch of genuine exploration. Like Mont Cenis, it was, in truth, not a peak but a col, on whose site imaginative surveyors, as Mr. Mathews suggests, had probably dropped a duplicate of the Grand Paradis, transferring it some fifteen miles across the Val di Locana, and giving it the name of the Col. Other figments of Alpine geography were discovered by Mr. Adams Reilly. On the maps the Glacier du Tour had been elongated towards the south by more than two miles, and an imaginary summit, named the Point des Plines, had been erected at a distance of more than a mile and a half on the northern flank of the Aiguille d'Argentière, being, as Mr. Reilly no doubt rightly conjectures, a reproduction of the back of that peak. He shows, in like manner, that the Aiguille de Trélatête and Aiguille de l'Allée Blanche, which had assumed separate existences, are in reality one and the same. He gives an entertaining description of the process by which peaks have been thus manufactured in duplicate:—

‘An engineer points his theodolite at a rather blunt-looking rocky peak, and asks his guide its name. Guide, being a native of the valley, with small appreciation of scenery, and an utter disregard of all rocks which do not afford pasture for his goats, *doesn't know*; but as he fears that a betrayal of his ignorance will damage him in the eyes of his employer, he says, “On l'appelle ici l'Aiguille de so-and-so.” And this may be the name by which it is known in that valley, or simply a
coinage

coinage of his own brain; but, at all events, down it goes in the notebook, with an observation tacked on to it. In the mean time the engincer of the next district sees a sharp-looking snow-peak, and makes a similar inquiry. Guide, being a native of this valley, goes through the same process, and at best gives it the name by which it is known there—a name in all probability totally different from that given in valley number one, and down *that* goes.

The work Mr. Reilly had set himself was to connect Professor Forbes's survey of the Mer de Glace with the Carte Fédérale Suisse, and to fix the intermediate points with some certainty. The map which resulted from these labours is a masterpiece of beautiful drawing, whose accuracy has a double voucher in Mr. Reilly's own verification at the close of his triangulation, and in the agreement found to exist between his determination of various points scattered over the range, and those of the same points kindly furnished by M. Mieulet, Captain of the French Etat-Major. As the work of an unassisted amateur, the map is indeed a marvel; we have only to regret that it was not engraved and published as Mr. Reilly drew it, observing the usual rule for north with reference to the edges of the paper. The saving of space by the sacrifice of the convention is insignificant; and were it greater we should consider it too dearly purchased. The map of the Graians, in the second series of 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers,' labours under the same disadvantage. What is allowable in an eye-sketch ceases to be so in laying down a district, which should be so placed before the eye as to facilitate clear notions of its relations with surrounding parts, which have to be studied in other maps. We trust that Mr. Reilly's more recent work on the south side of Monte Rosa and in the Valpelline may shortly find its way into the hands of the engraver, and that this blemish may not be repeated. The Massif du Mont Blanc, for which M. Mieulet was at work, was published in 1865; the glaciers are laid down in contour lines, and we have understood that by a laborious use of these a model of Mont Blanc has been constructed for the French Exhibition.

The example set in England was followed in the course of a few years on the Continent. The Alpine clubs established there are generally of a more comprehensive character than their English predecessor. They exact no mountain qualification; and, admitting members on the easiest possible conditions, they are joined by greater numbers. Their declared object is, by reports, social gatherings, organisation of guides, erection of cabins, to promote Alpine tastes, to facilitate Alpine travelling, and to disseminate Alpine lore. The Austrian Club was founded in 1862. Its management is vested in a committee of twelve
members,

members, half of whom retire each year, being immediately re-eligible. The committee elects a president and officers from its own body, and appoints persons empowered to represent the club in the several districts of the Austrian Alps. Ladies are members of the club. It has published a volume yearly since its establishment. In that for 1866, among a large store of descriptions and illustrations, are to be found an ascent of the Mangert, the second highest mountain in Carniola, sketches from the Stubayer range, and an ascent of the Gross Venediger Spitz from Gschlöss. But the most interesting contribution is an enthusiastic paper on the Orteler by Dr. Ed. Mojsisovics, in which, after remarking that no mountain so little ascended has such a variety of routes to its summit, he proceeds to describe these, concluding with that of Messrs. Tuckett and Buxton of 1864, and his own of 1865. In this he crossed from the Sulden Thal to Trafoi over the summit of the Orteler, 'a route by which Trafoi had never received guests before.' He records also a variation of this route on the south of the Tabaretta Spitz, effected a fortnight afterwards by Pöll, the guide of Herr Weilenmann. The Swiss and Italian Alpine Clubs were established in 1863: the former has published a yearly volume of proceedings since: and five numbers of the 'Bulletino Trimestrale' of the latter appeared in 1865 and 1866. It may be remembered that it was through the agency of the Italian Club that, on the day of the fatal accident, a party was assailing the south side of the Matterhorn, and effected the second ascent from that side a few days later. It is the practice of the Swiss Club to select each year a certain district, and to make local preparations that it may be more conveniently visited by their members in the coming season. The Silvretta district was the one fixed upon for 1865. A hut was erected there capable of accommodating eighteen or twenty persons, and a smaller shelter was provided in the Medelser-thal for about six. At the same time a corps of guides was organised. The volume for 1866 is specially occupied with excursions in the club district of the preceding year, and contains, besides, the ascent of the Piz Basodino, on the confines of Switzerland and Italy, by Herr Studer; of the Grand Combin, the Monte della Disgrazia, the Breithorn, and Gross Grünhorn: also of the Viescherhorn, by Herr Gerwer of Grindelwald and Dr. Weber of London, in which they found the bottle with the names of Messrs. George and Moore deposited in 1862, and a second left by Mr. Tuckett in the following year, Christian Almer accompanying both the parties as guide. There is also described a winter ascent of the Faulhorn by Herr Gerwer, 27th December, 1865, in which the open space before the main building on the summit was found

found free from snow, the winter being unusually mild. Among other matters we find a geological survey of the Rhætian Alps, remarks on the red snow, and a translation of Rev. L. Stephen's paper on Alpine dangers. And it is to these that our attention must now be directed.

With so much to recommend Alpine excursions, both in the present enjoyment which they afford, and in the store of health which they infuse, it is not possible, in the face of recent sad experience, to ignore the element of danger. Alpine accidents have been increasing at a rate more rapid even than Alpine travellers; they are generally fatal in their results, and they find their victims in our best and most vigorous blood. Looking to the terrible penalties exacted during the last two years on the Alps, it cannot be matter of surprise that wives, mothers, and sisters at home should be disquieted by a nervous apprehension when a husband, son, or brother leaves them to woo the virgin snows. In this anxiety many a mountaineer finds a drawback to his pleasures from which he was formerly free. And it will be a comfortable conclusion both to the traveller and his friends if it can fairly be made out that the risk in Alpine expeditions is not, or need not be, greater than in other pastimes which raise no feelings of anxiety for those engaged in them. 'Who repeats in tones of sorrow the name of friend or relative that has perished among the solitudes of the Higher Alps? The Jungfrau's spotless snows, the crested summit of the Wetterhorn, Monte Rosa's craggy peaks, are all guiltless of the traveller's blood. These and many other lofty pinnacles of Switzerland have welcomed the adventurous mountaineer, and death or severe accident is unknown.' Thus hardly more than ten years ago wrote a true-hearted gentleman, a skilled and dauntless cragsman, whose early fate, and not his only, stands out in the saddest emphasis of contrast to his words. The Matterhorn catastrophe, in which he perished with his lamented companions, is far from standing alone on the black list which has accumulated since those words were penned. At that time six-and-thirty years had softened down the recollection of the fatal accident to Hamel's party on Mont Blanc, and six-and-twenty that of the loss of two Englishmen near the Col du Bonhomme in a tourmente. But only some three years more had passed, when a series of fatal seasons commenced with the loss of Archdeacon Hardwick in descending from the Pic de Sauvegarde, near the Porte de Venasque in the Pyrenees, and of M. Grotte on the Findelen Glacier near Zermatt. These accidents occurred in 1859. In the year following we were again saddened by the fatal accident in descending from the Col du Géant to Courmayeur, in which three young

Englishmen and a guide perished: and before the last notes of that mournful intelligence had quite died away we had to mourn the loss of Mr. Watson in a crevasse on the Winacher Ferner in the Tyrol. The marvellous escape of Mr. Birkbeck jun., on the northern glacier of Miage in 1861, after a slide from the Col to a point a full third of a mile vertically lower, is well known. In the same year a French lady, descending the Gemmi on a mule, was thrown over the edge of the precipice and killed. Mr. Longman, jun. also had a narrow escape in 1862 on the Aletsch Glacier, where he fell into a deep crevasse. The same year Bennen and his friend Professor Tyndall, aided by Sir John Lubbock, rescued a porter from a crevasse in the Aletsch Glacier, in which he had been wedged for more than an hour, entirely covered up by the snow and icicles which he had carried with him in his fall. Then followed a year of respite from *fatal* accident. But on the 28th February, 1864, a traveller, with the famous guide Bennen and a porter, perished on the Haut de Cry near Sion, in an avalanche, three of the party escaping. The same year a porter was lost in a crevasse on Mont Blanc, and Professor Tyndall and two friends, with the guides Jenni and Walther, had a narrow escape from worse than bruises on the Morteratsch Glacier. A still more terrible record belongs to the two following seasons. In the first, the death of Mrs. Arbuthnot by lightning on the Schilthorn was followed by the catastrophe on the Matterhorn, and that almost immediately by the loss of Mr. Knyvett Wilson on the Riffelhorn, while the lapse of another ten days saw a third fatal accident on Monte Rosa by an avalanche, from which, however, all the party escaped except one of the porters. These three fatal occurrences took place within a fortnight, on ground which might be swept by a radius of less than five miles. But still three more deaths were due to that year. In the following month Herr Hüpner, of Dresden, perished with his guide on the Titlis; and a student of Erlangen found a grave in a crevasse, descending the Gross Venediger Spitz. Last year was hardly less fatal. Besides the two accidents on Mont Blanc, which resulted in the loss of five lives, three ladies, with the carriage and horse which conveyed them, were precipitated into the Tamina between Ragatz and Pfeffers, and there was at least one other loss of life on the borders of the Lake of Lucerne. This is a fearful array of casualties for only eight seasons, nor can it be regarded as absolutely complete. But if we set it down that about twenty-two travellers and eleven guides or porters have perished in Alpine expeditions in the last eight years, we shall not be far from the truth.

Few

Few will think that deliverance from a like succession of disasters in coming seasons is to be looked for in the abandonment, or even in any great diminution, of mountain travelling or of mountain climbing. The charm of enterprise and difficulty, even recreations, meets with too ready and ardent a response in the English character. But other influences, we would fain hope, may be unfelt or unheeded. From the sad experience of the past, lessons of discretion and prudence may be derived, conformity to which, though it cannot secure absolute immunity from accident, may forbid approaches to self-immolation, and place mountain-climbing in respect of danger on a par with other athletic exercises. Accidents of every kind have been purposely included in this statement; those which have occurred in the more ordinary course of travelling in Switzerland, as well as those to be placed to the account of mountaineering proper and its more arduous undertakings. We shall recur presently to these sad occurrences with the hope that, by eliciting the causes which have severally contributed to them, some beacons may be set up as a warning to the future. It must be admitted by its most ardent votaries that mountain-climbing is put upon its trial by the large number of fatal accidents which have recently occurred. We would speak for it a fair hearing, including even those more arduous enterprises which it is the fashion to denounce as foolhardy and utterly unjustifiable. And here there is a prejudication to be resisted. In no respect do men exhibit greater constitutional versatility than in their capacity for looking down from a giddy height. There are some who have a good head from their cradle, there are others who soon acquire it, but there remains a very numerous class to whom a precipice is the chief of horrors. To those who can endure it, the downward gaze from a steep face of rock or ice is a sublime pleasure; but with many, perhaps with most, the bare thought of it makes the blood curdle. Such can never be admitted as impartial judges in the matter. In their eyes the man who ventures among fastnesses of steep rock or ice is possessed by an almost criminal depravity; they can see nothing but aimless folly in climbing a mountain; and they are, as we have said, a very numerous class.

Further, while giving its due weight to the amount of danger in the Alps, it is not to be forgotten how strongly the young and ardent aspirants set towards their towering pinnacles before a just estimate had been formed of the precautions necessary for scaling them with safety. The earlier explorers, a few more years ago, naturally enough fell into a strain of exaggeration calculated to convey an exaggerated idea of the difficulties and dangers to be encountered in such enterprises. We

are far from imputing to these writers any want of truthfulness or fidelity: they wrote as they felt, some simply moved by the stern grandeur of the scenes they beheld and the novelty of the obstacles to be overcome; others also under the incubus of want of training and fitness for the work they essayed. Of the last class the late Mr. Albert Smith was a very notable instance. The much earlier narrative of Mr. Auldjo seems also to have taken its complexion from the same circumstance. Both these descriptions have reference only to Mont Blanc, which is now well known to be an easy mountain to ascend, except in the single respect of height. The icy chasms with their snow bridges, the avalanches, the often bitter cold, the attenuated air, are no fictions; but they are more terrible in the name than in the reality. Pictures from the ice-world, however truly drawn, appear sensational and exaggerated. The earlier editions of Mr. Murray's 'Handbook for Switzerland,' in describing the *cours extraordinaires*, naturally, or rather necessarily, took their tone from the Alpine literature then existing. There was a prevailing belief that the higher ascents were closed except to the very few, by reason of the enormous trouble, exertion, and expense which they entailed. But when men in the vigour and activity of early manhood, well trained withal in athletic exercises, pressed on to scale these fortresses of nature, and found in their own experience what had been described as dangers and difficulties dwindle into comparative insignificance, there came a sharp recoil. It was said, and said truly enough, more especially in the case of Mont Blanc, that it was the interest of the natives to surround these expeditions with a halo of awe and mystery, because by so doing they maintained guide-regulations which were unreasonable, and tariffs which were exorbitant. A strong party of some experience might do without guides at all; and so came the epoch of undue venture. Nor, as will appear presently, is this the only way in which the guide-system, as administered in various parts of the Alps, has contributed to swell the list of accidents.

Many who strongly press the argument from danger against mountain-excursions seem to forget that liability to accident is shared also by other manly exercises, to which they may be attached, or to which they would, at least, be unwilling to show an unfriendly spirit. The question involved is, indeed, one of the amount of risk. If we are to look for two or three fatal occurrences in a season from the prevailing Alpine taste, mountain-climbing cannot too soon become caviar to the general. On the other hand, it is not to be condemned for an occasional accident, nor for fatalities resulting purely and simply from gross ignorance or perverse folly. In various other pursuits and pastimes accidents

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are constantly occurring from these causes, and even from what may be called pure mischance, where no such cause is in operation; but we do not hear of shooting, or hunting, or bathing, or skating, being on this account proscribed. With only occasional hard frosts, and these generally of short continuance, how numerous are the accidents which occur in winter on the ice, while in each summer's bathing the number of those who are drowned is far larger than would on a cursory view be imagined. Indeed accidents in the water are so frequent and common, that even if all are reported in the daily journals and noticed by the reader (which is far from being the case), unless marked by circumstances more than ordinarily startling or touching, they are forgotten almost as soon as read. But an accident in the Alps instantly rings throughout Europe: it is described in vivid colours, and discussed again and again under every aspect through the press, and is finally embalmed in the oft-repeated homily on the aimless folly of climbing mountains. On the day on which the last sad news from Chamonix reached England, the newspapers reported the death by drowning of four boys while bathing, as was supposed, in their depth, and under a watchful eye. Yet no one proposes to limit the strong swimmer to four or five feet of water. Here, as it ought to be, the protest is against undue venture. What that is each adult must judge for himself, and that which is to one a risk hardly appreciable may be highly dangerous for another. Because men form wrong or even rash judgments of their powers, or of the odds against them, as some will ever do, or because they have unguarded moments, no one steps in to say—give up bathing. The recent mournful accident in the Regent's Park, which, from its great fatality, its harrowing details, and from its being witnessed, like some terrible drama, by hundreds of spectators, made so deep and lasting an impression on the mind, has not drawn forth protests against skating, but appeals for measures of prudence and safety, which will give additional facilities to that winter pastime.

The casualties which have been enumerated, though they have occurred chiefly to explorers of the higher peaks and passes, are not confined to this class. The travellers by mule and by carriage have their representatives on the fatal list. We have felt an infinitely stronger sense of danger in a *char-à-banc* on an Alpine bye-road, and in being whirled down the zigzags of the Simplon or the Splügen in the diligence, than in cautiously fighting the way step by step along the most forbidding face of rocks or ice. Be the driving of unsurpassed skill, as it almost always is on the great roads—be the horses, as they invariably are, of the steadiest—still the contrast between the lumbering
diligence

diligence and the apparently frail tackle by which it is attached to the team is no small trial to the nerves, when only that tackle stands between the traveller and destruction. Yet the accidents on the road are very rare. The reason may be found in the absence of that element of danger which arises from the traveller's inexperience, unfitness, or rashness. He makes himself over, as it were bound hand and foot, to those whose single business it is to provide carefully for his safety. It is not that there is really a greater risk of a slip to the skilled cragsman in the most difficult bit of climbing he essays, than of a fatal start, or stumble, or snap, in descending an Alpine pass on wheels. If climbing parties consisted only of experienced travellers and experienced guides, it is not presumptuous to say that accidents would be almost unknown. But experience comes only of gradual practice in a state of inexperience; and the danger lies in the not being content to acquire this, as it is acquired in other pursuits, by advancing from small things to great. Year by year men go forth eager to win their spurs in the Alps: nor are these for the most part such as aspire to nothing else; sad memories crowd upon us in denial of that. They are often the men who would be foremost in the breach or in the storm, prompt and cool in the hour of difficulty or danger, able advocates or statesmen, stanch workers in the abodes of sickness and squalid misery. By those who deprecate or despise mountain climbing two motives are generally supposed to actuate its deluded votaries. They go up 'for a view,' or they go to say 'they have done it.' But to the true mountaineer the whole of his day's work is, to say the least, as full of life and enjoyment to him, as a day with the hounds or with the gun is to the keen sportsman. Exhilarated by the bracing mountain air, he so revels in the pleasure that it would be almost more true to say that his first visit to the Alps has given him a new sense than a new sensation. To the man overtaken and worn down by incessant headwork or anxiety, the renovating influence of Alpine travel is a boon beyond all telling. Here is the experience of the present Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons; that he has health for the discharge of such an office would seem to be the highest tribute to the mountain elixir.

'The use of Alpine expeditions is of similar character with that of a run across a stiff country, of a cruise at sea, of a hard day on the moors, or of many other exercises in which Englishmen indulge unrebuked. It braces the muscles, steadies the nerves, gives readiness to the eye, hand, and foot, and fresh health and vigour to the whole frame. All, however, in a higher degree. Neither the breeze of the Atlantic, nor the clear air of the desert, nor the bracing atmosphere of

of the Scotch hills or English downs, can vie for one instant with the inspiring, lifegiving breath of the glacier. I speak from experience.

'I had been a good deal out of health, and not a little out of spirits, for two years. I had tried hard work, I had tried relaxation from all work. I had tried hygiene, orthodox medicine, and heretical cures. Nothing would do. In the autumn of 1859 I was persuaded to try Switzerland. It did not cure me, but it effected much. Before I left England it was pain and grief to crawl up a Malvern Hill. Before I had been six weeks in Switzerland I made the ascent of Mont Blanc, and enjoyed it thoroughly.'

Without questioning the restorative powers of Alpine travel upon exhausted energies of mind or body, it may still be asked why this benefit should be regarded as inseparable from a venturesome intrusion into Nature's strongholds? The most glorious views, the most invigorating exercise may be found, if not by absolute adherence to the mule-path, at least by safe and easy divergence from it. To many this will suffice. But there are others to whom confinement to the beaten track would prove tame and uninteresting. They crave harder physical exercise, as well as more of mental excitement; and a spice of difficulty and enterprise is an ingredient in their pastime, conducive not less to health than to enjoyment. However this may be, and on whatever ground or pretext such expeditions be undertaken, it will be conceded that the taste for exploring the High Alps is not at present on the decline, or likely to be so. It becomes therefore a matter of some importance that, in the light cast upon the subject by past fatalities, some maxims of prudence should be written down for future guidance.

The causes of accident may be considered as on the one hand residing in the parties themselves or in their guides, and on the other hand as inherent in the mountains. Generally speaking, accidents are produced by concurrence of causes from each set. A rough analysis exhibits in the individual traveller physical weakness, want of *training*, inexperience, undue venture; and in the party want of *drill*, concert, and mutual confidence; improper use or omission of the rope, misconduct or incompetency of guides. By the mountains themselves are furnished weather, avalanches, séracs, stones, hidden crevasses, steep faces of rock or ice. The loss of life on the way to the Col du Bonhomme seems to have been entirely due to want of physical strength in the travellers to resist a spell of bad weather. None of the guides perished, though they must have had more to endure than the travellers in their desperate efforts to avert the calamity by such help as they could render. The accident to Dr. Hamel's party came of undue venture immediately after fresh snow. An
avalanche

avalanche was started in crossing a steep slope. The whole party were carried down; some were engulfed in a deep crevasse, while the rest escaped without injury. Mr. Watson and the Erlangen student found a tomb in a hidden crevasse, from which a competent guide with a rope would have been an absolute security. Mr. Watson's guide was, we believe, visited with severe punishment, which he richly deserved. This man had only a season or two before, by the same folly, almost on the same spot, consigned another traveller to a danger from which he had a marvellous escape, after being lodged for some hours at a depth of 60 feet in an icy abyss. Yet, to save the trouble of roping, the guide had plied the travellers with the hardy falsehood that such precaution was quite superfluous. M. Grotte also perished in a crevasse, though fastened by a rope between two so-called guides, who admitted not having had the rope round their waists. Whether tied round their arms or merely held in the hand, it alike afforded no security. Their allegation that the rope broke, no one believed. An eye-witness described it as of unusual thickness, and there was every reason to think that it had been tampered with in support of a fabricated story. This sad accident was clearly due to the incompetency of the guides. A short time before it occurred no guide system existed at Zermatt. There were in the district some really good guides, who could be thoroughly depended on, but these were not numerous. As Zermatt was becoming more and more a centre of attraction, they must needs emulate Chamonix; and the bergers of the neighbourhood flocked in to enroll themselves on the authorised list. The surprise under such circumstances is, not that life should have been sacrificed, but that fatality should have ended where it did.

The information which we possess concerning the terrible catastrophe on the Matterhorn is derived from a single source, a remarkably able letter of the only traveller who survived it.* While making every allowance for one writing under circumstances so overwhelming, we cannot help regretting the absence of some details which it was natural to expect, and the presence of conjecture which had better have been withheld. Whether the fatal slip was made by the young traveller, or was forced upon the brave and sure-footed guide in his perilous efforts to render assistance, is a matter which it is neither desirable nor possible to determine. It is a question which can in no way affect our estimate of the accident, the cause of which is only too painfully obvious. It was an expedition to be undertaken

* 'Alpine Journal,' vol. ii. p. 148.

by skilled cragsmen alone, and to a party composed entirely of these the risk may be estimated as certainly not greater than that incurred in riding a steeplechase over a stiff country. Yet let not blame rest upon the memories of those who paid so dearly for an error of judgment. A terrible, a fatal, but, knowing all the circumstances, we say deliberately not a culpable mistake, was committed. The veteran mountaineer who perished was himself so skilled and dauntless a climber, and so capable withal of rendering large assistance to another, that he had no appreciation of mountain danger either for himself or his companion; while, on the other hand, he was full of the most generous impulses to help a young hand to a success. No man would have shrunk with a more sensitive horror, on high grounds of duty, from taking a step which his judgment told him was foolhardy. By a physical incapacity for discerning the dangers of a precipice, he was betrayed into venture from which, in the mere pursuit of recreation, his moral nature would have sharply recoiled. His young companion too, so far from being presuming or rash, was possessed with a strong sense of his own youth and inexperience, and was little likely to put himself forward for an arduous undertaking. In touching upon this sad event these statements are due to the memory of the departed.

The fatal accident which occurred on Mont Blanc in October last was owing to a fall of ice on the direct route between the Grand Plateau and the summit. That route lies to the right of the *Rochers Rouges*; and from its having been abandoned since the accident to Dr. Hamel's party in 1820 until recently, in favour of the *détour* by the Corridor, it has acquired the name *Ancien Passage*. In the 'Alpine Journal,' of December, the recent accident is discussed at some length. It is attributed to the inefficiency of the Chamonix guides. Heartily concurring with the writer in his general estimate of guides whose experience is limited to a single mountain, we think him too positive and indiscriminate in his censure of those who accompanied Captain Arkwright, and also too sweeping in his assumption of superiority for the Oberland over the Chamonix guides *in general*. Of the former, two or three stand out in brilliant pre-eminence; but, leaving these out of the question, the Chamonix men will not lose by comparison with their brethren of the Oberland or the Vallais, and they are to be met with accompanying travellers in districts remote from their own not less frequently than the others. Doubtless there are, and always will be, both at Chamonix and elsewhere, guides possessing a local knowledge only, men of mere routine, helpless in the hour of doubt or difficulty; but the traveller is no longer constrained

strained to employ them, or to drag at his heels up Mont Blanc a train of incapable supernumeraries. It is true also that particular caution is required both at Chamonix and Zermatt, because the high tariffs there for the two great mountains, which in a fine season show a well-trodden way, are a great temptation to such men to press their services. Concerning the particular guides in question it is said that 'they must be held to be guilty of ignorance of the first rules of their business, that *crassa ignorantia* which our law reasonably deems to be criminal.' To justify such a verdict as this surely some positive evidence ought to be adduced beyond the occurrence of the accident. Whereas the argument seems to stand barely thus. The accident happened. 'The conditions of safety are perfectly notorious'—therefore the guides were inefficient and culpable. Members of the Alpine Club have occasionally recorded their passage, in company with the best guides of the Oberland or the Vallais, in the track of avalanches or under treacherous séracs, where a deadly fall of snow or ice might have occurred at any moment. Had such a fatality befallen any of these parties, the guides would have had no reason to apprehend a verdict of *crassa ignorantia*. Good men will sometimes fail in judgment, they will have their weak moments; nay, they will be placed independently of themselves in circumstances, if we may so speak, beguiling them into danger. How was it with poor Bennen on the Haut de Cry? If we were to judge only by results, in the absence of all other inculpatory evidence, the best guide of the Vallais would be open to the charge so trenchantly brought against the Chamonix men, of ignorance of the first rules of his business. This charge is, indeed, nothing more than an assumption that a really good guide can tell to a certainty when a place, down which snow and ice are falling from time to time, will be safe to pass. Reposing the highest confidence in the sagacity of a first-rate guide, we still believe that there are places with respect to which no such certainty is attainable, and that the Ancien Passage of Mont Blanc is one of them. Of the two assertions made concerning it, 'that it is not uniformly or generally dangerous,' and 'that it is sometimes, though by no means always, quite as safe as the Corridor,' we must certainly demur to the second. It is *never* quite as safe as the Corridor route. Under favourable circumstances the risk is no doubt very small, so small that the epithet dangerous is out of place; but still falls of débris are known to occur there without anything in the previous weather to account for them, and in defiance of the 'perfectly notorious conditions of safety!' The saving of time by adopting the Ancien Passage we believe to be generally

generally over estimated. Even with the distance added by the Corridor route, the pitch between the Grand Plateau and the summit is sufficiently steep for good progress. In any case the Ancien Passage ought to be undertaken only by experienced travellers, with expert guides, after careful reconnaissance. For variety the route by the Bosse, in calm weather, is infinitely to be preferred.

The accident which occurred in August last near the summit of Mont Blanc to a party which had ascended without guides was the subject of much comment at the time. It was naturally regarded by many as the legitimate consequence of attempting the ascent without proper assistance, while others maintained that the vigour, training, and experience of the party warranted such a venture. In the absence of information, which nothing short of intimate personal knowledge of those concerned could furnish, we are glad to be spared the consideration of this case, believing that the interests of future travellers will be better served by a discussion of the general question of occasionally dispensing with guides in high glacier work. Some remarks on this topic have become the more necessary because a well-known Swiss mountaineer, moved perhaps by some extravagant and merciless censure pronounced upon the party, adopted a tone in their defence calculated seriously to add to the already lamentable frequency of Alpine accidents. 'Coming to the question of not having taken any guides,' he says, 'the charge is puerile. Nearly all the guides have made their glacier studies without being led by others; and they have sought out the road for themselves, whether by striking out ways for themselves, or by adopting the experience of others.' Whatever the writer may intend to convey by these words, of their probable effect upon the young and inexperienced no doubt can be entertained. They really seem to plead for winning experience in the jaws of danger. We would urge, on the contrary, that a strong frame and good head, coupled with indomitable pluck and powers of endurance, do not *alone* qualify a man to undertake high ascents without a guide. Still less does mere activity, in which many a young Englishman would outdo the best of Swiss guides. A certain apprenticeship is necessary for mountaineering, as for other crafts, if men are to trust entirely to their own resources. This the best guides (and the question is of no other) have passed through; they have been accumulating experience from their youth up; and it tells especially in two respects, in which the amateur will seldom, if ever, acquire the same perfection. The guide stands prominent in his *judgment* on the state of the snow, or the risk from séracs, or the track of stones, and in his resources in fog and bad weather: nor

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is his superiority less striking in the *skill* with which he adjusts his whole frame to difficulties on steep faces of rock or ice. Many a traveller, who may venture to traverse steep ice-slopes where large steps are cut for him, runs serious risk of a slip if he attempts to cut the steps himself; not that we are disposed to leave such work altogether to the guides, or deny to the traveller who finds pleasure in step-cutting this use of the axe: only let his training-ground be chosen where a slip is not destruction. We conclude then that the additional spice of enterprise infused into an expedition by going without guides is a great temptation, which ought in the case of high ascents, except under very special circumstances, to be resisted. When the venture is made, the following would seem to be essential conditions of prudence. One at least of the party (which should not be too numerous) must bring to the enterprise a judgment matured by varied experience extending over many Alpine seasons; two at least ought to be thoroughly expert cragsmen, well used to difficult step-cutting; all should be men of tried steadiness, coolness, and endurance; and above all, the party must not be imperilled by the admission of that fatal element of weakness, an untried member. It is no valid objection to these conditions to urge that disaster is escaped and success achieved without them, nor is it by any means sufficient to justify an expedition, that the chances of an accident may not be very great, for they ought, where the consequences are so deadly, to be the very smallest.

The case here discussed, that of dispensing with guides, is exceptional; the general practice is to take them, and nearly all the accidents enumerated have occurred to parties so provided. It remains to enforce the safeguards and precautions suggested by this sad experience, for we believe there is hardly a single instance on record of fatality occurring where these have been respected and observed. No man, however vigorous and active, ought to venture on steep rocks or ice, where the occurrence of a slip would be fatal to himself or his party, until he has well learned how to plant his feet, use his hands, and poise his body, in difficult places where no such danger exists. On a level or moderately inclined *névé*, a sound rope is, humanly speaking, an absolute security from the danger of concealed crevasses. But this, the most unquestionable use of the rope, is just the one most often neglected, or at least unduly postponed until perhaps a hair's-breadth escape of one of the party has given a peremptory warning. The truth is, that tying is some little trouble and inconvenience, and that it is pleasanter going at large, and so the rope is sometimes neglected. But it should be remembered, on the other hand, that among crevasses roping is a saving
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of time, diminishing the necessary frequency of sounding with the pole, and allowing a less stealthy advance. It must be observed that the rope by no means gives the security claimed for it, unless good drill is rigorously observed throughout the party. All slackening of the rope must be carefully eschewed: it must in every case be attached at the waist, not to the arm, still less may it be merely held in the hand. The latter practice was frequent among guides some time ago, but has, we hope, now altogether disappeared. There can be little doubt that the fatal issue of the accident below the Col du Géant (though other elements of weakness were at work) was due to the guides being improperly attached. With respect to the use of the rope on steep and hard slopes, where there are no concealed crevasses, it is as easy to lay down a principle as it is difficult to apply it. The rope should never be used where the chance of the party being pulled down in case of a slip is greater than that of their being able to hold the slipping member. But to estimate when this may be the case is a task of the utmost delicacy and responsibility, requiring the exercise of a matured and sound judgment. A call to discard the rope as fraught with more danger than security is one which ought very rarely to occur, because a party ought rarely to find themselves in circumstances where a slip could not by care and vigilance be arrested. Where, however, such extreme circumstances do occur, social and generous feeling is almost certain to prompt the risking of the party rather than that of the individual. They set out to share a common enterprise, and they will share a common danger, even where a cool calculation of chances would dictate the opposite course. A frequent argument for roping in these extreme cases is that it gives confidence, but far better is it for those who need such reinforcement never to undertake expeditions which may lead to such critical situations. Where they do occur, if the party adopt the rope, no pains must be spared, no rate of progress must seem too slow, which may materially diminish the risk.

The first and last consideration should be to lessen the possibility of disaster. Now there is a method of accomplishing this, which, on account of the trouble it gives and the time it occupies, is unwillingly resorted to, especially by English mountaineers. If on the glacier, where the rope may even save time, the temptation to neglect it is too often unresisted, on the steep, where its employment with real effect involves much delay, strict precaution is still less palatable. The *modus operandi* is as follows:—A party descending a steep tie themselves at intervals regulated by the nature of the holding. These will generally be longer than what is usual on the glacier, and may extend to as much as thirty feet.

feet. We suppose the travellers collected at a point where there is good anchorage. One of them commences the descent, the rope being paid out from above and kept tight so as to give him security until he finds a good resting-place where he may be joined by his comrades in succession, each of whom receives similar support except the last, who should be the most expert cragsman of the party. During his descent the rest will plant themselves as firmly as possible, and gather in his rope as he approaches them, preparing themselves always for the event of a slip, however improbable that may be. The same process is repeated as long as the nature of the descent seems to require it. The security which this process affords in descending a steep *obliquely* is less than when the descent is directly down its face, and it is desirable that the lengths of rope between the successive members of the party should be shorter. The most favourable number to be linked for proceeding as above is three: not only is the progress, which can never be other than slow, much retarded by every additional traveller in the rope, but the difficulty of finding suitable stations for anchoring is also increased. It is therefore much better, if the party is large, to divide it, and employ separate ropes. Additional security may often be attained by driving the axe or bâton firmly into the steep and hitching the rope round it near its lower extremity. In this case each man as he descends takes hold of the rope, which is some encumbrance to the hand in climbing, but this is more than compensated by the firmness secured for the point of support. In the event of any weight coming upon the rope a large proportion of it is sustained at the fulcrum of the lever, while little stress falls upon the traveller who applies his power at the longer arm. The above remarks are limited to the case of descending, that being the part of an expedition in which experience shows that a slip most frequently occurs. And this fact may be quite compatible with the opinion held by some that the descent of a steep slope is not more difficult than the ascent. For the descent of an awkward place generally falls towards the end of the day's work, when, though no actual fatigue may be felt by any of the party, the sinews cannot be so well braced up as earlier in the day to contend with difficulty. The method described will serve equally well for the ascent, only in this case the strongest of the party must lead the way instead of following the others. Having secured a position above, and found a fulcrum for his axe, he will hitch the rope round it as before, for the support of those who are to join him from below.

When all has been said and done, an accident which no human care or foresight could prevent is of course possible on the mountains,

tains, as elsewhere. But such an event will be of very rare occurrence: and its record in the experience of the past is not easy to find. In proportion as the considerations for which we have endeavoured to obtain a hearing are recognised and acted upon, expeditions in the higher Alps are likely to lose that name of ill-omen which attaches to them. An absolute immunity from accidents it would be vain to expect. There always will be men whose temperament leads them to chafe at precautions, and who will neglect them when they entail trouble or retard progress. And from time to time, as the warning note of past fatality dies away in remoter distance, it is only too probable that expeditions not necessarily dangerous may be undertaken to their great danger by parties whose powers and previous training justify no such venture. Nor indeed is it only in inexperience that danger is to be found. The very opposite extreme of expertness and familiarity, which ought to be a protection, sometimes becomes a snare. Unless zealously watched, it is apt to breed an easy carelessness. This is a truth which applies alike to every pursuit on the skirts of which there is room for risk to lurk. The careless slip by which Dürler, an active mountaineer and one of the earliest climbers of the Tödi, lost his life on the Uetliberg near Zurich, has its counterpart in the lamented death of Captain Speke by his own gun near Bristol.

The foregoing remarks, though of universal application, may have their peculiar significance for our countrymen. A hundred years ago, when Yorick, finding himself in Paris without a passport, made light to his landlord of the threatened terrors of the Bastille '... said my host, "*Ces Messieurs Anglais sont des gens très extraordinaires.*"' We have not yet lost that character with our continental neighbours, probably because it is in some measure deserved. In our capacity of mountaineers we elicit from M. Rambert the following epigram:—'*J'ajouterai que beaucoup d'Anglais me paraissent jouer gros jeu dans leurs courses Alpestres. Cette race est audacieuse autant que calculatrice; et dans ses fantaisies elle méprise la prudence, presque à l'égal du danger.*' Professor Tyndall speaks somewhat to the same effect. 'Surely those who talk of this country being in its old age overlook the physical vigour of its sons and daughters: they are strong, but from a combination of the greatest forces we may obtain a small resultant, because the forces may act in opposite directions and partly neutralise each other. Herein in fact lies Britain's weakness; it is strength ill directed, and is indicative rather of the perversity of young blood than of the precision of mature years.' M. Rambert concludes his strictures on the Alpine imprudence of the English by expressing a wish 'that the
Swiss

Swiss Alpine Club may become the centre of another school of climbers, which, without attempting less, shall risk much less, and with whom mountaineering will never degenerate into a simple question of temerity and defiance.' So far as the imputation here cast upon our countrymen may be just, we will fain hope that their wild oats of Alpine enterprise may have been already sown, and that whatever of truth there is in the contrast may be found in the past alone, not in the present or in the future. Great differences of national character there will always be, but the material which produces able generals, in whose case no bravery would compensate for wanton exposure of troops, no vigour of enterprise for constant waste of resources, need not be despaired of for corresponding results in the smaller matter of mountain recreation. No one, we are persuaded, will be more gratified than M. Rambert, that his comparison should melt away before a golden age of prudence. Few, we trust, will desire to see this inaugurated by sealing the more arduous Alpine expeditions against the traveller. Let mountain climbing by all means hold its own among the manly and vigorous recreations to which the English character owes so much, on this condition, that no less than heretofore shall be attempted, but much less risked.

ART. VI.—*The History of the Norman Conquest of England, its Causes and its Results.* By Edward A. Freeman, M.A.
Vol. I. Oxford, 1867.

JUST eight centuries ago was fought on English soil the most memorable battle of English history. Great forces were engaged on either side. On the one hand was the English people animated by much the same feelings, and possessed of much the same merits and defects as are their descendants of the present day; on the other were drawn up the Norman invaders, a race which for great qualities knew no superior, and hardly an equal, amongst the nations of the middle ages: on the one side the passionate love of independence and national life, on the other the lust of conquest and the religious sanctions of that spiritual power which was about to overshadow every other dominion in Europe: on both, the ablest captains that either of the contending nations could produce. But the strength put forth by the two parties was not equal. The Norman Duke could do no more. He had adopted every precaution that the wisest policy and the coolest good sense could dictate; he had selected for the enterprise the flower of his army; he had exhausted all the resources which his own means, or the liberality of his barons, or the favour

favour of the Papal court could supply. England, on the contrary, staked everything upon an army unequal in numbers, worn out by previous fighting and long marches, and composed of hirelings and hasty levies. She staked then, as it is conceivable that she might stake again, her constitution, her monarchy, her national independence upon the merest fraction of her real strength, and the chances of a single battle. For some hours, indeed, the issue of that battle hung doubtful, but before evening it had inclined, as was natural, to the side of policy and prudence, and the cause of England was irretrievably lost. She had but one general, and he was slain; the legitimate heir to the Crown was, from extreme youth, if not from character, unequal to the emergency; her natural leaders were unready and divided; her traders thought only of their selfish interests. In October, the English army was defeated in Sussex: at Christmas the Conqueror was crowned King of England in Westminster Abbey.

It is a story that has been written more than once, but the interest of it is undying, and it will long be read and re-read by successive generations of Englishmen. To no man on this subject is a deeper debt of gratitude due than to Sir F. Palgrave; and—marred, as it is, by frequent faults and shortcomings, and rendered, alas, still more imperfect through his untimely loss,—his great work on England and Normandy will probably grow with age in reputation and value. But there remain broad spaces to be filled in, many scattered threads to be gathered into the unity of a complete and consecutive history, much careful criticism to be applied to conflicting narratives and doubtful facts. This Mr. Freeman has undertaken in the volume now before us, which, though it contains 650 pages, treats of events and political conditions preliminary to the Conquest, and brings us down only to the death of Edward the Confessor. And it has been undertaken with a fulness of research, a critical exactitude, and, in spite of obvious prepossessions on particular subjects, with a fairness and honesty of purpose which will deservedly give it a worthy place amongst English histories. We are, however, bound to add that whilst we are ready to accept many of Mr. Freeman's conclusions, and to give unqualified praise to the patient and exhaustive method by which he has reached them, we shall not follow him into the archaic and, to modern eyes, the somewhat grotesque spelling to which he has abandoned himself. Early French history is not so familiar to the great mass of readers that it need be still further darkened by the substitution of Merlings and Karlings for Merovingians and Carlovingians: it is doubtful whether substantial advantage

is gained by the conversion of Canute into Cnut, even though the latter name be technically correct; and if it were not that Mr. Freeman's real learning places him above the charge, we should say that there is an affectation in replacing names so familiar and rooted in the English language as Egbert, Edward, and the great name of Alfred, by the unnatural and distorted equivalents of Ecgherht, Eadward, and Ælfred.

But apart from all minor considerations, we follow Mr. Freeman with unqualified pleasure through the main course of the present volume. We are disposed to agree in most of his conclusions, and in none more than in his conception of the relations which the great event, that he has undertaken to describe, bears to the times preceding it and following upon it. Equally in the first as in the last page, he assigns to the Norman Conquest its true position, protests against the common belief that it is the beginning of English history, and insists upon the fact that it was but one scene in the great and continuous drama of English life and nationality. Not merely that the rudiments of our present political and social organisation may be discovered by the curious antiquarian in the dooms and charters of Anglo-Saxon kings; but that the very framework of that organisation, complete in its essential parts, though rude, can be distinctly traced in the chronicles, the laws, the institutions, and the temper of our forefathers nine hundred years ago.

'No event,' Mr. Freeman says, 'is less fitted to be taken, as it too often has been taken, for the beginning of our national history. For its whole importance is not the importance which belongs to a beginning, but the importance which belongs to a turning-point. The Norman Conquest brought with it a most extensive foreign infusion, which affected our blood, our language, our laws, our arts; still, it was only an infusion; the older and stronger elements still survived, and in the long run they again made good their supremacy. So far from being the beginning of our national history, the Norman Conquest was the temporary overthrow of our national being (p. 1-2). . . . It did not at once sweep away the old laws and liberties of the land; but it at once changed the manner and spirit of their administration, and it opened the way for endless later changes in the laws themselves (p. 4). . . . But the constitution remained the same; the laws, with a few changes in detail, remained the same; the language of public documents remained the same. The powers which were vested in King William and his Witan remained constitutionally the same as those which had been vested in King Eadgar and his Witan a hundred years before. . . . I cannot too often repeat, for the saying is the very summing up of the whole history, that the Norman Conquest was not the wiping out of the constitution, the laws, the language, the national life of Englishmen.'—p. 72.

Probably

Probably, indeed, no country or people can show an equally continuous and connected existence. From the sixth century, at least, to the present day three distinct languages and races—English, Welsh, and Gaelic—have occupied this island: and from the tenth century downwards the main divisions of the country and the local names of the great bulk of its towns and villages have descended to us with little alteration, whilst the general temper and character of the people have remained substantially unaltered. The monarchy limited by constitutional restrictions, the great powers exercised by Witan and Parliament, the open and unexclusive character of the aristocracy, are alike common to the tenth and nineteenth centuries. The jury system and the territorial division of hundreds belong to a still earlier period; but we may count the formal organisation of a State Church, and perhaps the establishment of our laws of entail, as legacies of the great Alfred: we may trace the connection of rank and territorial rights in the histories of Anglo-Saxon Earls and Ealdormen; we may note, then as at a later period, the mingled elements of monarchical and democratic force which come out in the succession and the power of our early kings; we may refer the mild character of English legislation back to the times when the bishop sat as presiding judge of the Shire court; we may even identify the shipmoney of Charles I. with the statute of the thirtieth year of King Ethelred, and with the legal assessments made by him and his Witan on the inland counties. And thus the stately and unbroken procession of our history unfolds itself—the Crown, the nobility, the Parliament, the legislation, ever the same in their attributes and functions, referable to no one single event or date, but losing themselves in the primeval forests of Germany, or, as Mr. Freeman does not scruple to say, in the very origin of the Aryan race. It is in this slow and sure development that the secret of our national strength, our steadiness of purpose, our cautious love of precedent, our temperate avoidance of political extremes, is to be found.

As we write, indeed, changes are in progress which threaten to make these great characteristics things of the past. The political ground on which so many generations of Englishmen have walked in faith and security is crumbling under our feet, and new institutions, as strange as they are sudden, are starting into existence. What the issue will be no man can say; but this at least is certain, that if the results of so great a shock are less disastrous to us than they would be to any other nation, it will be due to those many centuries of consecutive and consistent dis-

cipline that have contributed insensibly to the formation of our national character.

That England has always been the same might be shown by more than one illustration; and it would be easy even to enlarge the picture which Mr. Freeman has drawn. Not only may her historical continuity be traced onward from the sixth century, but it may be recognised even at an earlier date and under an older race. Thus in the analogies to be discovered between the successive civilisation of the British, Roman, and Saxon races, the England of the earliest and the latest times remains, in a sense beyond that of other countries, one and the same. Much, of course, was due to the natural fertility of the soil, the advantages of the climate, and the happy effects of that climate upon the character of the population. At a very early period, indeed, there was a popular and common superstition, founded upon such reports as those of Himilco, the Carthaginian explorer, that beyond the Pillars of Hercules darkness and perpetual night brooded over the ocean, and that in a sea heavy with weed and swarming with strange monsters nature herself sickened and almost died. Nor is it, in passing, uninteresting to observe how centuries afterwards, more than one hundred years after the fall of the Western Empire, when Britain had for a time dropped out of the sight of Europe, by some strange freak of Fortune, these weird fables were adopted and recast even in a still more fantastic form by the Byzantine historian. But it was substantially Cæsar's invasion that opened up the 'alter orbis' of Britain, as theological and lay writers alike designated her, to the then civilised world; and from Cæsar's time the general tenor of allusions to the climate and the physical resources of the island is favourable. Even Cæsar, according to the popular belief of the time, was said to have been attracted by the promise of the pearl fisheries. Cæsar indeed, found no jewels to reward him for the dangers of his expedition, though on his return to Rome he dedicated a pearl breastplate to Venus Genitrix, the tutelar deity whom his policy and his family traditions had chosen; but he found broad tracts of corn in the rich soil of Kent, and he found in the Southern counties the evidence of a civilisation, which, though slender when measured by a modern standard, was not inferior to that of many parts of the continent to which Roman ideas had obtained access. He says that the Britons used no money; but there are numerous coins extant which were struck in Britain nearly a century before his invasion. Rude as they are, they show some technical skill. They were mostly copied from Greek types, which, with Byzantine and Eastern coins, found their way at a
very

very early period across Russia to the shores of the Baltic, or were carried into Gaul and thence into Britain. Thus the descent of a British coin from a gold stater of Philip of Macedon cannot be mistaken. The Greek chariot and horses gradually degenerate through successive imitations and imitations of imitations into grotesque lines and figures—at first seeming to assume the form of some Northern centaur or griffin, and at length wholly losing the original idea in a tangle of meaningless arabesques. Yet such as they are, when we look either to the device or the workmanship, the inference is irresistible, that the inhabitants of the Southern counties at least had already acquired a certain and a distinct degree of civilisation.

Again, though mere coincidences must not be taken for a systematic continuity of national history, it is curious to observe the singular reproduction of some of its leading features at each successive stage. Thus with each of the great conquests in turn—Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman—an infusion of fresh blood, and, allowing for the circumstances of the time, a singular amalgamation of race, have taken place. Under the rule of Rome, her auxiliary troops came from all parts of the world to Britain. The Sarmatian and Gaul, the Spaniard and Dalmatian, even the strange African and Egyptian, seem to have settled down in the country of their adoption and to have become incorporated with the people whom they had been sent to control and protect. To this day the fragments of inscription and altar give evidence of the strange medley of race and religion which was then accomplished. But when Roman supremacy was at an end, another similar renewal of our national life took place. It may be that the famous '*littus Saxonicum*,' which has been the battle-field of so much historical controversy, bears witness to a still earlier and more gradual mingling of races that had occurred; but anyhow, during the fifth and sixth centuries, England received her largest and most important accession of foreign blood in the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes, between whom she was partitioned. This was a conquest in the full and the old sense of the word. The conquerors overspread the country, appropriated all property, changed the customs, and mingling more or less, as the case may be, with the native race, became henceforward the nation. It was the migration of a people; and the only question is, how far the national existence of the original population was or was not crushed out and obliterated by the invaders. But when the conquest was completed and the Saxon settlers established throughout the length of the land, once more the same process was repeated, though on a somewhat narrower scale—it can scarcely be said under circumstances of much less cruelty and bloodshed. The earlier Danish
invasions

invasions were, as Mr. Freeman has pointed out, with the simple object of plunder; and that object was gained by the alternate use or threat of fire and sword. 'They land, they harry the country, they fight, if need be, to secure their booty; but whether defeated or victorious they equally return to their ships and sail away with what they have gathered' (p. 45). But about the middle of the ninth century there came a period in which settlement rather than plunder was their object. Their earliest and their principal settlements were to be found, as might be expected, in East Anglia, and round the shores of the Wash in consequence of its neighbourhood to the Jutland coast; but before long they forced their way inland—wherever they could, up the rivers in their favourite galleys; where they could not, on horses taken from the population—and, spreading themselves over the rich districts of Mercia, they gradually appropriated the larger part of the country which lay north of the Watling Street, and which was ceded by Alfred at the peace of Wedmore. It was here that the great Danish quinquilateral was situated—the five famous boroughs of Stamford, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, and Lincoln, consolidated by separate judicial and municipal institutions into a confederacy powerful for war, for commerce, and for colonisation, and forming the very key and centre of Danish influence in England. There was, indeed, subsequently a third period, when the desire of settlement gave way to the ambition and policy of conquest; but the real colonisation that has affected, and will to all time affect, the character of our population, took place during the latter part of the ninth century. Yet even now, when Saxon and Dane had successively conquered and taken possession—whilst the consolidation was still incomplete—a fresh element of singular force was thrown into the crucible in which our national character was gradually taking form. Comparatively scanty in numbers, but powerful in superior cultivation and in their fiery vigour, the Normans burst upon the country and at once engrossed its entire government, with all the influences and effects which such a supremacy involves. But not even then was our history weary of repeating itself, or was the combination of differing elements complete. The wisdom of Edward III., the policy of Elizabeth, the tolerance of William of Orange, in turn welcomed the industrious artisans or the religious exiles whom foreign persecution had made outcasts from their own land. Thus national circumstances, temper and policy, have at all times concurred in opening wide the door to foreign elements, and have contributed to the formation of a people which, though like the Roman, sprung from a '*colluvies gentium*,' has played no mean part in the world's history.

But

But if our history has repeated itself in these successive additions to the population and their contributions to the sum total of English life and nationality, there is also a resemblance to be traced in the manner in which each new race took its place by the side of the one which it had dispossessed. Mr. Freeman,* indeed, believes in an extirpation of the British population so far as such a phenomenon is possible, and he founds his belief upon the Teutonic nomenclature of English towns, and—adopting the argument which Niebuhr originally applied to the old Italian races—upon the domestic and menial character of those Celtic words which form a part of the language. But of these two reasons the latter only indicates that which we know to be the historical fact—the subjugation of the native race. Subjugation does not necessarily involve extermination. Slaves were obviously of the greatest use, if they were not absolutely necessary, to the Saxon freemen who conquered and divided the country: and it is but natural to suppose that slaves would leave the impress of slavish ideas upon the national language. Nor did it always happen that the conquered people were reduced to the condition of slaves. The relations of the two parties were frequently of a more friendly and equal character. Exeter, for instance, in the reign of Athelstan, as has been remarked by an antiquarian,† was inhabited by Saxons and British who lived on equal terms (*æquo jure*), which they could only have done by virtue of an original composition with the Saxon conquerors. So too, although it is true that the greater part of our towns are Teutonic in name, the map of modern England bears ample witness to her pre-Teutonic masters. The ancient traveller of the second and third centuries, who landed on the south-east coast, traversed in his journey westward many towns identical in name with those now existing. Dubræ, Rutupiæ, Regulbium correspond with Dover, Richborough, Reculver on the coast, as Londinium, Spina, Glevum are the faithful equivalents of London, Speen, and Gloucester. And if the nomenclature of towns and villages is Saxon (in the northern and north-eastern parts of England it is at least as much Danish as Saxon) the aspect of the peasantry in many districts shows an underlying element of British origin. Of that native race, some fled to the Welsh mountains, some to the western peninsula of Devon and Cornwall, but ‘the mass of the people,’ as Mr. Kemble says,‡ ‘accustomed to Roman rule or the oppression of native princes, probably suffered little by a change of masters and did little to avoid it.’ Each successive

* P. 18.

† Mr. Wright, ‘Celt, Roman and Saxon,’ p. 446.

‡ ‘Saxons in England,’ i. p. 20.

conquest, Roman, Saxon, Danish, forced back towards the south-west, in much the same geographical direction, that part of the conquered race which refused all terms with its conquerors, and with each conquest the more pliable part of the conquered race was amalgamated with their conquerors. As, at a later period, Normans settled down by the side of English, and Danes by the side of Saxons, so the Saxons incorporated the British inhabitants of the island—those of the towns as tributaries, those of the country as slaves. It is a remarkable fact that, whilst the majority of the large Romano-British towns, which stood within purely British territory—Ariconium, Magna, Bravinium, Uriconium—were swept away (the Roman coins, which have been found in the blackened ruins bearing distinct testimony, by their regular succession and their abrupt termination, to the time at which the work of destruction was consummated), the greater number of those that stood east of the Severn survived the deluge of Saxon invasion.

We are naturally led on from such questions as these to the 'Imperial and Roman' theories of which Sir F. Palgrave was so eminent an advocate, and from which Mr. Freeman expresses a stronger dissent than in our opinion can be justified by the facts of the case or by its general probabilities. In the speculation indeed, which is one of the most interesting—whence, how, with what object, to what extent, the Kings of England adopted the imperial titles and insignia of Rome—Mr. Freeman has taken a middle view. That such titles were assumed, that the King of England was styled in contemporary documents and annals *Basileus*, *Cæsar*, *Imperator*; that his coinage bore the world-wide device of the Latin wolf; that his laws and charters were written in the imperial language of Rome; that he adopted its forms and ceremonials, and that he had a certain ground historically and actually, as the ruler of that which Emperor and Pope allowed to be 'alter orbis,' upon which he could claim equality with the German or Byzantine, or Italian representative of the empire, are indisputable facts. On the other hand that the pretension came prominently forward for the first time with Athelstan, and that, where policy sanctioned and actual circumstances warranted the assumption of a more imposing state, it was natural and likely that such state would be assumed without too nice an enquiry to its right and moral fitness, are equally true. Mr. Freeman

states three hypotheses: *

1. That such titles were adopted out of mere vanity.

2. That they implied a real claim to the imperial succession.

* P. 145.

3. That they were borrowed from a feeling that the English monarchy was essentially an imperial one, and in protest and repudiation of the alleged supremacy of the German Empire.

The first of these views has never found, we believe, any real defender; the second fairly represents Sir F. Palgrave's opinion; the last, which has also been suggested by Mr. Bryce in his very interesting volume on the 'Holy Roman Empire,' is adopted by Mr. Freeman.

It would carry us beyond our present limits were we to enquire, with the care which the question deserves, into the merits of the two last theories. If Sir F. Palgrave's view, enhanced as it is by the personal incidents and the fresh colouring of his narrative, possesses the greatest fascination, Mr. Freeman's may claim for itself a sobriety and moderation of argument which will prepossess the general student in its favour. It is not improbable that he has assigned the known facts to the true cause. At the same time he has allowed a very obvious repugnance to the Roman theory to carry him too far, when he says that 'the English wiped out everything Celtic and everything Roman as thoroughly as everything Roman was wiped out of Africa by the Saracen conquerors of Carthage' (p. 20). It is hard to believe that the occupation of Britain was merely superficial, and that 'the arts, language, and religion' of Rome utterly perished at the approach of the Saxon invaders. The Roman occupation of Britain was not, like that of the French in Algeria, one of a day. It had endured more than four times the length of our tenure of India, and it had been gradually extended from the south through the midland parts of the country into the '*Caledoniæ pruinæ*' of the north. How extensive it was may be conjectured from the traces of cultivation that can yet be distinguished upon the Northumberland hills, and from the construction of a second wall to give security to the Roman settlers who, with the hardihood of English colonists, had ventured beyond the protection of the first.

What may have been the precise character of Roman rule; whether the feeling of nationality in its modern sense had any existence in the native population; are questions which do not admit of a simple answer. If, on the one hand, the violence of Boadicea's insurrection, provoked though it was by the insolence and injustice of a provincial official, suggests an unfavourable inference, on the other, we know that at the very time of that outbreak a town like Colchester was unwall'd, and that a little later the presence of four legions was considered a sufficient guarantee for the maintenance of order in Britain. It is probable that historians generally have laid too little stress upon the influence which that long occupation by Rome exercised upon the life

life and character of the races which succeeded to it. England, and especially those southern districts which in Saxon times constituted the kingdom of Wessex, and which subsequently, till the rise of our great manufacturing towns, have been the centre and almost the impelling cause of national energy, must have been penetrated with Roman civilisation. In the villas, the baths, the amphitheatres, the tessellated pavements, the articles of personal comfort and luxury, which are so freely scattered through the country, it is impossible to mistake the existence of a wealthy class, who engrafted upon the occupations of provincial life the ideas and politics of Roman citizens. Independent in temper as the Province on more than one occasion showed herself to be, the connection maintained with Italy must have been close; and the significant fact has been noted, that on the deposition of Heliogabalus in Rome an inscription in his honour in Britain was immediately effaced—a curious instance of that uniformity, which, whilst it impressed the civilised world, failed to create a nation, and which, like mosaic work, though it reduced the whole to one single pattern and type, left each single piece separate and distinct.

When even Roman ascendancy was utterly broken, and England had become in her main features Teutonic, it seems incredible to suppose that the influences of a dominion, which had lasted for as long a time as that which has intervened between the Wars of the Roses and the Crimean war, could have been 'wiped out,' without leaving some substantial traces upon the institutions and mind of the people. The heathen conquerors destroyed the statues and the works of art just as an ignorant Arab mutilates an Assyrian sculpture or impression: they laid waste graceful villas, and converted municipal buildings to their own rude purposes, with as little scruple as the Italian of the middle ages turned the Coliseum into a quarry; but, for generations after the sceptre of Roman authority had been broken, the external symbols of Roman power must have been continually present to the public eye. The great camps and military stations, placed on the most commanding sites, the massive walls, which even the waste of time and weather and the accidents of fourteen hundred years have failed to destroy, must have long preserved the recollection of the rule under which Britain had lived and prospered. Some, indeed, of those military stations, which had been protected only by earthworks, might under the plough or from the silent growth of wood disappear, or when grassed over might in the course of a few generations be attributed in popular imagination to the work of elf or giant; but whenever more durable materials were employed, and the form and use of the

the

the original building remained, it is but natural to suppose that some recollection of the builders would exist. Incapable as our forefathers were of constructing the bridges and light-houses which Bede has recorded, they could not be insensible to them and to the other indestructible vestiges of ancient administrative organisation: incapable as they were, even after six hundred years of supremacy, of any but a rough and ponderous and unornamented architecture, they must have recognised in the gilded domes of Caerleon, which, as we know from Giraldus Cambrensis, were still to be seen in the time of Henry II., a higher type of artistic splendour than any within their powers of imitation. As conquered Greece had led Rome captive, so Rome in turn threw a spell over her conquerors. Goth, Vandal, Lombard, even whilst they forced their way into the treasure-house of ancient civilisation, found themselves unconsciously bending to the charm of that great name: nor is it easy to see why Saxons or Danes in England should have been less susceptible or more unyielding than their northern fellows elsewhere.

But of all the great works which visibly recalled the advantages of that unrivalled administration, the most conspicuous were the military roads, which by the end of the fourth century connected the different parts of Britain. What the lines of railway are to modern England, what the system of canals is to China—the military highways, supplemented by a network of commercial roads, were to the Roman Empire. It was by them that the external defence and the internal unity of that vast system were maintained. Thus, when the Helvetii in a body of nearly 400,000 souls broke across the Gaulish frontier, Cæsar took the command in person, and travelled from Rome to Geneva in eight days. And as the roads were in Italy in the time of Cæsar, so they were afterwards in Britain in the days of Hadrian or the Antonines, the former of whom incurred some ridicule for his wandering tendencies in the well-known lines of Florus:—

‘Ego nolo Cæsar esse,
Ambulare per Britannos,
Seythicas pati pruinas.’ *

We not only know the materials and the exact mode of construction adopted, but we have no less than three distinct sources of information extant to guide us in our inquiries into the highways of Roman Britain. For centuries, indeed, those roads, though neglected and unrepaired, remained the best and almost the only lines of traffic. What their condition was after thirteen

* ‘Anthologia Latina.’ No. 212. Ed. Meyer.

hundred years of ceaseless wear and equally ceaseless neglect at the period of the Restoration, Lord Macaulay has described; when Thoresby, the antiquarian, lost his way between Doncaster and York, when Pepys and his wife lost their way between Reading and Newbury, when the Viceroy on his road to Ireland was five hours in travelling fourteen miles, and when Prince George of Denmark, on a visit to Petworth, was six hours in going nine miles; but still they remained the best if not the only high roads, and De Foe, writing in 1720, could anticipate no better prospect for them and for the country than that they should be restored to their original condition under the Romans.

But whilst her roads have within the last century been replaced by a modern and still more effective system of communication, the influence of Rome lived on and still lives in those institutions which it is the custom to refer to our Teutonic forefathers. The guilds and associations, which are jealously and persistently claimed as their legacy, are really the bequest of Rome, just as the forms of popular self-government established in the principal cities of Gaul were founded upon the image of a Roman senate and municipality. It is in the Roman towns of Britain, in the combination of the *ἐταπρία* system of the South with the Northern notions of frank-pledge, that the origin of English self-government is to be found: it is in the Roman 'collegia' of trades that the guilds of our forefathers have their birth. The Saxon officials in many instances corresponded with their Roman predecessors, and the municipal functions of some of our great corporations date back rather to the organising character of Imperial administration than to the instincts of the German tribes.

In studying the first volume of Mr. Freeman's 'History of the Norman Conquest,' it is impossible to avoid an occasional reference to, and sometimes a comparison with, the works of his two great predecessors, Sir Francis Palgrave and M. Thierry. Each is distinguished by excellencies peculiarly its own, and all three are worthy of the great subject of which they treat. But there is a marked difference of view not less than of style. Sir F. Palgrave presents a striking picture founded upon a wide course of study, though unfortunately his great work is marred by the almost total absence of references; but, in the midst of his happiest descriptions, we sometimes become sensible of a critical inexactitude which is painful. M. Thierry has also given us a picture of the same period, so vivid in its colouring that its very improbabilities seem reasonable, and so consistent as a whole, that it fascinates the mind on a first reading with an irresistible charm. But here again, great command of facts and great
imaginative

imaginative power are in a measure vitiated by the absence of the critical faculty. In Mr. Freeman's work we have also a picture; and if he were equal in imaginative power to Sir F. Palgrave and M. Thierry, that picture would be almost perfect, because it is founded upon an exhaustive investigation of facts and a keen discrimination of their relative value. Ethelred, the King without 'rede,' the man without moral principle, the worst and weakest of English sovereigns, whose reign was one unbroken record of misgovernment, treachery, and failure—Edmund, the patriot, the hero, the great captain, the representative and embodiment of that indomitable English spirit which shone out in the six pitched battles of those short seven months, when he won back the whole kingdom of Wessex from the Danes—Canute, who, like Augustus, was improved by success, and whose character, in its early ferocity and its later mildness, its sternness towards his own countrymen and its conciliation towards the favoured country of his adoption, Mr. Freeman has, we think, delineated with remarkable discrimination and delicacy of touch: the great King, the Emperor of all kings and nations in Britain, the lord of five if not of six Crowns, as politic as he was powerful—Brightnoth, the hero alike of his church and country, redeeming both in life and death the evil days in which his lot was cast, and showing even in defeat what Englishmen could do when worthily led—Edric, whose ceaseless and inexplicable treacheries are reduced to a semblance of reason and consistency—all these are invested with a distinctness and personality which, when, as in this case, unattended by a sacrifice of truth, are very welcome.

Apart from the history and personal influences of individuals, few inquiries are more interesting than those which serve to determine the relations of Anglo-Saxon England to the other countries of the then civilised world. What those relations were—political, commercial, dynastic, religious—what their character and extent, are questions necessary to a right understanding of early English history, and nowhere, as it appears to us, worked out with the fulness which they deserve. Sir F. Palgrave has shadowed out the idea, and Mr. Freeman has followed, but can hardly be said to have filled up the sketch. The further indeed this question is pursued, the clearer it will be that the geographical position of England, though it necessarily lessened, did not prevent a connection, and sometimes a close connection, with the courts and capitals of other countries.

At no time in our history, since the Carthaginian galley is said to have been run aground by her own crew to preserve the secrets of their commerce with Britain, was the '*toto divisos orbe*

orbe Britannos' of the Roman poet a strictly faithful statement of the case. In the earliest dawn of national existence a great portion of the tin which was produced in Britain was taken overland through France and shipped at the Phœcean colony of Marseilles, just as amber was carried on pack-horses from the shores of the Baltic to Southern Germany. Later, Strabo described not only the petty trade which passed, and doubtless had always passed, with the neighbouring shores of Gaul, but the larger and more valuable exports of corn, cattle, gold, silver, iron, slaves, and hounds—strengthening the intercourse which a common Druidism had, as we know, created.

With the ordered rule of Roman institutions Britain became a living and inseparable part of the empire; with the decay of that rule the connection was dissolved. It was dissolved in those terrible waves of barbarian invasion which swept over the face of Europe; but when the storm had abated, and the barbarians, in England as elsewhere, had taken root in the lands which they had won for themselves, the old connection revived. It is true that the course of religious and ecclesiastical affairs, after the landing of Augustine, was mainly developed by our own internal action. Whilst the German tribes that crossed the Rhine or the Alps came within the magic charm of Latin Christianity, the English Church, in its clergy, its hymns, its legends, and its leading names, remained essentially Teutonic. On the other hand, whilst that Church sent forth her missionaries to preach the Gospel to their kinsmen abroad, the foreign influences which they imported were comparatively few. The English Church then, as in later times, was singularly national in character; and perhaps it is to this that we must refer the fact that, from the time of Dunstan to that of the Norman Conquest, no one English ecclesiastic stands out into historical prominence. But in almost every other department of life the relations of England with the rest of the civilised world were closer and more frequent than we might at first sight have supposed. Commercial ties were forming. By the eighth century Englishmen were in the habit of visiting the chief cities of France and Italy; Constantinople was well known; and the great fair in Jerusalem attracted travellers and merchants from all parts of the world. By that time, too, had arisen the commerce which was continuously carried on between England and Scandinavia. Thence it followed the line of a regular commercial route by Novgorod through Russia to Constantinople, and even to the far East; and how varied were the nations and countries thus brought into connection with England, we know from the famous treasure-trove of Cuerdale in Lancashire, buried probably about
a hundred

a hundred years before the reign of Canute, and containing, not only French and Italian, but Byzantine and Kufic coins. It is perhaps to the Danes and their passionate love of the sea that we mainly owe that spirit of commercial enterprise which the laws of Alfred and Athelstane sought to foster, but which, until Danish influences had penetrated the national character, was less congenial to the landward instincts of our Saxon forefathers.

In the same way art, though at a low ebb, shows some evidence of the connection with the great cities of the Continent. The ramparts of Exeter built of square stone, the 'fair walls' of Rochester, the stone minster of Assandun on the scene of Canute's great victory, were doubtless due to the teaching of foreign workmen. Even the religious spirit which carried noble and royal pilgrims to the feet of the Roman Pontiff, which attracted king and warrior, monk and scholar, to what has been truly called the Jerusalem of Christianity, reacted upon the artistic knowledge and skill of the day. Wilfrid, the greatest of those early pilgrims, accomplished the journey, and brought back with him the art which filled the windows of York Cathedral with stained glass. Offa, the great Mercian sovereign (the correspondent and compeer of Charlemagne), Alfred, and Canute, all in turn visited Rome. Alfred received his consecration at the hands of the Pope; Alfred's brother-in-law actually ended his days in Rome; Canute, in one of the most striking letters of the age, has recorded his reception by the two heads of Christendom; whilst we have a curious trace of Offa's pilgrimage in his coinage, which immeasurably exceeds in clearness and fineness of workmanship the rude money both of his predecessors and successors. It is not improbable that he may have imported some of the foreign artisans who, even in the midst of her decay, were still to be found in the capital of the Christian world.

Nor was it only a commercial, or personal, or artistic relation, that drew England during so many centuries into connection with the Continent. The tie was often a political one. Thus Ethelwulf, the father of Alfred, when an old man, returning from his Roman pilgrimage and hospitably received at the French court, married Judith the daughter of Charles le Chauve; whilst in the next generation a son of Judith by a subsequent husband renewed the connection by a marriage with Alfred's daughter. So, too, Charles le Simple had, as a boy, been conveyed to England by his friends, to bide the time when more favourable circumstances would allow him to reclaim his hereditary rights. So Erigena studied at Oxford; so Fulco Archbishop of Rheims sought the protection of Alfred, and became
Chancellor

England's reign which was so pregnant with important changes in our national institutions, the political subjection of England to foreign conquerors gave more actual power to the imagination. Feudalism did not wait for the march and conquest of the Normans, but Cardinal Richieu, or imperial Germany, or a vast and therefore neutral nation of the Continent, and the organization of the great tragedy to be enacted in a few provinces on the shores of the Norman ducy is thrown into the face of England's people. For the first time England and Normandy came into actual contact; for the first time England and Normandy were united by a royal marriage. The hostile collision was referred to the mediation of the Holy See—the first and only instance of papal intervention recorded in English history—the marriage of Harold and Emma was as fruitful in consequences as it was royal or political union. Beautiful, daring, energetic, the 'Jewel of Normandy,' as she was called in her younger days, the wife of two successive kings, and the mother of the last English prince of the house of Cerdic, Emma was one of the central figures of English history. From her time and influence dates the immigration of those Norman nobles

who

who were the forerunners of the greater invasion under William : from her time the Romance tongue, the language of our ancient jurisprudence, was freely spoken in the English court ; then first, French favourites—such as Hugo the Norman, who was the governor and betrayer of Exeter to the Danes, Eustace of Boulogne, whose licentious, marauding soldiery contributed to the capture of the unfortunate Alfred, or Archbishop Robert, whose expulsion afterwards furnished the Conqueror with one of his grounds of quarrel—obtained high posts of trust and honour ; then first was imported the French custom of affixing the great seal to public documents in addition to the plain English cross ; then a French chancery was established ; until at last the day came when Edward, a foreigner in tastes, language, and habits, returned from his French exile to mount the English throne.

There remains indeed the inquiry, which no mere narrative of events, nor even a philosophical inquiry into their meaning and relations, will satisfy. What were the physical characteristics of the country in which our ancestors moved, and lived, and played the parts which we delight to retrace ? Can we at all rediscover their existence in the England of our generation, and is there any continuity to be traced in this, as we believe that there was in our political and constitutional history ? Or, if we were suddenly removed into that earlier stage of society, should we find little in her features to remind us of the rich and cultivated garden which, amidst endless towns, and smiling villages, and villas, and country-houses, stretches from sea to sea, and every year seems to acquire additional beauty ? There is probably no part of Lord Macaulay's great work which is of livelier interest than the chapter in which he has described the general appearance of the country at the time of the Restoration. The materials from which a picture of still life in the tenth and eleventh centuries might be drawn, are of course fewer and more conjectural than those which were at Lord Macaulay's command ; but a great writer, at once acquainted with the entire range of contemporary literature, and possessed of imaginative power to project himself into the thoughts and circumstances of the time—without which the writing of history is but the partial and frigid, and in a measure untruthful, chronicling of events—would find sufficient for his purpose. His conclusions would doubtless be of a mixed character ; but, on the whole, it is probable that in the physical aspect of the country he would recognise changes far larger and more striking than those which have taken place in the character of the people or the elements of constitutional life, to which we have already alluded. The climate itself has undergone an undoubted change. The complaints which are

sometimes made that the May-day of the nineteenth century is not marked by the warm burst of spring, as our early writers loved to represent it, are idle; for if they have any ground of truth, and are to be taken as expressing anything more than the warmth and colouring in which poets are accustomed to dress their ideas, they proceed from a forgetfulness of the alteration in the calendar. But in fact the climate has been modified. The extremes of weather have been in England, as they are already said to be in Canada, tempered; the cold of winter has grown less severe, the heat of summer less scorching. But the greatest and happiest change has been the substitution of dry land and fertile corn-fields for wastes of sedge and inland water. The marshes, which Herodian thought worth noticing in the time of Severus' expedition, were familiar objects in the landscape of Saxon, Dane, and Norman, and have only disappeared, with their wildfowl and their agues, before the draining-engines of the present century. Somersetshire was defended by a wild tract of marshland; East Anglia was cut off from Mercia; the Isle of Thanet, where the early leaders of the Saxon invasion are said to have disembarked, was separated from the main land; Glastonbury, the '*insula Avallonia*' of King Arthur's false tomb, was an island; Ely, which, as it had given shelter to Hereward and his Saxons, so afterwards became a camp of refuge to the Angevin Normans, was an island. Crowland, too, was an island. When, about the middle of the ninth century, the Danes took and sacked the monastery, putting every soul except one child to the sword, the sacred vessels and relics were carried away in a boat and secreted in the marshes. And when Crowland had become famous as the '*Bec*' of Danish England, and was governed by Danish abbots, it still preserved its insular character. But these great marshlands were doubtless in some measure connected with the existing condition of coast on both sides of the channel. The shores were less shallow, the rivers were deeper, and the tides ran further inland—all of them conditions which facilitated the invasions of the Northmen. Nor has the line of coast itself remained unchanged during the last thousand years. In some parts, as Sir F. Palgrave has pointed out, the sea has gained on the land. The Goodwin Sands are now far out at sea; Ravensburgh, where Henry IV. landed, is sunk below the waves. In other places, as on the shores of Norfolk and Suffolk, the sea has receded, and on the Sussex coast to this day may be seen, far inland, the iron rings to which the boats of an earlier generation were attached.

Not less conspicuous were the great woods—for the term '*forest*' properly included moorland as well as timber—which covered

covered so large a part of England, and which, as in the case of the Andredsweald, or forest of Anderida, extended over the best part of several counties. But how largely these forests affected the public mind, the every day life, the legislation and the superstitions of each successive race that held possession of the country, it would be difficult to say. The Roman colonists delighted in the chase of the wild animals with which those forests abounded; their pottery was ornamented with hunting scenes; their inscriptions, like those of the Assyrian kings, recorded the events of any memorable day's sport; their coins bore the device, sometimes of a boar, sometimes of a charging bull; and their poets, who had never themselves been in Britain, constantly sang the merits of the British hounds. With the Saxon freemen again, whose earlier life and pursuits were those of the country, the love of sport was not less strong. It mingled even with the duties of war, and the wild boar was a favourite badge on the Saxon helmets. The forest laws of Canute have been said, though Mr. Freeman does not apparently concur in this view, to have been in strict anticipation of the more jealous code which was afterwards adopted, first for the benefit of the Norman sovereign, later for that of his barons. But, however this may be, that forest code was in practice a far more severe one than England had as yet known. The woods became truly, as they are described in the black book of Henry II., '*tuta ferarum mansio*;' whole parishes were sometimes afforested, laws were passed to give protection to wild beasts, from the boar to the hare; so that not without some justice did popular belief hold that William 'loved the beasts as though he had been their father.'

Through these dense woodlands, broken by dreary moor and sedgy pools, ran in straight lines the great military highways which the Romans had formerly constructed; here and there broad hunting tracks were cut, and cut so durably that in some parts even to this day they have never been obliterated; whilst above the tree tops rose the wooden towers of the little Norman churches, which were often built upon artificial platforms of earth, in order to make them landmarks to the huntsman or traveller. Human forms, except those of the sportsman, and later the outlaw, were rare; but legends of giants and evil spirits haunted these weird tracts, and sometimes fact itself—as in the successive deaths of members of the Conqueror's family within the limits of the New Forest—seemed almost to justify the popular superstition.

This has now greatly disappeared, and England owes her wooded appearance rather to her thick hedgerows and parks than to the remains of her old forests; but many of the trees

which diversify our landscape at the present day were then to be found in those woodlands—some native to the soil, some introduced by our first and greatest civilisers. The oak, the beech, the elm, the hazel, the Scotch fir, the ash (the favourite tree of the Anglo Saxons), were indigenous. Cæsar, indeed, excepts the 'fagus et abies' from the timber which he found in Britain; but by these he meant the *fagus castanea* or chestnut, and the silver fir. These we owe to our Roman masters. From them also we have derived the cherry and the vine; and to this day 'the Vyne' in Hampshire, which gives its name to the Hunt so well known to sportsmen, is said to record the vine which was first planted there in the reign of the Emperor Probus.

The animals and birds, indeed, that gave life to these woodlands, no less than many of the plants that gave their colour and variety, have in a great measure passed away. The boar and wolf disappeared more than two hundred years ago; the wild bull with his white mane is preserved, we believe, only in two parks; the otter and the red deer linger on in the northern and western parts of the island; the badger and the snake are fast dying out under rustic ignorance and cruelty; the beaver has left the bare trace of its existence in such names as Beverley and Beverege; the fen-eagles have abandoned the marshes, and the bustards are no longer coursed on the Norfolk downs; the bittern and crane have vanished; the quail is nearly extinct in the face of advancing cultivation.

These are some of the incidents of country life which we have gradually, and in some cases very slowly, lost. But there were other features common to that as well as to the present time. Even whilst large tracts of country were surrendered to marsh and forest, the breadths of English corn-land must always have been remarkable. On one occasion, indeed, Julian supplied the famishing population of the Rhine districts from British granaries, and even now the marks of the Roman plough and the long lines of their terrassed cultivation may be traced upon ground, which a modern farmer is content to keep as sheep-walk. From those Romans our Teutonic forefathers inherited their knowledge of agriculture. Nor was that agriculture insignificant or partial. In the treatment of pasture, indeed, they were slovenly and ignorant; but in the cultivation of arable land they had no cause for shame, and Mr. Kemble has, from an ingenious calculation of the size of the 'hide,' argued that at the close of the 10th century there was probably a larger tract of land under the plough than at the accession of George III.*

* 'Saxons in England,' i. p. 112-13.

In more ways than one, then, we believe that the identity of England in former and present times, the historical continuity of the national life, are facts founded upon a rock of unassailable argument. But whilst we do justice to the strength of that argument we cannot close our eyes to the great temporary changes which were involved in the Norman Conquest. The Conqueror claimed, indeed, to succeed to the English throne as King Edward's heir, and to govern according to King Edward's laws; but his acts, like those of many another heir-at-law, were of necessity harsh—harsher as conspiracies were formed or insurrections broke out—and leading to still deeper oppression when the administration of the country had passed out of his hands into those of his successors. The very disparity of numbers as between conquerors and conquered, in such an age, made oppression, for a while at least, almost necessary, and an antagonism of race to race, of castle to cottage, of wealth to poverty, unavoidable. M. Thierry is only in error when he prolongs from generation to generation the enmities and difficulties which belonged to a single and limited period of our history. Intermarriage, the language of mothers and the teaching of the nursery, exercised their never-failing influence, and the Norman invaders, as they had previously assimilated themselves to a Romanised Gaul, so before long became fused in the Teutonism of England.

But the immediate change was not the less sweeping or severe. It was, moreover, peculiarly felt to be so because it formed, as we can now see, the conclusion and consummation of a particular stage of government and society which had lasted for a long time, and which, though often modified, had never before been so rudely dislocated. Yet such a period was the Norman Conquest, and a vast number of causes were already in active operation, preparing the way for the change. Fresh elements were probably needed to renew the life of the English people, and it is clear that, even if undisturbed by foreign intervention, the existing state of society could not long have been protracted. The Saxon element in the south of the island, inferior in its military, was undoubtedly superior in its political and social organisation to the Danishry of the midland, eastern, and northern shires, and was continually asserting a pre-eminence. Wessex, not East Anglia, was the centre of English action; London, not York, conferred the crown. But the Danishry of the north bore this ascendancy with impatience, and was as yet indisposed to that consolidation of nationalities which was necessary, and which was effected under the stronger government of the Norman dynasty. It is, perhaps, a question whether under other

other circumstances the tendency of England would not for a while have been to division rather than unity. Certainly the independence of character which marked the Danish part of the population—an independence which showed itself on all occasions and in all affairs, ecclesiastical as well as civil; in the utter disregard of the religious rule of celibacy, as in the turbulence and armed opposition which provoked so terrible a retaliation on the part of the Conqueror—was likely to increase, rather than diminish, the chances of such a division. The clergy, by simony, by corruption of life, and by gross ignorance, were losing their hold upon the people. We are, perhaps, inclined to lose sight of their shortcomings in a feeling of indignation at the cruelty with which they were treated after the Conquest—compelled not only to see the revenues of their monasteries appropriated, and the ornaments of the altar plundered, but even deprived by their Norman abbots of nourishing food and instructive books, until the Roman Court itself protested against such tyranny. But it is clear that the work of the Church and the State needed fresh agencies. With the exception of Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, there was at the time of the Conquest scarcely one of the higher prelates whose character could command respect. So, also, was it with other parts of the national system. Familiar names and old associations were waning. Winchester, the constitutional capital of England, had given place to London, the commercial and the real metropolis. Even the hereditary principle of monarchy, which with some qualification had till now been observed or had only been set aside, as in the case of Canute, under a sense of overwhelming necessity, was thrown to the winds in the case of Harold. So great, in fact, were the changes that had taken place; so obviously was a reconstitution of society at hand, that at the time of Edward's death, men's minds were in that sensitively nervous condition which, independently of the interpretation that such an age would naturally assign to the meteoric phenomena of the moment, sometimes makes as well as anticipates revolution.

It may, perhaps, be that a growing consciousness that the times in which we live are also times of a closing political dispensation, gives a more than ordinary interest to the history of the Norman Conquest; and we may be excused if—whilst we do not allow speculation to become fanciful and extravagant—we seek to trace some of the analogies which may exist, and which a thousand years hence a dispassionate observer might note, between the 11th and the 19th centuries. In both cases he would recognise the signs of increasing age, of waning institutions

tions, of a decaying society which had lost faith in itself and its earlier principles—in both cases the precise form alone which the future will assume being hid from the eyes of the existing generation. He would see that, though the great forces of our immediate future and their effects are different from the political agencies of the 11th century, the preparatory advances, the relative positions, are not wholly unanalogous. Feudalism overshadowed them, as democracy overshadows us. Perhaps a forcible change—a marked break with past traditions and policy—might be necessary in order to effect the transition from one state to another. But they had the elements of feudalism already implanted in their political system, just as we have all the conditions of democracy attached to our own. The very constitution of England in the 11th century was a mixture. It had formed itself upon an unconscious compromise of contrariant rights and powers; it was the result of gradual growth rather than design, almost as much as is the English constitution of to-day. It was consequently then, as now, devoid of any extreme powers, and the general administration of the country was mainly carried on by the exercise of moderation and good sense. The three great principles of democracy, nobility, and monarchy, were distinctly represented: but none of them, up to the generation immediately preceding the Conquest, were in excess. Then for the first time there are indications of a disturbance of the hitherto balanced and equal distribution of power. In early English history there is not, as Mr. Kemble says, even a fabulous Arcadia of democracy: but the Witan—which, though it was not based upon any principle of representation, every freeman had, at least, a theoretical right to attend—in its great but unwritten powers, its legislative, its taxing, and even its executive authority, anticipated, if it did not exceed, the popular rights and indefinite jurisdiction of our modern Parliament. So, too, the nobility had passed through a succession of stages not unlike those which may be traced since the Conquest down to our times. An aristocracy, indeed, and the rights of primogeniture, existed in the German forests, and, as has been noticed by Schlegel, in no nation were the relations of the aristocracy to the people so good as amongst the Germans. But before long the distinctions of descent, as known to our earliest history, assumed a new form, and a change is to be noticed in which the ancient noble by birth, with his personal privileges and powers, is gradually superseded by the new noble of service and creation with his titular and ministerial functions.

Such was the English aristocracy of the tenth and eleventh centuries. The older class had disappeared to very much the
same

same extent, and from very much the same causes, as supplanted the Norman aristocracy by the later peerage of England. Perhaps it was in the earlier instance as much the Danish struggle, as it was in the later the Wars of the Roses, that contributed to their destruction. But the Saxon noble of creation had in turn acquired much of the power possessed by his predecessor. His rights had become hereditary, his influence in the Witan was weighty, his title to executive power and command undoubted, though not exclusive, and his territorial possessions immense. The occupation of vast territories by a few individuals was as marked a feature of the generation immediately preceding the Conquest as is the accumulation of land by individual proprietors at the present day. Thus Godwin, independently of the great Earldom of Wessex, was master of Kent and Sussex; his eldest son Sweyn held equal authority in the Counties of Oxford, Berks, Gloucester, and Hereford: Harold on the death of his father and the exile of his brothers became lord of these, and of even more than these territories. His earldoms extended from West Wales and the banks of the Tamar to the German Ocean. In the North, Edwin and Morcar—names which even now, after the lapse of so many years, may claim a sigh, so tragical is their story—swayed the vast principality which Algar had previously ruled: and Waltheof, the son of Siward, the son, as was fabled in Northumbrian legends, of a bear, the last and in character one of the most remarkable of the English nobles, administered a territory which exceeded in extent even the great Earldom of Northumbria. On the other hand, vast as were the possessions of these great nobles, the avenues to high rank were no more barred to ability and success in the eleventh than in the nineteenth century. Blue blood, though highly prized, was not the sole condition of public honour. Then, as now, the English aristocracy was singularly comprehensive, and the greatest names amongst them, whether for good, as Earl Godwin, or for evil, as the traitor Edric, are of men who rose from the lowest degree to the highest. So, too, descending below the ranks of the great nobles, we may find a very fair equivalent for the distinctions of that day in the division of our modern society into a titular and a non-titular class. The 'Earl and Ceorl'—at a later time the ceorl or churl became confounded with the serf—represent the 'gentle and simple' of mediæval, and the 'peer and commoner' of modern England.

The monarchical power, though varying with the personal ability and character of the sovereign, had passed through stages at least equally important, and was tending to increase. At first little more than the chiefs of a clan, without territorial influence or the subsequent attributes of sovereignty, the Kings of Britain were

were numerous and unimportant. But before long these princelings coalesced in the rule of a single sovereign, and with the unity of rule came at once the rise and enlargement of monarchical powers. To Alfred the real origin of the kingly authority, as indeed the first conception of a complete and Christian State, is due; to Athelstan the development of the monarchy, as also the consolidation of the State into an Empire, must be assigned. That succession of very able sovereigns, from Alfred to Edgar, comprising a term of more than one hundred years, founded the English monarchy upon so strong a basis, that its principle remained unshaken through the thirty-eight disastrous years of Ethelred's reign, and the long and feeble administration of Edward the Confessor. As times grew critical, and as the sovereign was equal to the occasion, so the prerogative was freely used; but, side by side with the exercise of large royal powers, the Witan maintained all that the highest popular pretensions could claim.

Nor was the constitutional position of the Church very widely different from that of modern times. Subject though it has been of late years to perpetual attack, and curtailed of many of its former powers, the Church of England is still constitutionally and actually an integral part of the State. But these relations we owe to our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. It was the statesmanship of Alfred that bequeathed the principle of a national Church, which after an existence of unparalleled beneficence and honour for fully a thousand years, threatens to become in our day one of those decisive controversies on which the lovers of the Constitution and the partisans of radical change must join issue. But that which led to the establishment of this intimate union in the ninth century, and which has rendered possible the maintenance of it to our day, was the essentially religious temper of the people. In those times it showed itself in the passion for monastic life, which led so many Saxon kings to exchange the sceptre for the cowl during their life, and to enjoy the honours of canonisation after death; in peace it suggested the frequent pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Peter and the court of his successor; in war it animated the patriotism of the people, and gave almost a religious character to the Danish struggle; it was written over and over again in the legislation which asserted the existence of one God and one King, which united witchcraft and treason in its denunciations, and which in its zeal for a literal compliance with Scripture sought to rest the foundations of the State in the dogmas of the Mosaic code. How far, in our days, that temper will bear the strain of the lower principles and the more democratic agencies with which it must come in contact,

tact, is a question on which we cannot here enter. It is enough for our present purpose to observe that till now it has never failed.

The influence indeed of the Church upon every department of internal and external policy, both in earlier and later times, has been manifold; but nowhere perhaps more plainly marked than in the generally lenient and merciful character of the English law. The severities which at a subsequent period darkened our statute-book were not of Anglo-Saxon origin. Capital punishment was very rare; torture—such as the Norman system introduced, or such even as the Roman Church, to its deep discredit, has in recent times sanctioned—was unknown; crime was repressed, and the distinctions of degree were maintained, by a scale of fines graduated to the offence and the person. Even the stern laws of evidence were tempered by and subordinated to the practice of compurgation through the oaths of friends and neighbours, and the Englishman was early taught that he must live by the good opinion of his countrymen. But this general leniency in the spirit of the law, to which after eight centuries we have gradually returned, was due directly to the presence of the bishop who took part as a Judicial Assessor in every shire-court of the country—indirectly to the influence of our State Church, and to the inter-dependence, in numberless forms, of clergy and laity upon each other. When, shortly after the Conquest, the Bishop of Durham held his synod, Waltheof, the civil head and governor of Northumbria, ‘sat humbly,’ as Sir F. Palgrave says,* ‘in a low place amongst the presbyters, concurring in every measure needed for the preservation of Christianity in the Earldom.’

These, then, are some of the conditions common to our ancestors and ourselves. But it would be easy to add to them.

Abroad, England had then, as now, become a widely extended power. Under the exceptional rule of Canute she was the centre of a great system of foreign Powers; and, even under the pacific government of Edward the Confessor, she could fairly lay claim to the title of ‘Empire.’ The Scotch and Welsh Kings—always difficult to retain in any bonds of subjection—were vassals; whilst the commercial, political, and dynastic connection of the country with the Continent gave her a prominence in Europe far beyond that to which her geographical position entitled her to look. It might, perhaps, be doubted whether the English empire of that time was not, like that of to-day, stretched somewhat beyond the strength and resources of the nation—losing in compactness what it had gained in extent. It is, however, curious to observe, coin-

* ‘England and Normandy,’ iii. 509.

cidently with the spread of dominion, the organisation, under precise and regular articles of war, of a permanent military force in the famous 'house-carls,' exercising an influence fully proportionate to that enjoyed by the more numerous array of modern warfare, and attached to the service of the Crown by ties of feeling not very unlike those of a standing army.

At home, the great towns founded by Roman civilisation, and in some cases half obliterated by the ferocity of the earliest Saxon invaders, were acquiring or regaining importance. There are coins extant that bear witness to the local mints, which royal favour or policy sanctioned. Bath, in the reign of Ethelred, had no less than eight privileged moneyers. Bristol was the centre of a great slave-trade with Ireland; Exeter was then, as in later times, the key of the West, and showed a spirit worthy of her position; York, with its imperial associations, Chester, with its Roman ramparts, had become points of first-class importance whether in peace or war; whilst London was already asserting that pre-eminence and authority, which henceforward marked the entire course of her history, and have uniformly placed her on the winning side in the political controversies of each successive generation. It was the cradle, as it was the first emanation, of that great urban force, suppressed for a while by the irresistible influences of feudalism, but reviving after the wars of the Roses, and strengthening under Tudor imperialism year by year, until, in these later days, we recognise it as the preponderating power of the State.

With the rise of these great towns arose also, and naturally, a moneyed class. England now is the wealthiest country in the world. The reproductive energy of countless industries both in town and country; the sweep of a commerce which covers every sea, and is approached by no rival; above all, the continuance for half a century of unbroken peace—for the Crimean war never cost us a single merchantman—have accumulated an amount of capital which makes her the centre of trading operations to the whole world. This, of course, was not the case in the eleventh century. But it is curious, even then, to note the indications of very considerable wealth. During the worst and most shameful periods of the Danish wars, when English steel was powerless to defend the country, English gold was never wanting. The ransoms, when measured by the value of money of that time, were immense; and when, after the Conquest and his coronation in Westminster Abbey, William returned to Normandy, the monastic chroniclers are lost in admiration of the bullion, the rich drinking-horns (the work for which Anglo-Saxon goldsmiths were already famous), the sacred vessels, the embroidery, which

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he displayed. But with this wealth came also, as might be surely expected, an increase of luxury. 'The English,' as William of Malmesbury says, 'ate and drank to excess; they loaded themselves with heavy bracelets of gold, and transformed their old-world national manners into those of foreigners.' The spirit of luxury is many-sided; and this was the form—though a somewhat broad and coarse one—which it not unnaturally assumed under the circumstances of the time and people. But this luxury was not the only result of the increased wealth. Wealth made, as it always makes, men timid. After the battle of Hastings, the rich citizens of Canterbury set the evil example of a bloodless and uncompelled surrender; on the other hand, it was from the rugged and far poorer population of the North that William encountered an opposition which was only overcome inch by inch, and which left for years afterwards a record of its obstinacy in so pitiless a devastation, that it was said that not one village between the Tyne and Humber remained inhabited. Meanwhile, as this rich and luxurious class became ever richer and more luxurious, the great body of the English freemen—those who had formerly been the main-spring of national life, and who, in modern times, would find their representation in the middle classes whether of town or country—decayed. No proletariat indeed existed. That curse of ancient and modern civilisation had no being apart from great cities; and these, though citizen life was on the increase, were as yet wanting. But our ancestors were approaching that dangerous point in the life of a state, when for purposes of government there are but two classes—one rich, powerful, few in number; the other poor, without direct political power, numerous. The institutions, not less than the men, that in former times had rendered less marked the broad space which now separated the two classes and had given England the character, if it may so be said, of a kingly commonwealth, had gone. The aristocracy converted into satraps or Court favourites, the Church verging towards a love of material ease inconsistent with her higher duties, and the people generally inclining to prefer what we should now call the absolute and centralised action of government to the reasonable and regulated liberties of the individual, seemed to hasten on the catastrophe. From time to time, indeed, the scene was lit up by those grand contrasts of good and evil, both in persons and things, which signalise the close of an expiring system; but the issue could not be doubtful, or very far distant. And when, at last, the hour struck, English independence vanished, and the whole fabric of government, in that which was then the most highly civilised part of the country, crumbled into dust. The agony of that overthrow

throw was great. Property, station, influence—all that made life happy—perished: men became the servants of others on their own lands, strangers in their own country. Personal hardship led to retaliation, retaliation to legal oppression and outlawry. Men fled to the woods, or crossed the seas, and took service elsewhere. But, happily for the country, it was an age in which the conditions of wealth were not so sensitive and artificial as they now are; the accumulations of capital, which in modern revolutions take wing, or the manufacturing industries, which migrate to places of greater security, did not then exist; even society itself was not formed upon the delicate organisation of present times. Private life was rougher, and public life was controlled by conditions more favourable to recovery. And so, after several generations of terrible suffering, the waste was repaired, and England revived, to run a course of honour abroad and happiness at home, out of all proportion to her size and population.

ART. VII.—1. *Sixth Report of the Commissioners of the Children's Employment Commission.* 1867.

2. *Seventh Report of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council, with Appendix.* 1864.

IN a recent number of the 'Quarterly Review'* we invited public attention to the several Reports of the Children's Employment Commission, in which a frightful amount of human suffering was brought to light. A million and a half of children, young persons, and women, occupied in a variety of manufactures and employments which had not been brought within the regulations of the Factory Act, were shown to be subjected to an excess of physical toil and an amount of premature exertion, ruinous to their health, fatal in many instances to their lives, and depriving them of every opportunity of relaxation and of the means of education and mental improvement.

The facts which the inquiries of the Commissioners elicited were of such an astounding nature, that it was impossible for Parliament not to take action upon them, and although some delay in legislation was inevitable where so great a variety of interests was concerned, the Government was so impressed by the magnitude of the evils disclosed, that it made the subject one of the prominent features in the Speech from the Throne on the opening of the present Session of Parliament, and almost immediately afterwards brought into the House of Commons

* For April, 1866.

two Bills, the object of which is to place all manufactures which have hitherto been carried on without Government inspection under regulations analogous to those which have been found to work so beneficially under the Factory Act. These Bills are now undergoing the scrutiny of a select Committee, with a view of making them more effectual against evils, the revelation of which at once shocked the moral sense and wounded the humanity of the nation.

The sensation created by those lamentable disclosures had scarcely had time to subside, when the sixth and final Report of the Commissioners was presented to Parliament, the subject of which is a particular mode of employing children, young persons, and women in agriculture. This Report is one of the most painful which it has ever been our duty to peruse, for it proves to demonstration that the social evils which were long supposed to be peculiar to manufactures exist even in a more aggravated form in connection with the cultivation of the soil. Great numbers of children, young persons, and women, are, it appears, employed in companies or 'gangs' in certain counties which have acquired an odious notoriety for one of the most flagrant abuses which has ever disgraced a civilised land. Multitudes of the young of both sexes have been reduced to a state of the lowest moral degradation by association with each other, without any effectual supervision or control, for the purpose of field labour carried on at a considerable distance from their homes.

The system to which we refer is that peculiar organisation of rural industry known as the Agricultural Gang, and which prevails extensively in Lincolnshire, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Nottinghamshire, and in a more limited degree in the Counties of Bedford, Rutland, and Northampton; and nothing more shocking has ever been brought to light by a public inquiry than the sufferings incidental to the employment of young children in certain kinds of agricultural labour. The subject, like that of the abuse of children's labour in manufactories, has already very properly occupied the attention of both Houses of Parliament, but it deserves a fuller discussion than it has yet received in reference as well to its causes as to its effects; and it forms so novel and portentous a feature in the rural economy of England, and is so pregnant with future mischief, that we need make no apology for discussing the subject in these pages.

It may be proper, before we advert to the disclosures of the Commissioners' Report, to take a cursory view of the districts in which this evil originated, and in which it now chiefly prevails; for the origin of Agricultural Gangs is undoubtedly connected with

with the physical peculiarities of certain counties and their early social condition. The extensive employment of women and children in rural labour had its rise in two causes: first in the extensive reclamation of waste lands; and secondly in the destruction of cottages and the consequent removal of the people which inhabited them, rendering labour difficult to procure, and imposing upon the farmer the necessity of obtaining it through the instrumentality of a middle man, who made it his business to supply it at a cheap rate, gaining his living by organising bands of women, young persons, and children, of whom he became the temporary master. And the 'gangs' so constituted have in some districts displaced the labour of men, and the system is favoured by the farmers for its economy no less than for its convenience.

The principal seats of this agrarian evil, which threatens to extend itself over no inconsiderable portion of the rural districts of England, are Norfolk, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, but especially Lincolnshire, a county which may be considered in an agricultural sense as almost a new creation. Its chief physical characteristics are two parallel ranges of hills, known as the Heath and the Wolds, which extend for a considerable distance from north to south, and include a vast level plain, which expands to the south into the district of the Fens, and forms part of that great morass which once extended for seventy miles from Cambridge to Lincoln, and was inhabited, Camden tells us, only by fen-men, 'a kind of amphibious people, who, walking high upon stilts, apply their mind to grazing, fishing, and fowling.' 'The whole region,' he adds, 'in the winter, and sometimes most parts of the year, is overflowed by the rivers, but again when these streams are retired it is so plenteous of a certain fat grass and full hay which they call lid, that when they have mown down so much of the better as will serve their turns, they set fire to the rest in November, at which time a man may see this fenny track flaming all over everywhere, and wonder thereat.' Modern improvements in the science of draining have converted this tract, which seemed destined by nature only for the home of the bittern and the snipe, into a garden of inexhaustible fertility. Wheat attains a height rarely seen elsewhere, the soil is so rich as scarcely to need manure, flax, generally an exhausting crop, does not impoverish it, and all the ordinary productions of agriculture are raised in the greatest perfection.

Another part of Lincolnshire, known as the Heath, was until comparatively recent times a complete wilderness, and the column called Duston Pillar, seventy feet in height, was erected
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in the middle of the last century as a land lighthouse, the only edifice of the sort in England, to guide the traveller over the dreary waste. This wild tract has now been brought into a state of cultivation not inferior to that of any part of England, although it retains the name of Lincoln Heath. The other part of Lincolnshire to which we have referred, namely, the Wolds, had been from time immemorial an immense rabbit warren, but, although possessing only a few inches of soil resting on a substratum of chalk, it has within the memory of living men been brought into a state of the finest cultivation, and has added at least 230,000 acres to the corn-producing area of England, exhibiting, instead of dismal hills covered only with thistles and gorse, cheerful uplands sprinkled with comfortable farm-houses, spacious barns, lofty corn ricks, and innumerable flocks of sheep.

The low country in Norfolk, which forms part of the Bedford Level, possesses some physical features strongly resembling those of the fens of Lincolnshire. It has long been reclaimed from the sea, which is kept back by bulwarks of Roman or Norman construction; but these extensive plains were a hundred years ago one vast bed of sedges varied only by a few sallow bushes. They now glow with the red clover and the golden mustard, and gladden the eye with the verdure of turnip-fields and with heavy crops of grain. Over an expanse of apparently boundless cultivation, however, rise windmills and tall chimneys, indicating that the contest with water is far from being at an end, and that incessant efforts are still necessary to prevent one of the richest districts of England from reverting to a wilderness.

Rich as these districts—where earth and water seem to be continually struggling for the mastery—now are in most of the elements of agricultural wealth, they are deficient in the most important, namely a sufficient supply of labouring men. The old roads were constructed along the ridges of such elevations as the country afforded, so as to be above the reach of the winter floods, and in the straggling 'open' villages scattered along those roads is now congregated the former population of distant and extensive parishes. In this reclaimed portion of England farm-houses, barns, and stables, sufficient for all the requirements of a prosperous agriculture, were erected. The cattle of the farm were housed in comfort, but no thought was taken of the labouring man. No cottages were built for his accommodation; and as he could not reside on the land where his services were required, he had to submit to the hard necessity of rising an hour or two earlier than he otherwise would, and of walking, perhaps, miles
to

to his work. On those estates, on which the peasant was so fortunate as to secure some humble tenement to shelter him he was dispossessed of it as speedily as possible, lest he should one day become a pauper and a burthen to the parish, and he was driven to find a home where and how he could. This has been especially the case in Norfolk, where the work of depopulation was proceeding in an accelerated ratio, until the change in the law of settlement put a partial stop to the process. 'It is a melancholy thing to stand alone in one's country,' said the late Earl of Leicester when complimented on the completion of Holkham. 'I look around and not a house is to be seen but mine. I am the Giant of Giant Castle and have eaten up all my neighbours.'

One of the worst results of this mistaken policy on the part of some great landed proprietors, is the existence of those large 'open' villages common to the Midland Counties and the eastern parts of England, and to which we have already adverted. The aspect of these villages is generally repulsive in the extreme. A small proprietor has found it a good speculation to build houses for the expelled cottagers, or for labourers who can procure no other home. The result is an aggregation of wretched hovels; the houses are low, the rents are high, and they afford the most miserable accommodation. These villages constitute what may be termed the penal settlements of the surrounding neighbourhood; to them the scum of the country flows as by a natural affinity, and they afford a natural asylum for every man who has lost his character and for every woman who has forfeited her virtue.

It is to this revolution which has taken place in the rural economy of extensive districts in England that the change which has occurred in the relations between labour and capital is owing, and it has been the means of greatly extending that system of organised labour which forms the subject of the Commissioners' Report. So great is the depopulation of some parishes in the eastern districts of England, that many farms consisting of 300 acres do not possess a single resident labourer, and the few men who are employed on them are obliged to walk four and even five miles to their work.*

The faculty of making little children work is the peculiar art of the gangmaster, and he obtains his living by pressing his gang to the very utmost of their strength, his object being to extort the greatest possible quantity of labour for the smallest

* At Balston, a village in Leicestershire, a man had for many years walked 56 miles a week to and from his work, and all for 12s.—*Report of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council for 1866.*

possible remuneration. He is thus by the very condition of his occupation a hard task-master, for he must realise a profit upon every woman, young person, and child whom he employs. The gang-master is frequently stigmatised as a slave-driver, and the system has been denounced as little better than negro bondage. If the whip is not employed,* other modes of compulsion are resorted to, and one of the most painful facts elicited by the Commissioners' inquiries is, that children are occasionally compelled to work in the gangs for two or three hours longer than adults.

Gangmasters, as a rule, belong to a class termed catchwork labourers. They are generally men of indolent and drinking habits, and not unfrequently of notorious depravity. Their example is represented as very pernicious to the morality of the children and young persons of both sexes under their command. They are described as having almost the entire control of the children in every district where the system prevails, for they alone are able to provide them with regular employment. In some places a farmer cannot get even a boy of twelve or thirteen to do a week's work except by hiring him of the gangmaster. These men collect their gangs very early in the morning, and the scene, when 500 or 600 women, boys, and girls assemble at early dawn, to be marshalled by their respective gangsmen, and led off in different directions to their work, is described as most revolting. There are to be seen youths who have never known either the restraints of parental discipline or the humanising influences of a respectable home; girls depraved by constant association with some of the worst characters of their sex; married women who prefer the rude independence of the fields to the restraints of domestic life; little children who should be receiving their first lessons in the village school instead of imbibing those of premature and certain vice; and, above all, the gangmaster, often hoary with years, too certainly profligate in character, 'corruptus simul et corruptor,' and therefore more disposed to encourage obscene language than to check it.† As it is important to the gangmaster that the whole of his flock should arrive at the scene of their labour quickly and simultaneously, the pace at which the gang travels is trying to the strongest. When driving is found ineffectual, the younger children are tempted to over-exert themselves by the promise of sweetmeats. The ages at which young children commence work,

* In Nottinghamshire, however, it seems to be resorted to. 'The master,' said a witness, 'carries a whip, which he uses pretty freely. The parent of one of the boys described it as "nigger driving."—*Evid.*, 219.

† 'The conversation that goes on in gangs is dreadful, and the ganger only laughs at it.'—*Evid.*, 28.

and the distances they have to walk, or rather to run, before they begin the labours of the day, are astounding. Eight appears to be the ordinary age at which children of both sexes join the common gang, although seven is not unusual, and instances are mentioned in which children only six years of age were found regularly at work. One little girl only four years old was carried by her father to the fields, and put to work under a gangmaster, and it seems to be a common practice with parents to stipulate that if the elder children are hired the younger ones shall be so too. When the gangs are working at a considerable distance from home, the children leave as early as five in the morning and do not return before eight at night, and the few who attend the Sunday-schools after the labours of the week are described as in a state of exhaustion which it is distressing to witness. A little boy only six years of age is stated to have regularly walked more than six miles out to work, and often to come home so tired that he could scarcely stand. Walking, the gangmasters themselves admit, is more trying to the children than working. When the gang has a long distance to go the children become so exhausted, that the elder ones are seen dragging the younger ones home, sometimes carrying them on their backs. In winter, the children often return from the fields crying from the cold. 'Last night,' said the mother of a little boy seven years of age, 'when my Henry came home he lay up quite stiff and cold; he is often very tired, and will fall down and drop asleep with the food in his mouth.' In some parts of the fen districts the children are compelled to jump the dykes, an exertion causing frequent accidents, and one poor girl died from the effects of an effort beyond her strength.

It is a common practice for the gangmaster to carry a stick or a whip, but rather, it is said, to frighten the children with than for use; but the treatment depends entirely upon the disposition of the gangmaster. There is no control, or possibility of control, for the children know that remonstrance would be immediately followed by expulsion from the gang, and the parents, having a pecuniary interest in their labour, would but too certainly shut their ears to any complaints.* Instances are not uncommon of severe and lasting injuries having been inflicted by brutal gangmasters, and gross outrages, such as kicking, knocking down, beating with hoes, spuds, or a leather strap, 'dyking,' or pushing into the water, and 'gibbeting,' *i.e.* lifting a child off the ground

* 'One of my girls complained that the gangmaster had hit her with a spud, but I (the mother) told her that no doubt it was her own fault,'—*Evid.*, 72.

and holding it there by the chin and back of the neck until it is black in the face, are said to be frequent. 'You see,' said the mother of two girls, one seven, the other eight years of age, belonging to a gang, 'their little spirits get so high, that they will talk while at work, and that is the aggravation.'

The constitution of a gang varies according to local circumstances. In some there is a larger proportion of women than of children; but, as a rule, children largely preponderate. In Northamptonshire, a gang of seventy-two persons was composed of thirty-five boys and twenty-six girls, all between the ages of seven and twelve, of five boys under the age of seven, and one of five years of age (who was generally carried home from his work), and of five young women.

The work done by gangs is continuous throughout the year, with the exception perhaps of the months of January and February. It consists generally of picking twitch or the roots of couch grass, spreading manure, setting, hoeing, and taking up potatoes, weeding growing crops, singling, *i. e.* thinning turnips, pulling flax, mangold-wurzel, and turnips, and stone gathering. Much of this labour is of a kind highly injurious to children, requiring a continued stooping posture with a considerable amount of physical effort. Pulling turnips is perhaps the most pernicious employment to which a child can be set; it strains the spine, and often lays the foundation of chronic disease. Even to strong workmen the labour is very trying and exhausting, and the children are constantly complaining of their backs and endeavouring to snatch a short interval of rest, placing their hands behind them; but the gangmaster is ever on the watch, and an oath or a blow is too often the inevitable consequence. The turnip-leaves in the early morning are often full of ice, which greatly aggravates the sufferings of those employed in the work; the backs of the hands become swollen and cracked by the wind and cold and wet, the palms blister, and the fingers bleed from frequent laceration. If strong women thus suffer, how great must be the torture of children whose frames are unknit, whose strength is undeveloped, and whose tender hands must smart and agonise at every pore under exertions so unsuited to their delicate and sensitive organisation!

The medical officer of the Privy Council is of opinion that the employment of women in gangs has a very decided influence in increasing the rate of infant mortality, the death rate of infants in the gang provinces being three times greater than in the districts where it is the lowest. The extraordinary mortality of infants and of children under two years of age in a parish in Cambridgeshire is attributed to the constant employment of
women

women in the fields before and soon after their confinement. The practice of drugging infants with opium, to enable their mothers to go to their labour, must greatly contribute to this result, for out of seventy-two burials in one year in the parish referred to, thirty were those of infants under one year old. Women are naturally more susceptible than men to injury from cold and wet, their clothes, which are often soaked through, retain moisture longer; weeding standing corn is therefore an occupation in which women should never be employed, for in moist weather they are drenched to the skin in a few minutes by the water from the stalks which often rise above their shoulders.

Stone picking is one of the worst kinds of labour in which women and children can be employed. The effect, like that of pulling turnips, is to strain the spine and the loins often to their permanent injury. Stones from the fields are collected in aprons suspended from the necks and shoulders, and as many as twenty-four bushels are not unfrequently picked up by one person in a day. It is a fearful labour for children, and yet fifty tons' weight have been collected by six, one of which was only six years of age, within a fortnight. 'Stone picking,' said an old gang-master, 'is bad for the children, and bad for me too. I carried off myself this year twenty-five loads, but it is not one man in ten who could do it; it made my shoulders quite raw.' 'Children can do more in this way,' he added, 'by working eight hours a day than nine, but *in the last hour they are asking forty times what o'clock it is.*'

We might crowd our pages with proofs of the injurious effects of gang labour upon the health and welfare of the children engaged in it, but the following case, in which three young girls succumbed under its effects, will be sufficient to condemn a system under which such cruel oppression can be practised with impunity.

Statement of a labourer's wife of Denton, Huntingdonshire:—

'In June, 1862, my daughters, Harriet and Sarah, aged respectively 11 and 13, were engaged by a ganger to work on land at Stilton. When they got there he took them to Peterborough; there they worked for six weeks, going and returning each day. The distance each way is 8 miles, so that they had to walk 16 miles each day, on all the 6 working days of the week, besides working in the field from 8 to 5, or 5½, in the afternoon. They used to start from home at 5 in the morning, and seldom got back before 9. Sometimes they were put to hoeing, sometimes to twitching, and they had 7d. a day. They had to find all their own meals, as well as their own tools—such as hoes. They (the girls) were good for nothing at the end of the six weeks. The ganger made a great fuss to have my children, because they were so quick in their work, and he persuaded me to send my
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little girl Susan who was then 6 years of age. She walked all the way (8 miles) to Peterborough to her work, and worked from 8 to 51, and received 4d. She was that tired that her sisters had to carry her the best part of the way home—8 miles, and she was ill from it for 3 weeks, and never went again.'

Lamentable as are the physical results of such over exertion, which is far from being exceptional in the gang districts, the consequences of the intermixture of the sexes while going to and returning from work, as well as in the fields, are represented as most disastrous. Clergymen, magistrates, schoolmasters, policemen, even farmers, all concur in representing the corruption of morals which agricultural gangs have been the means of bringing about in the rural population as complete. The gangs are composed chiefly of young women hardened in a life of depravity, and of boys and girls early contaminated by their example. The youngest children swear habitually. The rate of illegitimacy, where the system prevails, is double that of the kingdom in general, and cases of seduction by the gangmasters of young girls in their employ are far from being uncommon. The medical officer of a Union workhouse stated that many girls of from thirteen to seventeen years of age had been brought there to be confined, whose ruin had been effected in going to or returning from gang work, and there had been six girls belonging to one small parish in the house at the same time lying-in, not with their first nor even with their second child.

Girls become quickly depraved, and boys attain a precocious independence which makes them impatient of parental or of any other control. Respectable persons, even ladies, if they are so unfortunate as to meet a gang, are certain to be assailed by foul language and ribald jests. A policeman, speaking of the gangs in his district, and especially of the gross immorality of the girls at an early age, says that although he had been employed for many years in detective duty in some of the worst parts of London, he never witnessed equal boldness and shamelessness; and that the obscenity of their conversation and of their songs was such as needed to be heard to be believed. The life of the fields seems indeed to possess a peculiar fascination for girls, for when once they have adopted it they cannot be induced to enter domestic service, nor indeed are they fit for it. 'I have no hesitation,' said a clergyman, speaking of the moral condition of his own parish, 'in saying that its corruption exceeds anything of which I have any experience. I have been to Sierra Leone, but I have seen shameless wickedness in ——— such as I never witnessed

nessed in Africa; 95 per cent. of those who work in the gangs never enter a place of worship, and the system is so degrading and demoralising to those so employed that they need to be civilised before they can be christianised.' It seems almost an impossibility that a girl who has worked for a single season in a gang can become a modest and respectable woman, or that a boy who associates day after day with some of the most abandoned of the other sex can grow up otherwise than grossly sensual and profane. The effect of gangs on the married women employed in them is to be destructive of all the domestic virtues. Absent from their homes from seven in the morning until late in the evening, they return jaded and dispirited and unwilling to make any further exertion. The husband finds the cottage untidy, the evening meal unprepared, the children querulous and disobedient, his wife dirty and ill-tempered, and his home so thoroughly uncomfortable that he not unnaturally takes refuge in the public house.

That which seems most to lower the moral tone of the elder girls employed in gangs is the feeling of independence which takes possession of them as soon as they find they can obtain remunerative occupation in the fields. They feel that they are at once emancipated from all parental control, and no longer bound to submit themselves to their teachers or to their spiritual pastors and masters. Gregarious employment, too, almost inevitably induces boldness of deportment and impudence of manner, and gives to their language that unpleasant peculiarity denominated 'slang.' The dress, moreover, which rural labour requires, must tend further to unsex them; and with buskins on their legs, petticoats tucked up above the knees, and garments clinging tightly to the body, their appearance is by no means adapted to inspire respect for their character. 'I object, as a rule,' said the principal tenant on his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Sandringham estate, 'to the employment of females in outdoor work at all. More is lost than gained by it, even to their families themselves, and the girls become altogether unfitted for domestic service. No one, whatever he may say, would choose for a servant a girl who had been in a gang, or at outdoor work, if he could help it. The behaviour and language of women and girls in gangs is such that a respectable man, of whatever age, if he meets them, cannot venture to speak to, scarcely even to look at them, without the risk of being shocked.' A mixed gang composed of women, boys, and girls returning from their distant labour on a rainy evening, weary, wet, and foot sore, but in spite of their wretchedness singing licentious or blasphemous songs, is a spectacle to excite at once pity, detestation and disgust.

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We had occasion, in some recent observations which we made on the Children's Employment Commission, to remark that the worst instances of overwork of which children were the victims were those of which the parents were themselves the inciters. The same unpleasant fact is equally prominent in the evidence relating to agricultural gangs. The temptation of adding two or three shillings to the weekly earnings of the family is generally too great for parents to withstand. Mothers are represented as forcing their children into the gangs,* and prefer keeping them at home to placing them in service that they may farm them out to the gangmaster; and it not unfrequently happens that the father is indulging in voluntary idleness at home while his offspring are toiling in the fields.†

Education is, as may be supposed, in a very neglected state in the districts where 'ganging' prevails. Children who leave school for field work at the age of seven or eight can have scarcely acquired the rudiments of knowledge, and if they return to it for a few weeks after the principal agricultural operations of the year are over, they are generally found to have become rough, demoralised, and intractable. As it is the interest of farmers that the supply of juvenile labour should always be equal to his requirements, they are represented as generally opposed in the gang districts to the education of the poor.‡

The almost constant employment of children in field labour obviously renders systematic instruction out of the question. Schools, where they exist, are systematically ignored by the parents, and it rests with the legislature to enforce a duty which the parent from interested motives neglects. The half-time system, which has been found to work so satisfactorily in the manufacturing districts seems to be that which, with some modifications, the condition of these rural districts requires. Labour and school on

* 'I heard one morning, before it was light, crying in the street, and looking out of the window I saw a child, whom I knew to be not six years old, running away, and the mother running after it, and heard her threatening it, saying that she would beat it if it did not go to work.'—*Evidence of a surgeon of Whittlesea.*

† One of the Assistant-Commissioners states, as coming within his own knowledge, the fact of several parents of large families remaining at home in voluntary idleness as soon as they can get their children to work.

‡ A. B., National Schoolmaster:—'It is a well known fact that farmers as a body are not friendly to the cause of education, more especially in the gang districts, and it is in this district that our school is situated. I know a case in which a farmer, calling himself an independent gentleman, said that he would sooner give 10*l.* to close a school than 1*l.* to keep it open. In another case a farmer said, "We don't want schools. We can't get servants as it is." Their ruling motive in this is, I believe, that by keeping their labourers in ignorance they will get labour at a cheap rate, such men being more easily content. This is not my own opinion only: others, who know more of these things than I do, say that there can be no doubt that this is their motive.'

alternate days are the best correctives, as regards boys, of the evils of the gang system. In reference to this subject, the admirable remarks of Mr. Paget, late M.P. for Nottingham, on the plan which he introduced with conspicuous success on his own estates, are well worthy of consideration.

'In November, 1854,' he says, 'I determined to employ 8 boys on my farm to do the work hitherto performed by 4, each boy spending half his day at work and half at school—relieving each other, so that I should always have 4 on the farm and 4 at school. I found an inconvenience in this arrangement; when the boys' clothes were wet and dirty, from their morning's work, they were unfit for school. I therefore changed my method, and the boys now work on alternate days.

'After four years' experience, I speak confidently of the satisfactory working of this system. As an employer of labour, I have every reason to be satisfied with it. The boys having an alternative day of rest, work with more pleasure and spirit; and I have no difficulty in finding as many willing to accept employment on these conditions as I want. The parent who might feel the entire loss of his son's wages to be too great a sacrifice, is willing to forego one-half the amount to secure to him the advantages of an education which does not interfere with the acquisition of the knowledge which is essential to his power of maintaining himself at an early age.

'The great advantage, however, is to the children themselves. They are never weary either of school or of work. Their progress is found to be very nearly equal to that of those whose sole business is attending school. At 14 years they have received not only a very fair amount of the rudiments of school learning, but they have also acquired a knowledge of the business of life, and are ready to enter into service with all that skill arising from habits of labour, combined with hardihood from exposure in out-of-door work, which the farmer who hires them has a right to expect. They are much better servants than the mere schoolboy could be. Their school life being compared, not with a holiday, but with a day of labour, they look upon it as a rest; and their associations with books are not irksome, but agreeable; so that, as a rule, they will retain what they have acquired.

'This alternate system of labour and rest appears to be indicated by our nature, in which the activity of the body is a good preparation for the activity of the mind, and every hard-working professional man has found that the best rest for his overtaken mind is in bodily exertion.'

The system of public gangs has hitherto alone occupied the attention of the Commissioners; but the evils are not confined to them. They exist to a much greater extent, and it is believed in even a more aggravated form, in the private gangs which are organised and superintended by farmers themselves. They exist wherever women are employed; in a worse form
where

where girls are employed; and in a worse form still where boys and girls are employed together. A very small proportion of the young engaged in agricultural labour will, it is admitted, be reached by any measure which applies to public gangs alone; and there is good reason for believing that the oppression exercised by individual farmers in their private gangs does not fall short of, if, indeed, it does not considerably exceed, that of the public gangmasters themselves. It is certain that the aggregate number of children, young persons, and women, employed in the private gangs in those counties which are the subject of the Report, is greatly in excess of the public gangs; for it seems to be a generally and necessarily prevailing practice, wherever farms are large, for the occupier to employ at certain seasons either a public or a private gang.

There is much testimony to the effect that the treatment of the young in the private is occasionally not so good as in the public gangs. Instances are recorded in which children have cried bitterly on being told that they were going to work for a particular farmer. The hours of labour are generally longer. 'Farmers,' said an old gangmaster, a favourable specimen of his class, and possessed of more humanity than his employers, 'have many times tried to get me to work till 6 P.M. instead of 5, but I told them I would never begin it.' Where the sexes are mixed, as is almost always the case in the private gangs, the results are quite as bad as in public gangs. It is occasionally the practice of the private gangs to pass the night on the farms where they work; according to one witness this is a common practice when they go long distances, and they sleep in a barn or a stable. Sometimes they remain on a farm sleeping in this way for weeks together, some of the party going home from time to time to fetch provisions for the rest. A day or two previous to the visit of one of the Assistant-Commissioners to a place in Cambridgeshire,* a gang had passed a night on a farm, the gangmaster with his whole party having been locked up in a granary by the foreman of the farm with as little thought of the impropriety of the proceeding as if he had been folding a flock of sheep. Some employers have endeavoured to separate the sexes in the private gangs, and to limit the age at which children are permitted to work in them, but such efforts have been generally unsuccessful for want of support, or of the means of enforcing their regulations.

Such evidence as the Assistant-Commissioners have recorded relating to these private gangs, tends on the whole to show that

* Mr Longe, Assistant-Commissioner's Report, p. 6.

in their moral effects upon the young they are scarcely distinguishable from the public gangs. It is therefore satisfactory to find that a new Commission has been issued which will forthwith enter upon a comprehensive inquiry into the whole subject of the employment of children, young persons, and women in agriculture. But sufficient has been already disclosed to justify immediate legislation, although that legislation may have to be supplemented by other measures as soon as the labours of the new Commission come to an end.*

Field work seems to be essentially degrading to the female character; no regulations will abate its evils in that respect. For girls therefore it should be absolutely prohibited, and it is the opinion of those well competent to judge that women would be physically unequal to the out-door work of farms in after life if they have not been hardened to it from very early years.

The want of a proper distribution of labour is the chief cause of the existence of agricultural gangs in the counties to which they have hitherto been confined. The prevalence of large farms, without cottages or any other accommodation for the labourer, is a great and an increasing evil in the rural economy of England. Its extent and growing magnitude may be inferred from the fact deduced from the last census returns by Dr. Hunter, namely, that the destruction of houses, notwithstanding the increased demand for them, has for the last ten years been in progress in 822 separate parishes or townships in England; so that, irrespective of persons who had been forced to become non-residents, these parishes and townships were receiving in 1864, as compared with 1861, a population $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. greater into house room $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. less, and that there were innumerable other parishes in which the demolition of houses was proceeding far more rapidly than any diminution of the population could explain. The rural peasantry are thus being removed from their parishes and relegated to open villages and towns, and the household condition of the English labourer is becoming in the highest degree deplorable. Whether he shall find cottage accommodation on the estate which he tills, and to which his labour is as indispensable as the influences of the sun and the rain, depends not on his ability to pay a reasonable rent, but on the use which

* The new Commission is noticeable for the prominence given to the subject of education. It is addressed to the former Commissioners, Mr. Hugh Seymour Trevelyan and Mr. Edward Carleton Tufnell, who are instructed 'to inquire into and report on the employment of children, young persons, and women in agriculture, for the purpose of ascertaining to what extent and with what modifications the principles of the Factory Act can be adopted for the regulation of such employment, and especially with a view to the education of such children.'

the owners think fit to make of their property; and a question, the Medical Officer of the Privy Council justly says, may have soon to be considered whether the proprietors of all land which requires regular labour ought not to be held liable to the obligation of providing suitable dwellings for those whom they employ. It cannot be to the interest of a landlord that his estate should be imperfectly cultivated, nor can it be to the interest of the farmer to employ labour in an exhausted condition, as must necessarily be the case when men have to walk miles to their work, and gangs of women and children commence the operations of the day in a state of lassitude inevitable from the distance which they have travelled.

One of the consequences of the want of proper cottage accommodation is, that in districts where the population is already insufficient, there is a tendency to its further diminution. The extent to which this deficiency prevails in the gang districts may be inferred from the fact that, in a parish of Cambridgeshire consisting of eighteen thousand acres, the whole of which is the property of the Duke of Bedford, the labour required for its cultivation can only be obtained from a distance of between seven and eight miles. In stating this, it is far from our intention to impute any special blame to his Grace for an omission which is common to him and many other great proprietors, but we record it as a striking instance of the neglect by landlords of their true interests no less than of the welfare of the people whom they employ. There are districts in the fens, in which estates consisting of 200 and 300 acres do not possess a single resident labourer, and of which the farmer with two or three servants are the only inhabitants. The population of the town of Spalding, in Lincolnshire, consisted in 1861, of 8723 persons, nearly the whole of whom were agricultural labourers. So in the Isle of Ely, which consists almost entirely of fen land under tillage, the labouring population by which it is cultivated is almost entirely located in large towns and villages distant seven or eight miles from each other, with scarcely an intervening cottage between them.

The proper proportion of cottages to an estate is supposed to be five or six for every five hundred acres. The present Earl of Leicester is a noble example of a great landed proprietor alive to the necessity of supplying an important social want and of redeeming the economical errors which his predecessors committed in the management of their princely domains. 'I have no hesitation,' he said at a meeting of a Norfolk Agricultural Association, and speaking from his own experience, 'that where there is a deficiency of cottages, the supplying that deficiency is one of the best investments

vestments a landlord can make.' Previously to the enactment of 1865, by which the area of rating was extended, it had occurred to him that it would be desirable to provide houses for labourers in the parishes in which they were employed, even though by so doing the certainty of increased rates was incurred, but after the passing of that Act there could no longer exist a doubt; but he added that, although he was the owner of 521 cottages, providing 450 able-bodied labourers for his estates, there still remained a deficiency of 500 to be procured from a distance. When men have to walk three or four miles to and from their work in all weathers, we ought not to feel any surprise that they should seek in emigration, or in some other occupation at home, those comforts and conveniences of life which the conditions of agricultural employment deprive them of. Wherever there are mines or manufactures within reach of his home, the result has been, as in the counties of the north-west from Worcestershire to North Lancashire, little short of the abandonment of agriculture by the English labourer, and the substitution in his place of the Irish emigrant. The manufacturing districts are drawing year after year increasing supplies of workmen from the country, and we have now the unsatisfactory social phenomenon of a constantly increasing urban and town population with a dwindling rural people.

The gang system is stated by the Commissioners to be greatly on the increase. It is already resorted to in counties in which there is no excuse in any deficiency of population for its adoption, and, if not checked by timely legislation it will spread like a moral leprosy over the land. We have been shocked by the former revelations of the Commissioners of little girls wielding sledge-hammers and working as blacksmiths, of young boys exposed night and day to the fearful heat of glass-furnaces, of infants pent up in fetid garrets and damp cellars sinking under the effects of premature and exhausting labour, and we cannot fail to be impressed with the frightful evils which seem to be inseparable from agricultural gangs. The children employed in them may not be liable to the same physical deterioration as those engaged in lace-making and straw-plaiting, for they breathe the pure air of heaven while occupied in their yearly round of toil, but they are enveloped in an atmosphere of moral corruption, paralleled probably only in the interior of Africa. It is for the State to interpose to avert the evils with which the country is threatened from the continuance of this frightful abuse, and to become the protector of those who are unable to protect themselves. Its interposition has been invoked even by the parents of the little victims of cupidity and oppres-
sion.

sion.* The true remedy may be difficult to discover, for it will necessarily involve some interference with the liberty of the subject, but if we are left without any remedial measures whatever our female peasants will assuredly be reduced to that state of utter helplessness in which remedies will be no longer available, for their fall will have become irrevocable and nonpare.

We compare our remedy with the excellent observations of the Commission, to whom the nation owes a debt of gratitude for their unstinting exposure of one of the foulest facts in the character of a civilized country which public investigation has ever brought to light.

If one of the results of placing the public gangs under sanitary legislative regulations should be to diminish the disposition of the gangmaster to feed them, and thereby to supply another means for the proper distribution of agricultural labour in suitable outages upon the land it will contribute greatly to the just satisfaction and to the happiness and well-being of the labouring poor in these districts, and be no less advantageous in an economical point of view to the employer in the saving of time and strength now thrown away in going and returning long distances to and from work. At the same time and strength wasted in the suffering from excess and unwholesome fatigue produced by the labourer and in his children every instance in which the parent may have wasted the moral sum of his child as the undermining of health by the overworking of outages, or as the contaminating influence of the public gang, must have been as many incentives to fatigue in the minds of the labouring poor which can be well understood and which would be needless to particularize. They must be someone that must bodily and mental pain has thus been inflicted upon them from causes of which they were in no way answerable to which had it been in their power they would have in no way objected, and against which they were powerless to struggle. Every measure contributing to cause proper outages accommodation to be distributed according to the need upon or near the land to which the services of the agricultural labourer and those of his family are applied must, so far as it reaches, have a most salutary effect in lessening or allaying such feelings, and be, in many other respects, a great public benefit.

* "A sanitary legislator said a mother, 'that a law may be passed to prevent girls from working in gangs; for, though we know we are wrong, the temptation is too strong for us—we cannot refuse the money.'"

- ART. VIII.—1. *The Alps of Hannibal*. By William John Law, M.A., formerly student of Christ Church, Oxford. 1866.
2. *A Treatise on Hannibal's Passage of the Alps, in which his route is traced over the Little Mont Cenis*. By Robert Ellis, B.D., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. 1854.
3. *Two Papers by the same Author*. 'Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology.' Vols. II. and III. Cambridge, 1856.
4. *An Enquiry into the Ancient Routes between Italy and Gaul: with an Examination of the Theory of Hannibal's Passage of the Alps by the Little St. Bernard*. By Robert Ellis, B.D. 1867.
5. *The March of Hannibal from the Rhone to the Alps*. By Henry Lawes Long, Esq. London, 1831.
6. *Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps*. By the Rev. (Dean) Cramer and G. L. Wickham, Esq. 1820.

THE happy touches of ingenious absurdity which adorn the character of Scott's Antiquary are so easily to be paralleled in the theories of many among the speculators on the great Carthaginian march, that it would be hard to find a more appropriate text for the head of this article than Mr. Oldbuck's learned disquisition on the camp of Agricola and the Kaim of Kinprunes. The investigation of doubtful historical sites is a dignified and praiseworthy pursuit, if carried on with scientific and scholarlike exactness, and a comparatively innocent one even when enthusiasm persuades itself into perversity. But as the practical value of the pursuit is only to be measured by the extent to which it attains historical truth, the kindest office of the disinterested critic is to set antiquarian ingenuity right whenever it goes visibly wrong, as ruthlessly as Edie Ochiltree turned Mr. Oldbuck's sacrificial vessel and its inscription A.D.L.L. (*Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens*) into 'Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle.'

Between Domo d' Ossola and Barcelonnette, there is scarcely a practicable pass of the main chain of the Alps, or a passable route leading towards the main chain, over which some theorist has not carried Hannibal's 8000 cavalry, 37 elephants, and 40,000 infantry. The Simplon, Great St. Bernard, Col de La Seigne and Allée Blanche, Little St. Bernard, Mont Cenis, Genève and Col de Sestrières, Col d'Argentière and Monte Viso, have all in turn found promoters of their claims, in virtue of some supposed peculiar congruity with the words of either Polybius or Livy. Mont Blanc himself has been gravely identified by a 'jurisconsult' of Annécý with 'a certain defensible white rock,' about which Hannibal once stood to arms with half his forces all night long. Traditions, which must claim a continuity of two thousand years to give them any value, are enlisted

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on all sides. The local guide of Mr. Wickham and Mr. Cramer talked freely of Hannibal's march up the Little St. Bernard 'in the time of the Saracens,' of the great battle at the foot of the Roche Blanche, and of the bones of mighty beasts still washed out of the soil of the ravine above it. A druidical circle on the summit of the same pass is consecrated by the peasants to a council of war held by Hannibal. M. Larauza again was shown the Corna Rossa near the Mont Cenis by the country folk to whom 'leurs anciens avaient raconté qu'un fameux général nommé Annibal était passé par là il y a bien longtemps;' whence he concluded 'très naturellement que ce fut là ce promontorium d'où ce grand capitaine montra l'Italie à son armée.'

A remark which naturally arises on the surface of so many-sided a controversy is, that there can surely exist nothing fit to be called evidence upon the question. Yet the account of Hannibal's march preserved in the pages of Polybius was written by an historian of remarkable judgment, clearness of intention, and precision of language, who had enjoyed peculiar opportunities of learning the facts, and had no interest in distorting them. He knew intimately Roman generals and statesmen who had fought against the great Carthaginian invader. He explored in person, and for the purposes of his narrative, the track of Hannibal across the Alps within some fifty years after the march took place, and within some forty years after Hasdrubal repeated the adventurous exploit over the same line, to reinforce his brother's dwindling legions in Italy. At such a date the local memories and traditions of a passage that was both recent and rare would be fresh and strong. If any tale is entitled to credit which does not profess to be told by an actual spectator of its incidents, if any writer deserves attention upon a particular point from the general character of his writings on other points, the evidence of Polybius is worthy of implicit confidence as that of a competent and unbiassed inquirer at the best source of information, describing clearly and consistently facts which he had taken special pains to understand, and which he was desirous of explaining unmistakably after his own manner. Whatever be the reason why the passage of Hannibal should have remained so long a vexed historical question, it is not because the evidence of the nearest accessible witness is incapable of a simple and obvious interpretation. It has been found possible to impute ambiguity to the account given by Polybius, mainly because modern readers have been too anxious to reconcile it with the statements and opinions of the more brilliant but looser Roman historian of a hundred and fifty years later, and too prone to treat the Augustan writer as an equally original and equally trustworthy authority with the Greek, whose details he translated, and expanded, and misunderstood,

stood, and threw aside, at his pleasure, and without acknowledgment.

Dr. Arnold, in both text and notes of his Roman history, depreciates the geographical ability of Polybius, and attributes the supposed irremovable uncertainty of the route entirely to his want of 'a sufficient knowledge of the bearings of the country,' and of 'sufficient liveliness as a painter, to describe the line of the march so as to be clearly recognised.'

'To any man who comprehended the whole character of a mountain country, and the nature of its passes, nothing could have been easier than to have conveyed at once a clear idea of Hannibal's route, by naming the valley by which he had ascended to the main chain, and afterwards that which he followed in descending from it. Or admitting that the names of barbarian rivers would have conveyed little information to Greek readers, still the several Alpine valleys have each their peculiar character, and an observer with the least power of description could have given such lively touches of the varying scenery of the march, that future travellers must at once have recognised his description.'*

Arnold regards the 'rare sterility of fancy,' particularised by Gibbon as one of the most valuable elements of Polybius' character, as a fatal defect. Niebuhr (as appears from his lectures published by Dr. Leonhard Schmitz) formed a far higher and juster estimate of the power of Polybius to convey a clear impression of the scenery of his history. Niebuhr and Mommsen are both satisfied, and Arnold concurs with them in thinking, that Hannibal crossed the Alps by the Little St. Bernard. Mr. Law, the latest upholder of this route, is justified in reminding those who may rely upon Arnold's authority for the idea that Polybius was an incompetent geographical describer, that the only possible source from which Arnold can have drawn a single argument or indication of an argument to warrant his own belief is the narrative of the slighted Greek historian.

To do Polybius justice, we must not only comprehend but acquiesce in the method which he lays down in so many words as the one he intends to follow. It was certainly not his business to identify a controverted route by the distinguishing marks between it and other passages across the Alpine chain that have become familiar to travellers living 2000 years later. There was no such controversy in his day; and there is no reason to suppose that he explored a single pass, except the one over which he followed the recognised track of Hannibal. The Alps were an unknown country to the Greek audience to which Polybius spoke; and Arnold's admission that the barbarian names of rivers

* 'Arnold's Rome,' vol. iii. p. 479.

and valleys would convey little information to such is at once scanty and superfluous, when the historian expressly repudiates that style of explanation as equivalent in their case to unintelligible and inarticulate babble.* To place ourselves in the position of his proper readers, we should lay aside not only our power of referring to accurate Alpine maps, but our merest schoolboy ideas of the relative positions of the various localities. We must interpret Polybius by himself, and himself only. The geographical scheme laid down at the commencement of his narrative of the march must be the basis on which our geographical conceptions of the march are to grow. We give the explanation of that basis from the 36th chapter of the third book of his history, as rendered by Mr. Law:—

‘For so long as the mind has nothing to lay hold of, and cannot apply the words to any known ideas, the narrative is without order and without point. Wherefore a way is to be shown by which, though speaking of unknown things, it is practicable to bring one’s hearers in some measure to conceptions that have truth and knowledge. The first and main thing to know, and which all men may know, is the division and arrangement of the firmament which surrounds us; by the perception of which all of us, that is all in whom there is usefulness, comprehend east, west, south, and north. Next is that knowledge by which, apportioning the several regions of the earth according to those distinctions, we come to have clear and familiar notions about places unknown to us and unseen.’

Where the bearings given by Polybius are not absolutely correct by the compass, we must take them as they are, instead of amending them by exacter modern observations. When, therefore, we are reminded that the Rhone does not rise in fact, as Polybius says it does, over the head of the Adriatic Gulf, but rather in the longitude of the Gulf of Genoa; that Hannibal’s course up the Rhone from the sea towards the midland regions of Europe was not eastward in fact, as Polybius says, but directly northerly; we deny that the proved error in these bearings should cast any doubt on the conclusiveness of his geographical description of the general line of march, or of particular points in it, if they are defined by reference to a measure or mark which in itself is unmistakable. The belief that the general course of the Rhone from its source to its mouth ran in a westerly or south-westerly line or curve was perfectly consistent with an accurate knowledge of the topography of the river as far as it was visited by Polybius in tracing the route of Hannibal.

It flows as a natural consequence from the historian’s method

* ἀδιανοήτοις καὶ κρονσματοκαῖς λέξεσιν.

of describing the unknown through its reference to the known, that the outlines of actual scenery given should be as broad and simple as possible, descending into local detail only where such detail is required for the illustration of a particular incident, and that the distances along the river and the closeness of adherence to the river's banks should be measured broadly and largely, without counting every wayward bend. Strabo uses phrases which imply that such was the recognised scholastic method,* in speaking of other measurements by Polybius of rivers and coastlines. We are bound moreover to demand that the words of the story should be construed throughout in the plainest and simplest sense of which they are capable. Interpreters of a straightforward narrative, constructed to convey its own meaning in itself to readers ignorant of the localities, and possessing no charts or books of reference to help them, have no right to go about ferretting into the innermost recesses of a word or a phrase, to put upon it a secondary meaning that shall coincide with a preconceived historical theory.

Reading Polybius on these broad principles, we think there is no doubt that Hannibal went over the Little St. Bernard, and found his way to it by the Mont du Chat. Cælius Antipater, the earliest author after Polybius of whose belief on the subject we know anything, is quoted by Livy as taking Hannibal across the 'Cremonis jugum.' This name apparently remains as Mont Cramont, and Livy further fixes the pass as the Little St. Bernard, by the remark that it and the Penine Alp (or Great St. Bernard) lead down to the Salassi and Libui. Cornelius Nepos, Livy's contemporary, speaks of the St. Bernard range, or 'Saltus Graius,' as taking its name from Hercules, in words which naturally, but not necessarily, may be held to mean that the mythical route of the Greek hero was identical with that used in fact by the Carthaginian. We name these writers only to set them off, so to speak, against the opposite opinions of Livy and Strabo; standing by Polybius as the only extant source of any true knowledge in detail by which the route can be proved. The earliest modern inquirer, who by personal investigation with Polybius in his hand arrived at a conviction in favour of the Little St. Bernard, was General Melville, in 1775. His notes on the subject were communicated to Mr. Whitaker, a Cornish clergyman, and to M. De Luc of Geneva. Mr. Whitaker threw aside General Melville's discovery to find an original line for himself by Martigny and the Great St. Bernard. In 1818 M.

* ε. γ., μή κατακορίζονται; and elsewhere, οὐ δέηπου τὸ σὺν τοῖς σκολιάμασιν, οὐ γὰρ γεωγραφικὸν τοῦτο.

De Luc published the substance of the General's notes, with an important correction of his own upon the march from the Rhone to the foot of the pass. In 1820 Mr. Wickham and Mr. Cramer supported De Luc's view in a 'Dissertation' published at Oxford. No writer has followed on the same side (many on behalf of several rival hypotheses) before Mr. Law, the most exhaustive of all the controversialists. The most ingenious pleader for the most plausible alternative is Mr. Ellis, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, who takes the Little Mont Cenis under his protection, and leaves no stone unturned that may help to lay a foundation for his edifice of proof.

Before entering on the story of the march as told by Polybius, let us glance at the probabilities of the case, as they are to be gathered from his previous statements upon the policy and conduct of Hannibal's daring invasion. We are distinctly informed* that the feasibility of this great conception was in the mind of the Carthaginian General entirely based upon the active assistance of the Cisalpine Gauls. Before crossing the Ebro, he had sent envoy after envoy to induce the Gaulish chieftains of the Alps and of the plain of the Po to enter into an offensive alliance against Rome. The Cisalpine Gauls were so ready to embrace the opportunity that, in the belief of his early arrival, derived from the messengers who had passed to and fro,† their principal tribe, the Insubres, and their neighbours the Boii, broke truce with Rome and attacked her new colonies on the Po before Hannibal had crossed the Pyrenees. Envoys of rank from the same tribes met him after his passage of the Rhone, and accompanied him into Italy. All considerations of policy seem to point to such a route through the mountains as would descend into the plain at a point where the pre-eminence of the Insubres was recognised. It is known that the chief town of the Insubres was Mediolanum (Milan); it is probable that the Lai, Libui, or Lebecii, mentioned elsewhere by Polybius as the Gaulish tribes who 200 years earlier had settled higher up the Po than the Insubres, but never mentioned by him as antagonists to Rome or as historically important at the time of the second Punic war, were then subordinate to the Insubrian supremacy. Their position is known from Livy to have been between the Insubres and the Salassi, who held the valley of the Dora Baltea. Farther westward, under the mountain side,‡ lay the Taurini, the nearest Ligurian neighbours of the Gauls, at enmity with the

* μόνως ἂν ὑπολαμβάνων ἐν Ἰταλίᾳ συστήσασθαι τὸν πρὸς Ῥωμαίων πόλεμον, εἰ διηγηθεὶς διαπεράσας τὰς πρὸ τοῦ δυσχωρίας εἰς τοὺς προσηρμένους ἀφίκεσθαι τόπον καὶ συνεργοῖς καὶ συμμάχοις χρήσασθαι Κελτοῖς εἰς τὴν προκειμένην ἐπιβολήν.

† πιστεύοντες ἐκ τῶν διακεκομμένων.

‡ πρὸς τῇ παραρείᾳ.

Insubres,

Insubres, and deaf to all proffers of alliance from the Carthaginian invader. Even before hearing from Polybius that, when the last danger of the Alpine descent was left behind, Hannibal came boldly down into the plains about the Po and the country of the Insubres, should we not say that this was the very direction in which he should most rationally be looked for? From the beginning of the march to the end, Hannibal, as the historian expressly tells us, pursued his enterprise 'in the most business-like manner;* for he had investigated accurately the nature of the country which he designed to come down upon, and the estrangement of the population from the Romans.' Until he was ready to strike his first blow in Italy itself, he sedulously husbanded his strength, and had as little as possible to do with any but those who were about to share the hopes and fortunes of the Carthaginian cause.

Passes to the east of the Little St. Bernard would equally bring Hannibal among the Insubres, either directly or through the Libui. By passes to the west, again, he might undoubtedly have found a more direct line into Italy from the Lower Rhone, if he valued the reasons to which we have adverted as lightly as some of the critics who have speculated on his course. We must look to the narrative itself for the clue that leads decisively to the Little St. Bernard, rather than to the Great St. Bernard or Simplon on the one hand, or the Mont Cenis or Genève on the other. The landscape of Polybius is simple, clear, and consistent, if we trust it altogether; confusing and unintelligible, if we disregard or distort any of its details. The historian first tells us shortly that Hannibal crossed the Rhone at a certain point, from which he marched up the river a certain distance, till he came upon and crossed the Alpine range, marching in so many days a certain number of stadia from plain to plain. He tells us in detail that in the march up the Rhone Hannibal reached a district called the Island, bounded by the rivers Rhone and Isère and the mountains which stretch from the one to the other. After certain transactions in this island, Hannibal marched a further distance (still along the river) to the first ascent of Alps, over ground practicable for cavalry, and through the country of the Allobroges. He forced the first Alpine barrier against Allobrogian enemies, and descended by a precipitous path on its further side. He then proceeded without annoyance for several days through a productive and easy country. On the day before reaching the summit of the main chain, he came to a difficult defile with a prominent white rock at its

* *λίαν πραγματικῶς.*

lower end, where he fought a battle with the mountaineers. During the first day of descent on the Italian side, the army was stopped by a breach in the road, and fell upon a drift of the last year's snow. Shortly below this point was a pasture valley; from which Hannibal marched down into the plain and among the Insubres.

'These things,' says Mr. Law, 'with the arrangement of the whole track of the march into intelligible sections, and the assigning to each of them its proper measurement and period of time, these are the landmarks of Polybius; more or less strong, when taken separately; conclusive, when combined.'

Only two alternative points have ever been imagined to suit the scene of Hannibal's passage of the Rhone; the reach above Roquemaure, and the neighbourhood of Tarascon. Polybius marks the spot by the river's running there in a single stream, and by the distances of nearly four days' journey from the sea, and four days' march to the confluence which forms the island. Both places can claim a 'single stream,'* if the words are held simply to refer to the bifurcation of the Rhone, alike below both. The weightier import of the phrase would be better satisfied at Roquemaure, as the single stream there is undivided by islands, and the reach is above the confluence of the Durance. To have crossed the Rhone below the junction of this river would have given Hannibal all the practical disadvantages of a double channel, by forcing him unnecessarily to cross a second stream. The test of distances decides conclusively in favour of Roquemaure, which stands about 65 Roman miles from the eastern mouth of the Rhone, and 75 (or 600 stadia) from the confluence of Rhone and Isère; a reasonable four days' journey either way. Tarascon, nearly 30 miles farther down the stream, is therefore only 35 miles distant from the sea, and 105 from the confluence; spaces which can hardly be reduced into any approximate equality.†

After bringing his elephants across the river (an operation described by his unimaginative chronicler with such clearness of detail as brings the scene before the eyes of the reader, and explains why it was especially necessary to choose an open un-islanded reach for the transit of these unwieldy living engines of war), Hannibal took his course along the river 'away from the

* *ῥέσις ἀπλῆ.*

† But for a sentence in Polybius, which mentions Roman milestones as settling the distances from Spain as far as the passage of the Rhone, and the fact that Tarascon afterwards became the crossing-place of the great Roman road between Spain and Italy, there would probably never have arisen any controversy on this point. And this sentence is pronounced by advocates of either crossing, Dr. Ukert and Mr. Law, to be necessarily spurious or misplaced, as Roman roads and Roman dominion in Gaul were alike non-existent in Polybius' time.

sea as towards the east, as if for the midland regions of Europe.' Undoubtedly for all this part of his course the Rhone runs from north to south; but the tangible and unmistakable clue is the fact of marching up the river. The error in the bearings is consistent with and explained by the belief of Polybius,* that the Rhone rose over the Adriatic gulf and flowed towards the winter sunset to discharge itself into the Sardinian sea. If we imagine the upper end of the Valais (perhaps the origin of the 'funnel'† through which Polybius understood the Rhone to run for most of its course), produced eastward as far as the longitude of Innsbrück or Botzen, the westing made by the river between its source and its mouth would be so much greater than the southing, that its true line might fairly be drawn towards the winter sunset, and the route up its stream called easterly. If we deal broadly and consistently with Polybius' notions of geography, we shall find them (even where inaccurate) coherent and plain. On the same principle the so-much vexed phrases, 'along the river,' 'along the river itself,'‡—appear to us rightly to mean a continued parallelism to the general course of the river;§ not following every sinuosity, like the angle at Lyons, of which Greek readers knew nothing except what Polybius might happen to tell them, but going by chord or arc from the point of crossing to the point where the guidance of the river was left and the new course laid across the mountains.

It might be supposed that no particular importance attached to the proof of the place of crossing, beyond the satisfaction of clearing up an isolated doubt, since it is agreed, by most who disagree about all subsequent details, that Hannibal marched thence straight up to the confluence of the Rhone and Isère. Count Fortia D'Urban, 'ancien propriétaire de Lampourdier, département de Vaucluse'—a genuine proprietor of a Kaim of Kinprunes—is the one critic whose local patriotism impels him to deny the usual identification of the island, and to carry Hannibal eastward and away from the Rhone by a small river, called the Eygues, immediately after crossing at Roquemaure. It is in regard to the measurements of the several stages along the route that it becomes important to fix the point of crossing indisputably. Polybius states two equations to the distance travelled along the river; the first in Chapter 39: $x = a$, from the crossing to the first ascent of Alps, || 1400 stadia; the second in Chapters 49 and 50: $x = b + c$, four days' march from the crossing up to the island,

* Stated in his next sentence *ὁ δὲ Πόδας κ. τ. λ.*

† $\Delta u \Delta v$.

* παρὰ τὸν ποταμὸν—παρ' αὐτὸν τὸν ποταμὸν.

δ οὐ δὴπου σὺν τοῖς σκολιώμασιν, οὐ γὰρ γεωγραφικὸν τοῦτο.

ἀναβολὴ τῶν Ἀλπεων.

and (after narrating the transactions in the island) 800 stadia along the river to the 'ascent to the Alps.'^a The two equations correspond exactly, if we take 600 stadia as equivalent to the four days' march; and this has been shown already to suit the position of Roquemaure. The agreement of two different methods of working out the same problem at least proves that the historian stated the problem deliberately. Mr. Henry Lawes Long (who believes in the Little St. Bernard, but not in the Mont du Chat) disputes the identity of the subject-matter of the two equations, and makes the last quoted phrase mean the ascent *towards* the Alps; which he places at Valence or near the apex of the island, while his ascent *of* the Alps begins some 600 stadia up the Isère, near Fort Barraux. Mr. Long's intuitive scholarship teaches him to repudiate the idea that 'along the river'[†] can refer to any river but the Rhone; but inasmuch as 800 stadia are less than the distance between the apex of the island and the point where the mountains come down to that river, if the bank be strictly followed all the way round by Lyons, he attributes this measurement to the length of river travelled below the confluence, or to the neighbourhood of Valence. For other reasons he leads Hannibal from that point up the valley of the Isère, with the ascent *towards* the Alps already begun at the moment of leaving the Rhone, and the ascent *of* the Alps looming in the distance far behind the mountains of Grenoble. This fine-drawn distinction involves the innocent Polybius in hopeless confusion of language. It saddles him with three different ascents: the 'ascent of the Alps' of Chap. 39, 1400 stadia for general travellers up the Rhone itself above the point of Hannibal's crossing; the ascent of Hannibal *towards* the Alps near Valence, 800 stadia at most above that crossing; and his ascent *of* the Alps, some 1400 stadia up a mixed course of Rhone and Isère. It imports an inextricable dilemma into the 49th Chapter, where we are told that the escort of the Gaulish chief guarded the rear of the Carthaginian army as long as the country was level, and until it drew near to the crossing of the Alps.[‡] Mr. Long places the 'difficult places'[§] of the Allobrogian attack (which took place after the native escort had departed homeward) in front of Grenoble, and some days before his first ascent of Alps near Fort Barraux. If that escort retired at Mr. Long's ascent *towards* the Alps, it never moved a yard. If it turned back before Grenoble, the passage over the Alps commenced some days before the ascent of the Alps. *Utrum horum mavis accipe.*

^a ἀναβολὴ πρὸς τὰς Ἀλπεῖς.

[‡] ἕως ἤγγισαν τῇ τῶν Ἀλπεων ὑπερβολῇ.

[†] παρὰ τὸν ποταμὸν.

[§] δυσχάραι.

The island is described by Polybius as approximately triangular—in size and shape like the Egyptian Delta, which his countrymen knew—only that its base is formed not by sea, but by ‘mountains difficult of approach, difficult to penetrate, and almost, so to speak, inaccessible.’ Coming to this island, and finding in it* two brothers contending in the field for the sovereignty, Hannibal took part with the elder and helped him to drive out the other.† In recompense he received liberal supplies of food and arms, as well as of clothing and shoes, which were highly serviceable for the passage of the mountains that lay before him.‡ The victor also secured his march through the country of the Allobrogian Gauls by the escort we have referred to already. Is it reasonable to imagine that Polybius, using such words as we have quoted, meant to inform his readers that Hannibal never entered the island with the main body of his army, but assisted the Gaulish chieftain at most with his light-armed troops, and led his elephants and main train up the left or southern bank of the Isère to Grenoble? Mr. Ellis says this must be so, because Polybius never mentions a crossing of the Isère, which, but for the lesser width of the river and the absence of hostile opposition on the part of the natives, would be as difficult as the passage of the Rhone, detailed by him so fully. For this and other reasons Mr. Ellis takes Hannibal straight up the south bank of the Isère to the Mont Cenis.

Mr. Ellis and Mr. Long both understand from Polybius that the friendly Gauls and the hostile Allobroges did not and could not belong to the same people. Mr. Long recognises the island as notoriously being the *Insula Allobrogum* of Roman history, and so infers that Hannibal's friends, not being Allobroges, properly lived outside of it. He says the chiefs who were found fighting in it were Segalaunians, from the south of the Isère; whose capital was Valence, and who ‘might perhaps have had some lands on the north bank’ as outlying enclaves in the Allobrogian territory, to account for their appearance inside the island on any terms. He tells us that at Romans, ten miles up the Isère, Hannibal could and did cross into the island of the hostile Allobroges; that from thence two days' march across the rolling plains or sandhills to Moirans brought him in front of the ‘difficult places’ where the Allobroges were lying in wait, at the southern edge of the precipices of the Grande Chartreuse range, between which and the equally precipitous Sassenage the Isère forces its way from the vale of

* καταλαβὼν ἐν αὐτῇ.

† συνεπιτιθέμενος καὶ συνεκβαλὼν.

‡ τὰς τῶν ὁρῶν ὑπερβολὰς.

Graisivaudan and the city of Grenoble. Mr. Ellis, with as bold an inference in the opposite direction, marks Hannibal's friends as the men of the island, and places the Allobroges outside of it, as not yet in possession of the district which 150 years later undeniably formed their main dominion. Conveniently for his theory that Hannibal never crossed into the island at all, he locates them to the east of the Grande Chartreuse range, in and beyond the plain country of the Graisivaudan; and (happy etymologist!), by turning up from the Isère through the gorge of La Fay, finds the Allobrogian town which Hannibal stormed after forcing the first barrier of Alps, still extant under the conclusively identical name of Allevard.

We hold it abundantly clear that the Gauls of the island and the Allobroges were of the same people: as in the Afghan war of our own history Mahomed Akhbar Khan and the chiefs of Cabool, who remained to the last in nominal treaty with the retiring English army, and some of whom exposed their own lives to protect it, were equally Afghans with the savage and uncontrolled tribes of the Khoord-Cabool and Jugdulluk passes, by whom that army was annihilated. Hannibal was not the first nor the last general who has found that the local chieftains* of a widespread barbarian people are practically independent of the central ruler, especially at a time when half the country has been up in arms against the other half for the claims of opposing pretenders to the supreme authority. It is plain on Polybius' words, that from the point, wherever that may have been, at which Hannibal's army received its new outfit, the escort of the Gaulish ally accompanied the Carthaginians over the level to the mountain foot, and that from the first their march lay among the Allobroges, who would have annoyed them but for that escort and their own cavalry. The appellation of Gauls, or barbarians, is indiscriminately applied to both friend and enemy: and it is reasonable to suppose that the Gaulish guides, employed by Hannibal to go from his camp into the enemy's and discover their tactics, were of the same tribe with those among whom they penetrated. Mr. Long presumes these spies to have been Gauls from the plains of the Po: overlooking the statement of Polybius, that Hannibal used local guides for his Alpine difficulties. We should think it needless to labour this point, had not the alleged dilemma contributed to frighten so many ingenious critics into the narrow gorges below Grenoble, on either bank of the Isère.

The difficulty really attempted to be turned by any such

* *οἱ κατὰ μέγας ἡγέμευες.*

deviations is the exaggerated bugbear that the phrases 'along the river,' and 'along the river itself,'* must carry Hannibal all the way round by Lyons, if they refer to this portion of the Rhone at all. Those who believe in the simplest meaning of the historian's words, that the first ascent of Alps is only to be found near the exit of that river from the mountains, follow the Rhone from the confluence of the Isère up to the historical Allobrogian capital, Vienne, then strike across the plain by Bourgoin to touch it again near Aouste and St. Genix, and so reach the foot of the Mont du Chat. Looking at the mere probabilities of the case, nothing seems more consistent or likely than that the grateful chief of the island, after supplying the necessary stores for his 50,000 guests at the capital town where so large a quantity would be most easily procured, should speed them to the passage out of his country by the straightest and easiest route—a route which afterwards, in virtue of its natural facilities, became an important Roman road. The Roman itineraries make the distance by this line from Valence through Vienne to Lavisco (Chevelu, in front of the Mont du Chat) 98 miles, which is not far from the historian's 800 stadia. The character of the district is thus described by Mr. Wickham and Mr. Cramer, when studying the ground with reference to this question in 1819:—

'From Vienne to Bourgoin the road runs along a broad valley with low flat hills, a raised causeway, probably the remains of the Roman road. At Septeme (ad Septimum) seven miles from Vienne, country quite open: pass Otier (octavum) to Dieme (Decimum) very well cultivated, clover, corn, fine walnut-trees, lucerne, turnips, full of farmhouses: before Bourgoin, small round hills of sandstone. To the north, high hills, under which the Rhone runs, so that its course is very visible.'

The extreme distance from the river, at any point of this line between Vienne and the next salient angle of the Rhone, may be some twelve or fifteen miles, about Bourgoin, where the river's course is very visible, skirting the base of the high hills beyond it. Do the words† 'along the river itself up to the ascent of the Alps' (for the whole context should be construed together) admit of such a short cut under such circumstances or not? We have no hesitation in answering in the affirmative.

Again, it is certain that in describing the island as a delta, Polybius either purposely or unwittingly disregards whatever aberrations from lineal rectitude the Rhone commits between

* παρὰ τὸν ποταμὸν and παρ' αὐτὸν τὸν ποταμὸν.

† παρ' αὐτὸν τὸν ποταμὸν ἕως πρὸς τὴν ἀναβολὴν τῶν Ἀλπεων.

the base and the apex of the island triangle. The comparison is an instance of his general method of explanation through reference to simple and familiar forms. The Greek reader, who was told to consider the river as approximately a straight line, would naturally understand an inner line of march, coming close to the river at successive points, as being a parallel line to the river. We believe that Polybius tracked the route of Hannibal, leaving the Rhone to the left at Vienne, seeing it to the left at Bourgoin, and touching it again on the left at St. Genix. No incident of Hannibal's march marked the depth to which the river retreated in the direction of Lyons. For any mental illustration of the history, that portion of the Rhone was to Polybius and his audience a blank, except so far as it was always on the left, always within reach, and that the distance travelled to the point where it was finally left was so many stadia.

Before quitting this ground, we must notice one more argument on which Mr. Ellis relies to show that Hannibal never marched through the island. He mistakes the weighty simplicity of historical description for an offhand lightness of touch, glancing at a purely collateral topic:—

‘It may also be mentioned, that the very cursory manner in which Polybius speaks of the Chartreuse mountains in his description of the island, and his not applying to them the name of Alps, would hardly lead us to expect that he considered them as forming the very portion of that great mountain system which Hannibal first encountered. We should rather imagine that he looked upon them as mountains independent of the Alps, and with which he had no further concern, than in as far as they formed one of the boundaries of the district called the Island.’

This finely edged weapon of proof turns in the hands of the holder. A few lines after the mention of mountains as forming the base line of the island, the shoes supplied by the island chief are spoken of as most serviceable in crossing the mountains.* Polybius would hardly have touched, even in the most cursory manner, on the value of new shoes for the single day's climb over the Mont du Chat, or any other pass of the Chartreuse range. Alps and mountains are convertible terms: ‘mountains’† are mentioned in contrast to ‘sea,’‡ the mountain-base corresponding to the sea-base of the Nilotic river-delta. There is no more reason to confine the sense of the one word, or its accompanying adjectives,§ to the actual Chartreuse range, than to say that the other means only the foremost breakers which touch the Egyptian shore. ‘The passage over the Alps,’|| to which

* πρὸς τὰς τῶν ὀρέων ὑπερβολὰς.

§ δυσπρόσοδα κ. τ. λ.

† ὄρη.

‡ θάλαττα.

|| Ἡ τῶν Ἀλπεων ὑπερβολή.

Hannibal approaches while yet escorted by the friendly Gauls, is co-extensive with 'the passage over the mountains.'*

When we take leave of the problems of measurement and direction along the plain, for the question of local scenery that will suit the narrative of the combat with the Allobroges, we find each explorer in turn as staunch to his ideal of a fit spot for such a battle as if there was any lack of such places in a mountain region. Mr. Long says of his site on the right bank of Isère, at La Buiserade, below Grenoble—

'The first burst of it all upon the view is sufficient to show that here, along these declivities and rocky heights, are the *δυσχώρια*, through which the Carthaginians had of necessity to pass: there, at the Bastille, are the *εὔκαιροι τόποι*, the advantageous positions commanding the road across Mont Rachais, daily guarded by the Allobroges: and in Grenoble, the ancient Cularo, we find beyond all doubt the adjacent town to which they retired during the night.'

Mr. Ellis finds in his gorge of La Fay, on the left bank of Isère, the following 'conditions' of the story of Polybius: a defile commanded by heights of considerable elevation above it, and not easily accessible from below: an open space immediately below it, where Hannibal's army could have encamped in sight of the heights; the way through the defile partly skirting a precipice, and an open space beyond it, where a town stands, or might have stood, and where the same army might also encamp. Mr. Wickham and Mr. Cramer draw the following picture of the claims of the Mont du Chat:—

'The Chevelu Pass, being lower than any other part of the mountain, presents every appearance of facility: it bends inwards to the east in a half circle, and the road rises very gradually to the top: a small stream, which rises out of a little lake about half way up the mountain, runs very slowly down its side, and all the features of the place agree with the expression used by Polybius of *εὔκαιροι τόποι*, through which alone the army could pass. From the village of Chevelu, which is at the foot of the steepest part of the ascent of the mountain, it is about two miles to the top. On the top of the mountain is a flat of about 300 yards. The passage is divided into two parts by an immense rock of about 200 yards in length, and nearly half that space in breadth; the great road runs to the south of it, the rock standing east and west, and a smaller road from some other villages runs on the north side, and joins the great road at the descent on the Lake of Bourget. . . . The rock we have described, and which stands in the middle of the pass, would, if occupied by troops, render it impossible for an attacking force to penetrate at all, and would most effectually secure this passage, especially as, from the steepness

* αἱ τῶν ἄρῶν ἐπερβολαί.

of the sides of the rock, it would be almost impossible to dislodge the occupants. This rock, as well perhaps as the higher part of the Mont du Chat itself on the south of the pass, was in all probability the position occupied by the Allobroges first, and by Hannibal afterwards As soon as the road quits the actual passage through the mountain, it descends in zigzags upon the village of Bourdeaux and the lake of Bourget, and in this part the mountain is extremely steep, rocky, and precipitous. From hence to the village of Bourget, a distance of about four miles and a half, the mountain slopes gradually downwards from its top to within about 200 yards of the lake: after which it becomes exceedingly rocky, and in many places plunges perpendicularly into its waters. The modern road runs at the foot of the slope, which is itself so steep as to make it very difficult of ascent. Upon this slope the Barbarians would naturally station themselves, and the Carthaginian light troops might move along the top of it, when they saw the baggage in danger, and so charge down upon them.'

This fits the incidents of the combat better than the so-called 'conditions' of Mr. Ellis's defile: most of all in that the 'difficult places' and the precipices come after, and not in, the defile. Hannibal's light division went through the defile in the dark* to occupy the rocks on the top of the pass itself,† not, as Mr. Ellis supposes, heights of considerable elevation above it. In the defile itself there was no fighting: that began only as the long train of baggage animals were winding out of it.‡ Hannibal's descent to succour them from the vantage ground§ of the pass suits perfectly with the idea that the barbarian onset took place on the steep slanting descent towards the Chambéry valley, above the precipices of the lake side. Local congruity speaks most clearly in favour of the Mont du Chat. But the main question, after all, is not, Which of these defiles, if you could transpose them at pleasure, corresponds most closely with the imagination we can form of the combat described by Polybius? but, Do the measurements and indications of direction, repeated by the historian in various ways, suit the one, and are they not irreconcilable, except by the most strained ingenuity, with either of the others?

The next critical dispute is on the determination of the point or points from which the time consumed and the distance travelled by Hannibal in passing the Alps are to be counted as beginning. In his statements of consecutive distances in the 39th chapter, Polybius speaks of so many stadia along the river to the ascent of Alps which leads into Italy, and so many more

* διήλθε τὰ στενὰ τὴν νύκτα.
‡ ἐκμηρυόμενοι.

† τὰς ὑπερβολὰς.
§ ἐξ ὑπερδυσίων.

(1200) of the passage of the Alps.* In his statement of time in the 56th, he speaks of Hannibal's having crossed the Alps† in fifteen days. De Luc, the authors of the 'Oxford Dissertation,' and Mr. Law, hold the initial point of the mountain march alike fixed for time and distance at the foot of the Mont du Chat. The river stage ends, the Alpine stage begins. Can any simple and fair reading of the words lead to any other conclusion? Mr. Ellis says, inasmuch as the base line of the island, wherever crossed or turned, is not Alp, but merely mountain, and the route through the Graisivaudan to the Cenis is not Alpine till you turn away from the south bank of 'the river' Isère through the defile of La Fay, that point is the true beginning of Alps, as far as distance is concerned; but as the subsequent capture of Allevard, and the day's rest there, make a natural break in the story, the time of fifteen days must be reckoned from leaving that town. Mr. Long, who quits 'the river,' and begins to ascend *towards* the Alps at Valence—whose stormed Allobrogian town is Grenoble, and whose first ascent of Alps is near Fort Barraux, at the northern end of the Graisivaudan—counts both stadia and days of mountain march from this last point, leaving the intervening time and space between Fort Barraux and Valence unaccounted for by the historian. It seems difficult at first to believe that these two gentlemen are serious. But we shall see how the several calendars tally with the recorded incidents of the narrative.

Mr. Cramer and Mr. Wickham, orthodox in other respects, are puzzled to bring the days allotted to the descent on the Italian side within the requisite number, and suggest that eighteen days of Alps must be read in place of fifteen. M. De Luc and Mr. Law hold to the fifteen, as reaching from the Mont du Chat across the Little St. Bernard to the escape from the mountains between St. Martin and Ivrea, and account for them as follows. For easy reference, we quote in the notes the material phrases of Polybius concurrently with their interpretation by Mr. Law:—

'1st. day. Hannibal forces the pass of Alps, and occupies the town beyond it.

'2. He remains encamped at the town.

'3, 4, 5. The march is resumed, and continued for three days without interruption.‡

'6. On the fourth day from the town, Hannibal holds conference with natives: makes treaty with them: receives supplies and hostages: they attend the march.§

* *Λοιπαὶ δ' αἱ τῶν Ἀλπεων ὑπερβολαὶ, περὶ χιλίους διακοσίους.*

† *ποισάμενος τὴν τῶν Ἀλπεων ὑπερβολήν.*

‡ *καὶ μίαν ἐπιμέλειαν ἡμέραν, αὐτὴς ὥρμα' ταῖς δ' ἐξῆς κ. τ. λ.*

§ *ἤδη δὲ τεταρταῖος ὢν αὐτὸς εἰς κινδύνους παρεγένετο μεγάλους. οἱ γὰρ κ. τ. λ.*
'7, 8. The

' 7, 8. The march proceeds, the false friends accompanying it.

' 8. Hannibal is attacked by the natives when passing through a ravine: and he stays back with part of the army about a certain White Rock during the night.*

' 9. He reaches the summit early in the morning,† and encamps.‡

' 10. He remains on the summit and addresses the troops.

' 11. He begins the descent: comes to the broken way: fails in an attempt to get round it: encamps, and commences the repair of the road: which becomes practicable for horses by the morning.§

' 12. The cavalry and beasts of burthen, with the chief part of the infantry, go forward: the work of repair is continued.||

' 13. The work is continued: and a passage is effected for the elephants, who are moved on from the broken way.¶

' 14. The army continues the descent.

' 15. The advance of the army touches the plain.'**

We are inclined to demur to one item only of this arrangement, as giving an equal extension of time to 'remaining one day' †† at the town and 'two days' ††† at the summit. The starting point for time seems also more naturally to coincide with the leaving the river and manœuvring upwards towards the pass of the Mont du Chat, on the eve of the seizure by the light troops of the pass itself when left by the Allobroges for the night. The second day would thus belong to the combat on the precipitous descent from the pass and the storming of the town. The fresh start from the town, after a halt of twenty-four hours, would still take place earlier or later in the course of the third day. In other respects we believe this calendar to apprehend most accurately the author's meaning.

Mr. Ellis, after ingenuously confessing that the fifteen days of Alps should naturally begin where the ten days of river end, lays down, nevertheless, that the days of forcing the defile and halting at the town either do not count at all, or count as part of the days along the river, because the halt at the captured town forms a natural break in the story, and the period marked by 'the fourth day' §§ is necessarily to be construed from that point. By an ingenious process of disintegrating the narrative of Polybius into alternating summaries and explanatory details,

* προπορευομένων δ' αὐτῶν ἐπὶ δύο ἡμέραις, συναθροισθέντες οἱ προειρημένοι καὶ συνακολουθήσαντες ἐπιτίθενται κ. τ. λ.

† τῇ δ' ἐπαύριον τῶν πολεμίων χωρισθέντων . . . προῆγε πρὸς τὰς ὑπερβολὰς τὰς ἀνωτάτω. . .

‡ ἐννατῆος θε διαύρας εἰς τὰς ὑπερβολὰς αὐτοῦ κατεστρατοπέδευσε καὶ δύο ἡμέρας προσέμεινε.

§ τῇ δ' ἐπαύριον ἀναζεύξας ἤρχετο τῆς καταβάσεως . . . τὸν κρημνὸν ἐξοκοδόμει.

|| τοῖς ὑποζυγίοις καὶ τοῖς ἵπποις ἱκανὴν ἐποίησε πύρρον ἐν ἡμέρᾳ μιᾷ.

¶ μόλις ἐν ἡμέραις τρίσι κακοπαθήσας διήγαγε τὰ θήρια.

— τριταῖος ἀπὸ τῶν κρημνῶν διαύρας ἤψατο τῶν ἐπιπέδων.

†† μίαν ἐπιμείνας ἡμέραν.

††† δύο ἡμέρας προσέμεινεν.

§§ τεταρταῖος.

so that every prominent feature of the march is first drawn in outline and then filled out in light and shade, Mr. Ellis extracts an interpretation which sufficiently suits Mont Cenis, and which certainly does not fail in originality. His march of nine days from the town of Allevard to the plateau of Mont Cenis is broken up into two periods of four and five days, the fourth day being marked by the 'great dangers' of the battle of the ravine and the white rock, fought with the mountaineers who had accompanied the Carthaginians from the day after they left the town. His white rock is the Rock of Baune, about half-way between St. Jean de Maurienne and Modane. Larauza, an earlier patron of the Cenis, had discovered a white rock near Lanslebourg, within the ordinarily understood distance of a day's march from the summit: so that it is not any lack of white rocks that has placed Mr. Ellis in a difficulty from which the most violent translation is needed to extricate him. His general division of the days spent on the summit and in the descent is much the same as Mr. Law's, though every incident narrated by Polybius is of course differently coloured to suit his different apprehension of the localities.

Mr. Long, on the sole authority of the doubt expressed by Wickham and Cramer as to the sufficiency of the recorded term, alters the text of Polybius from fifteen days to eighteen, counts these eighteen as reaching from the capture of the Allobrogian town (Grenoble) to the arrival in the Italian plain, and then argues that since of these eighteen only fifteen are allotted by Polybius to the passage of Alps, the day's halt at the town, and two days' onward march up the Graisivaudan, must be deducted from the eighteen, to leave the proper Alpine term; the beginning of which will thus coincide perfectly with his first ascent of Alps near Fort Barraux. Mr. Long's Hannibal is brought to the summit of the Little St. Bernard on the ninth day* from Grenoble, and sixth of mountain march; stays there over two full days (10th and 11th), begins to descend on the 12th and encamps near the broken way: repairs the road on the 13th sufficiently for the horses, completes it on the third full day (15th) for the elephants, and on the 16th, 17th, and 18th, continues the march of his whole army toward the plains, which he touches on the third day from the broken way, the 18th from Grenoble, and the 15th from Mr. Long's 'ascent of the Alps,' thus—as Mr. Long triumphantly observes—'having accomplished the main pass of the Alps in fifteen days.' *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée.* If we are forced to alter the figures of

* ἐννατάριος.

Polybius to eighteen, because it is impossible to make his data tally with fifteen, there is little use in proving that after all eighteen would be equivalent to fifteen when rightly understood. It would hardly be more gratuitously absurd to suggest that the fifteen days of crossing represent the working days only, the day of halt at the town and the two days on the summit being treated, so to speak, as lay days.

If we had the single mention of fifteen days to deal with, it would be a matter of comparative indifference, in estimating the accuracy of Polybius, whether we believed him to be strictly correct as to time. We should hardly expect any veterans now alive who shared Wellington's retreat from Burgos to speak authoritatively, at the distance of nearly sixty years, to the number of days spent on the retreat, however strongly we might be convinced of the truth of their evidence as to the line of march and the most striking incidents by which it was marked. But Polybius writes as a man who thoroughly understood, or thought he understood, the arrangement of the successive events according to the days on which they befel: and when, after assigning its particular date to each portion of the exploit, he sums up by saying that the whole exploit was performed in so many, we are bound either to make the two accounts agree, and be the readier to believe them, or honestly to say that they do not agree, and that the account of a historian who blunders upon a topic on which he professes to speak with so much distinctness is not trustworthy. We hold that according to proper rules of construction and the common sense of the language, the detail and the summary (to borrow a phrase from Mr. Ellis for once only) do agree on the number of days. Let us turn to the question of distance—the distance named by Polybius, the distance to be travelled over each of the alternative passes, and the practicability of each route in respect of the binding conditions of time.

We say nothing of Mr. Whitaker's route by Martigny and the Great St. Bernard, although it goes up the river till it turns across the Alps, and ends by coming down among the Insubres, because the considerations of distance at once put it out of the question: and the Simplon is excluded even more forcibly. If we are not to follow Polybius, we can take Hannibal over any traditionary or imaginable passage at our pleasure. If we are to be guided by him, 1200 stadia, or 150 Roman miles,—more or less, within reasonable limits,—should be the length of the march from plain to plain. Mr. Law (vol. i. p. 188) gives the reputed distances of his route from the Roman Itineraries, between Labisco (Chevelu) and Vitricium (Verres), some ten
miles

miles short of St. Martin. From plain to plain the length appears on this authority to be 165 Roman miles. The stages of descent from the summit are :—To La Tuille, 6 miles ; to Pré St. Didier, 6 miles ; to Aosta, 25 miles ; to Verres, 25 ; to St. Martin, 10 ; total 72 miles. By Cramer and Wickham's measurements the distance from Chevelu to the summit is under 80 miles : which would bring the whole distance close upon 150.

Mr. Ellis reasons as follows :—There should be 150 Roman miles from the banks of 'the river' (Isère) to the Italian plain : therefore from the town of the Allobroges (say) 140 miles. Only eleven of the fifteen days were spent in marching, as two were given to rest at the summit and two lost at the broken way : and 140 divided by 11 gives 13 Roman miles a day. 'On his descent he might march rather more rapidly than on his ascent : but the difference would not be considerable, for the vigour of the army was then much diminished.' Three days' march at 13 Roman miles a day must account for the distance between the summit and the Italian plain. Therefore that distance could hardly exceed 40 Roman miles. Therefore the Little St. Bernard is impossible on the score of too long a descent : whereas from the central point of the summit of Mont Cenis to the plain at Avigliana (Ad Fines), between Susa and Turin, the distance is 39 Roman miles. From the point where Mr. Ellis leaves the Isère for the gorge of La Fay to Avigliana, he makes the distance 132½ Roman miles.

As far as the 1200 stadia are concerned, the variations in excess and defect on the contending routes are nearly equal, and neither extravagantly large. The point of the length of descent will require notice by and bye.

If we could allow that the Carthaginians had marched up the left bank of the Isère past Grenoble, it might, perhaps, be reasonable enough that Hannibal should turn up from that river by La Fay and Brame Farine to Alleverd, to come upon the Arc at Aiguebelle very shortly before it falls into the Isère. The points in which the defile of La Fay fails in itself to suit the conditions of the Allobrogian combat have already been adverted to. But is the interpretation of Polybius, which places the attack by the higher mountaineers near the White Rock at five-days' distance from the summit, tenable on the face of the historian's language ? To acquiesce in such a reading, we must submit to the eccentric doctrine of Mr. Ellis that Polybius wrote his story in summaries, and told it twice over, first speaking of several days of safe march from the town, then mentioning the attack on the fourth day, then going back to the two previous days through which the barbarians accompanied the army, then giving the fourth day in detail. The crucial sentence, is 'on the fourth day of march

again he came into great danger.'* Mr. Law and Mr. Ellis agree (though for different reasons) that this fourth day is to be measured from the town. Did the danger begin, and consequently does the fourth-day coincide, with the actual attack, or with the first interview with the mountaineers, who came out to meet Hannibal in pursuance of a treacherous stratagem,† though Mr. Ellis mildly calls them 'a deputation of Gauls bearing boughs and crowns'? The plain broad sense is again with Mr. Law. The peaceful Castle of Chester has recently been the object of an analogous 'danger,' though no overt acts of aggression took place. In the case of the earlier danger from the Allobroges, the danger began when the Allobroges collected in front and occupied the 'convenient places' through which Hannibal must pass. If they had succeeded in keeping their ambush secret, the danger would have turned into entire destruction. The danger here is similarly inchoate from the moment when Hannibal was forced to deal with the mountaineers either as one thing or the other—either to let them accompany him as friends and guides, or openly to beat them off as enemies. Had they belonged to the immediate neighbourhood of the captured town, Polybius would not have needlessly reported their assertion that they were aware of the circumstances relating to its capture: and the words *ταῖς δ' ἑξῆς ἀσφαλῶς διῆγε* show that more than one day's advance from the town had been completed in security. The day of the 'deputation' could not have been earlier than the third; and we are told that it was in fact the fourth. The danger from the presence of these officious companions culminated after two days' further progress, on the 6th day from the town; when they set upon the long column during the passage of a defile, and attempted to envelope it from the rear. Again, but for the measures taken by Hannibal before the smouldering danger had burst into flame, the result would have been the annihilation of the Carthaginians. He had sent the cavalry and beasts of burthen forward, keeping the heavy infantry back to cover their rear. Had not this arm of the force held the lower gates of the defile, and the ground about the adjacent white rock, through the day and the night,‡ till the more unwieldy half of the army had struggled out of the ravine to more open ground, the mass of the barbarians would have been able to work round on the hill side above (as some did), and destroy the helpless column with the natural missiles of loose rocks and stones. By the morning, the whole length of the defile was interposed between the two portions of Hannibal's army. The special facilities for attack having

* *τεταρταῖος ὧν αὐτὸς εἰς κινδύνου παρεγένετο μεγάλου.*

† *συμφρονήσαντες ἐπὶ δόλῳ.*

‡ *ἐφεδρεύοντες.*

then

then ceased, and the enemy retiring, Hannibal rejoined his cavalry and baggage above the defile, and led forward to the summit. What Polybius says, and what he does not say, of the manner in which the attack was repelled, is alike plain. Mr. Ellis elaborates, and illustrates in a laudably clear plan, a grand movement executed by Hannibal with half his force in front of the cavalry and baggage, carrying the heights on either side of the road, and sweeping round towards the left to encamp for the night* with an extended semicircular front of some $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, at the distance of nearly two miles from his strong White Rock of Baune, while the cavalry and baggage are defiling close under it. We cannot say that Hannibal might not have adopted these tactics if he had been attacked in the neighbourhood of Baune: but they are opposed to the testimony of the historian on the matter of fact. The stress of the danger was certainly resisted by the rear of Hannibal's army alone. Wickham and Cramer give a plan of the Roche Blanche, at the lower end of the ravine of the Reclus on the Little St. Bernard, which in character, as in position, is much more in keeping with the strict sense of the narrative. And we hold with them and Mr. Law the clear and unstrained interpretation of the text, that the morrow of the conflict of the ravine was the ninth day of Alps, on which Hannibal reached the top of the pass.

The next question rises on the summits of the rival routes. Did Hannibal point out the actual plains of the Po to the eyes of his discouraged soldiery during the days of rest on the highest plateau, or did he show them merely what would prove to their minds that the plains of the Po were there below them? The Hannibal of Livy undoubtedly '*Italiam ostentat subjectosque Alpinis montibus Circumpadanos campos.*' The Hannibal of Polybius takes as the text of his exhortation the clear evidence of Italy, and of the plains around the Po.† The summit of the Little St. Bernard looks down into the mountain-valley of La Tuille, nearly 3000 feet below. Mr. Ellis claims for the Little Mont Cenis an eminence to the south of the plateau, from which the plains beyond the Po, and the Apennines near Alba and Acqui, are to be seen at a distance of some sixty miles. It may be questioned whether a peep so distant, with a sky-line so high, would satisfy the simile of a view from an Acropolis‡ any better than a more elevated valley closer beneath the feet of those who had gained the summit of the Alpine chain. Does the text of Polybius

* νυκτερεύσαι περί τι λευκόπετρον ὄχυρόν.

† τὴν τῆς Ἰταλίας ἐνάργειαν—ἐνδεικνύμενος τὰ περί τὸν Πάδον πεδία.

‡ οὕτω γὰρ ὑποπεπτάκει τοῖς προσηγμένοις ὕρσιν ὥστε συνθεωρουμένων ἀμφὺν ἀκροπόλεως φαίνεσθαι διὰ θείαν ἔχειν τὰς Ἀλπεὶς τῆς ὅλης Ἰταλίας.

imply ocular vision? *ἐνδείκνυται* is the clear evidence of a fact: *ἐνδείκνυμενος* is equivalent to pointing out or proving a fact to the apprehension,—not necessarily to the eyes.* Had the plains been as visible as Mr. Ellis thinks they ought to have been, the Carthaginian soldiers would rather have burst into a shout of irrepressible relief (as Xenophon's troops did at sight of the Euxine), than have required an exhortation from their general on the meaning of a fact which commended itself to their eyes. The tradition of a view had undoubtedly become positive in Livy's age. It may have already existed in the time of Polybius. But we venture to think that if the Greek historian, so literal and 'sterile of fancy,' had meant to say distinctly that Hannibal showed his soldiery the plains of the Po, he would not have chosen a phrase of even possible ambiguity, or refrained from his familiar expedient of *ὕπὸ τῆς ὄψης*. Dr. Arnold in his history gives exactly what we believe to be the true meaning of the whole context, and the true representation of the fact.

'But their great general, who felt that he now stood victorious on the ramparts of Italy, and that the torrent which rolled before him was carrying its waters to the rich plains of Cisalpine Gaul, endeavoured to kindle his soldiers with his own spirit of hope. He called them together; he pointed out the valley beneath, to which the descent seemed the work of a moment: "That valley," he said "is Italy: it leads us to the country of our friends the Gauls: and yonder is our way to Rome."'

Mr. Ellis urges strongly that nothing but the extremely precipitous character of the descent from the Mont Cenis can explain the enormous losses suffered by Hannibal in his downward journey. The road falls 3600 feet in six miles between the summit and La Novalèse. Wickham and Cramer state the fall between the top of the Little St. Bernard and La Tuille (also six miles) as 475 toises, or 2850 feet; so that the difference of average steepness is not very considerable after all. The obliteration of the path by the snow would make the descent from the Little St. Bernard difficult and dangerous enough to satisfy the facts of the story; and the promoters of that route, from De Luc downwards, retort upon the Mont Cenis that it must have been in Roman times too difficult for an army to attempt even without the snow. What we know is, that the dangers of the descent on the first day culminated at a place where the path along the

* Mr. Law collects the passages in which these words are used by Polybius on other occasions. There is only one of them in which *ἐνδείκνυμαι* can be held to involve ocular vision without the specific addition of *ὕπὸ τῆς ὄψης*: not one in which *ἐνδείκνυται* has any such meaning, unless fortified by the same words.

mountain side was broken away for about 300 yards, and quite impassable for four-footed beasts. Hannibal tried to go round the broken part (whether above or below it, Polybius does not say), but in vain, as in the attempt he came upon old snow below the new, in which the men slipped and fell, and the laden beasts were soon imbedded inextricably. He was forced to encamp and repair the road. The scene is identified by the followers of General Melville with a point in the valley of the Baltea below La Tuille (a view of which is given in Brockedon's '*Passes of the Alps*'), where a ravine of three or four hundred yards' width, immediately under a high point of the Cramont mountain (Cremonis jugum), comes down laterally upon an elbow of the stream. The old road above the left bank of the Baltea has, in consequence of its incurable liability to be broken away by avalanches at this point, been abandoned within the last century for a new cornice-road constructed on the opposite side of the chasm. The length of road swept by these avalanches corresponds to the measure ($1\frac{1}{2}$ stadia) given by Polybius with a minute exactness that would be almost suspicious if it were not that the ground-plan of the ravine, sloping down to the river in a funnel-shaped concavity, confines the avalanches to the same narrow limits year after year. The wet snow descending from a great height is gradually wedged and packed closer together as it falls, by lateral pressure and its own momentum, and finally stopped pointblank by the nearly perpendicular wall of rock which here forms the south bank of the river. In many years it thus accumulates in a solid mass towards the sunless bottom of the ravine, first blocking up and then bridging over the torrent, and remains there unmelted through the summer. Few, if any, spots in the Alps present such a remarkable combination of physical conditions for the occurrence of this phenomenon at a point so far beneath the ordinary limit of perpetual snow. Mr. Law quotes five recorded instances of this phenomenon in the years between 1790 and 1823. If Hannibal's attempted divergence from the path was downwards (to which course a more even slope over the hidden substratum of old snow might naturally tempt him) nothing could conform better to the data of Polybius than the peculiar and permanent character of this point on the Little St. Bernard route. Mr. Ellis produces, on the other hand, a plan of a precipitous and broken mountain-side on the old road from the Mont Cenis to Susa, between La Ferrière and Novalesè. He understands Hannibal to have tried to make his detour above the broken path, keeping on the upper ledge of the precipices till he found a gully breaking through them by which he might descend to the path again. In such a gully as Mr.

Ellis

Ellis finds for him, he might fall unawares upon a concealed drift of the last year's snow, which would render the otherwise practicable circuit a fatal trap for man and beast. The words of the story are quite capable of bearing this interpretation; which is more than can be said for Mr. Ellis's imaginative sketch of the Battle of Baune. The probability that any given gully on a mountain-side fronting and open to the south would contain a drift of the last year's snow at the end of autumn, would, no doubt, be increased by the colder temperature which Mr. Ellis calls in aid as prevailing over Europe in Hannibal's time. But the argument that tends to import a deep unthawed drift into the sunlit gully of the Mont Cenis, will render more and more frequent and characteristic in its recurrence the phenomenon of the snow blocking up through the year the sunless trough of the Baltea and the funnel-shaped channel down which the avalanches of the Cramont still fall. If we could free our minds from the other indications of locality given by Polybius, and decide on their own merits which of the two sites corresponds most visibly to his breach of the road,* we should certainly assign the palm to the funnel of La Tuille.

We have still to consider Mr. Ellis's last grand attack on the Little St. Bernard, relative to the length of descent. From the summit to St. Martin, and the commencement of the plain, is counted at 72 miles; from the broken path below La Tuille to the plain would therefore be 65. Is it within the natural rate of an army's march that Hannibal should have touched the plain 'on the third day from the cliffs'?† Mr. Ellis, taking thirteen miles as an average of an Alpine day (alike up or down hill!) and construing 'having collected his whole force together,‡ as nearly equivalent to marching on an even front, concludes that the performance of such an exploit within three days would be a physical impossibility. A column of 26,000 fighting men and their baggage-train, even when advancing in military continuity, forms a long thread down a narrow valley. The vanguard of cavalry, beasts of burthen, and Iberians, foraging slowly downwards through a friendly country, while the Numidians stayed behind enlarging the road for the elephants, might easily (as De Luc calculates) reach the valley of Aosta on the twelfth day, and Nuz, eight miles below Aosta, by the end of the thirteenth day, which saw the elephants safe over the difficulty. The fourteenth day would bring the advanced guard to Verrex, and on the fifteenth they would easily touch the plain at St. Martin; the elephants (which even in the hostile Alps of the ascent were able

* ἀποβράξ.

† τριταῖος ἀπὸ κρημνῶν.

‡ συναθροίσας ὁμοῦ πᾶσαν τὴν δύναμιν.

to protect themselves through the fear their strangeness inspired) and the Numidians bringing up the rear. We conceive with Mr. Law that, according to common sense, the van of Hannibal's army would touch the plain before the rear; and that the language of Polybius is satisfied if the van touched the plain during the third day's onward march from the precipices of those who were the last to leave them. A difficulty of another kind is suggested by Dr. Arnold, in the notorious character for plundering, which the Salassian Gauls of the Dora Baltea valley bore in the days of Cæsar. Yet it is surely both conceivable and consistent that the same people should plunder the hated and encroaching Romans, by whom they were shortly to be extirpated as untamable savages—that is, as irreconcilable foes,—and should refrain from plundering the Carthaginians, when coming at the invitation of their neighbours and kinsmen, the Insubres, to make common cause with themselves against Rome.

The vexed question of the descent among the Insubres* has been already mentioned. Livy, while asserting a confident opinion that Hannibal came first upon the Taurini, says that the 'Cremonis jugum' or the Penine Alp would have brought him down through the Salassi into the Libui Galli. Mr. Ellis, whose route goes straight through Turin (*Augusta Taurinorum*), leans strongly on this notice of the Libui by Livy, and on the silence of Polybius as to their station on the line of march, to infer that Hannibal only reached the Insubres after his victory over the Taurini. In his recent 'Enquiry' Mr. Ellis makes the remarkable assertion that Polybius *twice* states the position of the Taurini as close to the foot of the particular Alps crossed by Hannibal. Mr. Law rejoins that Polybius, who has never mentioned a single people since the Allobroges, would not have troubled himself to mention a historically unimportant tribe as occupying the plain adjacent to the Dora, while Hannibal's great allies, the chief nation in Cisalpine Gaul, were masters of it for military purposes. The descent into the lands of a smaller tribe of Gauls subordinate to the contiguous greater tribe, was for the purposes of history equivalent to a descent immediately among the greater. Livy's statement is not evidence, but argument only; and we believe with Mr. Law that the whole historical basis of the argument is the undisputed fact that Hannibal's first blow in Italy was delivered against the Taurini. Polybius brings down Hannibal among the Insubres, and winds up, so to speak, the campaign of the Alps, in his fifty-sixth chapter. The campaigns of Italy, after

* κατ'ἑρε ταλμηρώς εἰς τὰ πεδία καὶ τὸ τῶν Ἰσόμερων ἔθνος,

the powers of Rome and Carthage have been brought face to face on the field of a new peninsula, begin with the storming of the Taurine town in the sixtieth chapter. Under any system of historical 'Summaries,' it is impossible to allow that the events told in the sixtieth chapter were intended to precede in time those told in the fifty-sixth. If we were credulous enough to believe in such flexibility in the style of Polybius, we should still ask how and where Hannibal refreshed his army in its utmost distress, and supplied it anew with the necessaries of which (even by Livy's account) it was so much in need, if the hostile Taurini lay in front of him, and the barren Alps behind him. It is a hasty assumption that the Taurine town which Hannibal laid waste with fire and sword lay in the same situation with the Turin afterwards founded by Augustus. But however this may have been, it is by far easiest to believe that Hannibal marched westward after reorganising his forces in the territory of his allies. The sharp lesson given to the hostile neighbours of the Gauls was the best method of crushing any doubt as to the value of the Carthaginian alliance, even though the movement did not advance him on the direct road to Rome. Polybius (and Livy also) speak of the assault on the Taurini as if it were determined rather by political strategy than by military necessity.

We have endeavoured to confine ourselves in the discussion of this controversy to the real evidence upon its successive points. A really amusing variety of cases put forward on behalf of divers routes during the last century will be found impartially stated and thoroughly ventilated in Mr. Law's two volumes. The Mont Cenis has been selected for notice here as the most plausible antagonist to the Little St. Bernard, and Mr. Ellis as its latest and most determined partisan. Mr. Ellis professes to rely mainly upon the narrative of Polybius for the proofs of his theory in respect of every step from the Rhone to the Po. He is perfectly free to construe the language of the Greek historian as ingeniously as he can consistently with the rules of sense and scholarship, and to find in the physical features of the route he favours the clearest marks of identity with the track of Hannibal. We acknowledge the boldness, and respect the obstinacy, of Mr. Ellis's attempt to prove that track across the Little Mont Cenis, and disprove it over the Little St. Bernard, out of the pages of Polybius; though we disagree with him from beginning to end, and confidently hope that Mr. Law's luminous and exhaustive treatise has set the question at rest for ever. But Mr. Ellis (both in his 'Treatise' and his 'Enquiry') travels out of the limits which he begins by laying down for himself, and tries to find additional foundation for his theory in
allegations

allegations which are entirely and obviously mistaken, and which would not in any sense be evidence to prove it, if they were all as entirely and obviously true. Like the owner of the Kaim of Kinprunes, or any other unrecognised relic of antiquity, he cannot be satisfied without making everybody see it. He crosses the Mont Cenis with the Hannibal of Livy as well as with the Hannibal of Polybius, though the tribes (Tricastini, Vocontii, and Tricorii) and the river (the Durance) named by Livy point in only one possible direction, which is not Mont Cenis. Mr. Law shows conclusively that as far as Livy knew what he meant, he meant to affirm that Hannibal crossed the Mont Genève. Mr. Ellis next takes Julius Cæsar over the Mont Cenis to his campaign against the Helvetii. Mr. Law agrees with nearly every authority from D'Anville to Napoleon III. in the belief, for which he gives excellent reasons, that Cæsar crossed by the Mont Genève, from Usseau (Ocelum) to Grenoble. Mr. Ellis asserts that the Mont Cenis was a known and well-used Roman highway, and that it is laid down as such upon the curious old map of roads attributed to the fourth century, which was found at Spiers in the fifteenth, and which ordinarily goes by the name of Peutinger's Chart, or the Theodosian Table. The document on which he relies traces one road leading from Turin through the stations of Segusio (Susa), Martis, Gadao, and over the summit of the Cottian Alps to Brigantio (Briançon), and so to Arles. After crossing the summit, this road is marked as branching out into three, at or near Briançon. One of the three branches terminates in Vienne, on the Rhone; and this Mr. Ellis, calling it the Turin and Vienne road, asserts to be indisputably the Mont Cenis. A hundred years ago, D'Anville laid it down, with a precision which Mr. Ellis's various arguments entirely fail to disturb, as running from Briançon to Grenoble over the Col du Lautaret.

The author of 'The Alps of Hannibal' bespeaks the indulgence of critics in his preface, as 'an old man returning to Greece after long absence;' and a glance at the *Musæ Oxonienses* shows that Mr. Law was writing Latin prize-poems at Oxford just sixty years ago. The appeal is hardly necessary. No one can read the work and not acquire a conviction, that in addition to a thorough grasp of the particular topic, its writer has at command a large store of reading and thought upon many cognate points of ancient history and geography. Many veteran scholars maintain an easy interest in classical literature through the occupations of a busy life: few could boast the energy, the enthusiasm, and the patience required for the production of so extended and so sound a treatise at eighty years of age. The subject

subject may be 'caviare to the general'; but those who can follow Mr. Law through its windings will find the interest of the controversy grow upon them. Lucid, terse, and hard-hitting throughout, yet full of respect for all writers of undoubted scholarship who have handled the matter before him, Mr. Law rises to a pitch of genuine eloquence in his concluding chapter, which is mainly devoted to a fervid but not unmerited eulogium on his favourite historian. Even those who are disposed to hold that Mr. Law estimates Polybius in some respects too highly will not quarrel with his closing lines:—

'All are constrained to own, that among those to whose labours we are indebted for a knowledge of the times that are past, there is no name that lives ennobled above the name of Polybius by the clear spirit of truth. This was the light of his path, and thus he hails it: "Truth is the eye of history: for, as the living thing deprived of sight becomes all useless, so, if truth be taken from history, what remains is an unprofitable tale." And again—"If one has come to knowledge, then is the most difficult thing of all: for even the eyewitness to control his knowledge, and, despising the paradoxical and marvellous, to give for his own sake the first honours to truth, and tells us nothing that transgresses her." While such his zeal, and such his sense of danger, he felt the higher principle in which this virtue has her safety: he taught the bright lesson, that truth to man is kindled in sincerity to God—τὸ γὰρ μαρτυρεῖν ἀπεισιτῶν πρὸς τοὺς θεοὺς ἐπὶ θύψις ἐστὶ τῆς πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀληθείας.'

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- ART. IX.—1. *The Position and Prospects of Stipendiary Curates: a Paper published by order of the Provisional Council of the Curates' Augmentation Fund, setting forth a Plan for the Improvement of the Position and Prospects of Stipendiary Curates, with certain Objections to the Fund considered.* Third Edition. London, Oxford, and Cambridge, 1867.
2. *Report of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates in populous Places.* 1866.
3. *Report of the Church Pastoral Aid Society.* 1866.
4. *Sons of the Clergy Report.* 1867.
5. *Report of the Bishop of London's Fund.* 1866-67.

WHATEVER other results may follow from the important change now passing over our great National Representative Assembly, one, if we may judge from the experience of the past, is sure to follow—that many, if not all, of our oldest institutions will be tested anew by searching popular inquiry. The waves drive inward from the ocean storm, and as their swell reaches the shallows, it is lifted into more threatening crests, and runs

runs in among the creeks and gullies of the coast with whitening breakers and thundering voices. Whether the old cliffs will stand unmoved, and rampart-like beat back the billows, must depend upon the state in which the attack finds them. If their foundations are solid and their front compact, the heaviest surf will play idly round them, and they will hold their own amidst 'the Hell of waters.' But if there be rifts and cracks along their line, and over-toppling crags weighting unequally their brow, there may be many falls and much loss of precious ground.

At such a breathing time then as the present, it is well to look to our state of preparation, and guard by groins and jetties the line of coast which is sure ere long to be tested by the wild break of the untamable waters.

Now amongst the institutions which must be thus tried, our Established Church stands perhaps in the fore-front. Our readers know that we look with anxiety on some of the conditions of its internal state, and are not altogether satisfied that the best of all defences against any external violence, a thorough well compacted inward coherence, is as fully maintained amongst us as it might be. But to that subject we have no intention of returning at present. It is to other aspects of our great Established Church that we wish in a few words to call the serious attention of our readers.

It is then against our Church as an establishment that we expect this first storm to break. So it was after the passing of the first Reform Bill. Hardly had the passionate cries amidst which that bloodless revolution was accomplished died upon the ear, when new voices awoke on every side clamouring, some for the reform, some for the remodelling, some for the abolition, of our National Church Establishment.

It argues surely not a little for the strength of the old walls, and on the whole for the instinctive prudence with which their defence was conducted, that in those turbulent times they were not dismantled but restored, and that the too eager utterers of the opprobrious invective 'Down with the old hag,' awoke in the public mind not the Divine Rage they hoped to excite against their victim, but a deep disgust against themselves and a settled opposition to their attempts.

Something of the same sort is pretty sure to follow our new political reformation. An electric condition of the air quickens into a very troublesome activity all the lower forms of animal life; and speculators, and nostrum-mongers, and men of one idea, are always excited by a thundery state of the political and social atmosphere. Societies for the Revision of the Prayer Book,

Book, and Anti-State Church Societies, and Liberation Societies, and the like, feel that their time is come, and begin buzzing about amidst the larger and more highly animated organisations which they so pertinaciously infest, and stinging or irritating all whom they can reach. Any one who has noted the degree to which the scarcely visible insects which haunt the gem-like islands of the Lake of Killarney can at such time madden the old boat-men, whose tawny skins look utterly midge proof, can in some degree understand the annoyance which these congeneric swarms are ready to inflict, in such paroxysms of their vitality on the defenders of our great institutions.

The first attack will probably, for many reasons, be made upon the Irish Establishment, and if that was our subject we could be somewhat largely if not always very pleasantly didactic as to what it should do to prepare itself for the evil day. It is not improbable that the assailants of the English Establishment may postpone their more open assaults on its existence till they have played out their Irish game. This is at the present moment the plan of their campaign. There is, we have every reason to believe, very little genuine Irish hostility to the Irish Church Establishment. There is indeed a band of Irish patriots who hate it in common with the Imperial Parliament and the Imperial Crown, as a badge of the long-continued servitude of Erin. But though on occasion a somewhat noisy, these are not a very powerful body. They are indeed always ready to break a few heads at a fair, but they have no serious thoughts even of capturing Chester Castle, still less of demolishing the Tower of London, or destroying the Irish Church Establishment. The lecturers and speakers against it are, for the most part, paid agents of the English Liberation Society, who on Irish soil are opening their first trenches, and constructing their earliest parallels for the breaching of what they think the most assailable point of the common fortifications of the two conjoined establishments. The 'centres' who direct these secret movements are likely to delay their assault upon the home-camp till they are reinforced by the strength which any successful action against these more distant bands would assuredly give them.

But though the main attack may be delayed, there will probably be a good deal of useless preliminary firing. As we run our eye over the not very enticing bill of literary fare which the 'Liberation Society' now hangs out to tempt us, we can anticipate tolerably well of what the banquet will consist. Thus we are invited to hear 'The Rev. Daniel Kattern refute the objections to organisation for Anti-State Church purposes.' We are bidden 'to examine' with Mr. Miall, 'the title-deeds of the Church

Church of England to her parochial endowments;’ to accept Mr. Hinton’s view of the question, ‘Church property, whose is it?’ or to receive the dictum of Mr. Eagle, ‘*Barrister-at-law*’ (a vulturine appellation very strange to us in the reports of our Law Courts), that ‘Tithes are the property of the public and the poor.’ These are the heavy joints; but more appetising fare in the way of entremets are not excluded from the feast, and so we are treated to a set of two dozen tracts on ‘Bishops and their *Salaries*’ showing the sums ‘squandered on the wearers of lawn-sleeves,’ ‘Archdeacons and their *Incomes*,’—how nice and delicate the distinction!—as to whom we are told that ‘no class of dignitaries exhibit the mal-administration of the Church in a stronger light;’—perhaps because they work harder and for less pay than almost any other operatives. We have again ‘Our Cathedral Bodies, and what they Cost,’ wherein we learn that their revenues are worse than lost; that the Cathedral towns are nests of immorality, the worshippers petrifications, the Cathedral Close ‘the valley of the shadow of death;’ and we wind up all with the ‘incomes of the working classes;’ and ‘The Curate’s complaint.’ We have no doubt that ‘tears of compassion tremble on the eyelids’ of the writer of this jeremiad ‘ready to fall when he has told his pitiful story.’ How near also may be the ‘kicking of the spiritless outcast,’ who will not join in overturning the Church of which he is a minister it might be rash to prognosticate. These straws show which way the wind is setting, and where the storm is likely to burst, and we think it well that before its arrival every possible provision should have been made to prevent mischief.

Now, all attacks of this character rest for their basis on two propositions; one of which is absolutely false, and the other most exactly and painfully true. The first proposition, repeated over and over again under every form of false statement, is ‘that the Established Church is immensely rich, by far the most richly endowed Church in Christendom, with a vast revenue, it may be stated at ten millions sterling per annum,’ &c.*

We shall not waste time and words in confuting these monstrous assertions. They are made in the very teeth of statistical inquiries most wide in their extent and most searching in their minuteness, the result of which shows that the Church of England, instead of suffering under this plethora of means, could not secure a moderate competence for all her working clergy if every reservoir were broken down and all her resources poured into a common fund for after subdivision.

* ‘Church Property, Whose is it?’ By the Rev. J. H. Hinton.

It may suffice for our purpose to quote the general result to be extracted from the Tables compiled in 1835 by the Commissioners appointed by His then Majesty to inquire into the Ecclesiastical revenues of England and Wales. From these it appears that the whole net income of the Established Church, including the revenues of the archiepiscopal and episcopal sees, the cathedral and collegiate churches, the several dignities and benefices, amounts to 6,495,218*l.*; which, if divided amongst the 25,000 clergy of England and Wales, would give to each about 259*l.* a year.

But false as is the first of these propositions, the second is unhappily too true, and that is that the great body of the English clergy are shamefully underpaid. Without committing ourselves to such highly-coloured statements as those put forth by the 'Poor Clergy Relief Society,' which represent 'hundreds, literally hundreds,' of the clergy 'with their families as struggling in rags and penury, and many actually dying of cold and hunger;' and allowing for the great increase in the income of the poorest benefices which the judicious management of their resources have enabled, and are year by year enabling, the Ecclesiastical Commission to effect, it still remains true that the great bulk of the English clergy are most meanly remunerated for their labours. By whatever test we try the amount of the remuneration they receive, the conclusion is the same. If, for instance, we estimate the capital laid out in fitting an ordinary English clergyman for his work and compare it with what he can hope to earn in his profession, the result is most startling. We say nothing of the 'literate,'—who are still in well-regulated dioceses received as candidates for Orders only in rare and exceptional cases, and with regard to whom it is almost as impossible to calculate the cost of production as it is that of the wares of the 'cheap Johns' of other trades;—but as to those who have passed through the regular school and academic courses, we cannot estimate the outlay of capital under the most favourable circumstances at less than a thousand pounds sterling. How many parents, and those not rich ones, would gladly compound the actual expense incurred for that sum! And what, so far as this world's goods are concerned, is the return? There is, first, what may be called the apprenticeship time of the young curate, when he receives any sum for his labours varying from nothing to 50*l.* a year. How long this period may be extended in any given case it is impossible to say. But when it is passed, and the young man has learned his business, and too often married a wife and begun to furnish a nursery, it is no great increase to which he can look forward. His salary may be raised perhaps to 100*l.* or 120*l.* a year;

a year; it is but seldom, since pluralities were happily abolished, that a house is provided for him; or if it is, the estimated rent is deducted from his small salary, and on that miserable pittance he may continue to exist for an unlimited time, possibly for his whole life, though his labours may be honestly and ungrudgingly given to the work of his high office. Many are those to whom preferment never does nor can come. That to which the poor hardworking curate may most hopefully look, the preferment administered by his bishop, is utterly insufficient to supply such claims; for the benefices in England, to which the Bishops appoint, form but a very small number in the list of livings. Whether, on the whole, this is an advantage or a disadvantage to the Church is a question on which we will not enter here. Its settlement would involve many most conflicting considerations, but this inevitably results from it, that, even where the Episcopal patronage is most fairly administered (and we know cases in which none but curates of the diocese are admitted to share in it), a very small proportion of the curates can ever obtain preferment from its resources. Many, therefore, unless they have claims on private or political patrons, must, in spite of the real service of years, live and die as curates.

But this is not all. Even if they do obtain after years of work a benefice, they are often little better, and not unfrequently are worse off than they were before. Even the better endowed livings commonly do little more than pay their expenses, and by far the greater proportion of English benefices fall far beyond this level. Perhaps the curate of twenty years' service succeeds at last to a living of 300*l.* or even 400*l.* a year. But with it come a multitude of new expenses which often make the poor man wish himself back again in his less dignified position. The direct claims of charity multiply upon him. The maintenance of the parish-school rests in ordinary cases mainly upon him; the parsonage is to be kept, too often to be put, in decent repair, whilst it may be (for the entail of such poverty is very widely spread) there are no assets in the hands of the widow of the dead incumbent, to meet that most sickening of all charges under such circumstances, the claim for dilapidations. Then for the rector there are new social claims and new contingencies. He has now a certain position to maintain; he cannot wholly abdicate it without greatly diminishing his usefulness and probably incurring reproach. He finds himself commonly in that poorest of all positions in a very wealthy society,—that of a poor gentleman. He mixes in society, bound to conceal the secret grief which is preying on him and to wear a look of complacency over a heart heavy with anxiety.

four more men sentenced to English mercy live, bring
another thousand live, a day to give, urgently to all calls of
harm, and the main help position a members of the gentler
peace society, a first time a manner of marvel. We believe
in the mission of the life, that is a day they bring to their
missioners at more than ten receive from it. Here, then,
undoubtedly, a a miserable army earn or the money laid
on a returning of the English mercenary.

for to estimate the value of a profession only we must weigh the advantages as well as the positive merits of their calling as a profession. How utterly insignificant these are when compared to some of others with what business, commerce, or the far vield of the manufacturer, the merchant, the mercantile, or the lawyer. And no star has the smallest knowledge of the subject can ever be missed. Suppose for a moment that the number of salaries in the three pursuits were equal what possible comparison of equality exists between their successes? The small increases of trade or of the war, would be absolute wealth to the poor accountant and these small successes would multiply, for a moment of the social machine creates a new set of profitable jobs for the satisfaction of its wants standing whilst the sources of the existing satisfactions in the house of the successful man of business may employ a dozen workmen. Yet these are not the only and the most valuable professions. All professions are more or less alike upon the ordinary principle, but the individual, who is a great success, is not men of venture with a capital for work in the number of the successful trades than upon the dependence upon the multitude of bank reconverts, who are the great power of the modern profession of banking. The success of the lawyer is almost beyond hope, except in the case of private practice who succeeds as a matter of course, and the young attorney will become a transmission of fortune, and the magistrate becomes a prize of the other professions and the success of various of property and of commerce, and the success of the law will be the power of the country in the hands of the law, which means to reward the success of the lawyer, and he may see what it is in number and amount the prizes are compared with any moderate state of ability, character, and good fortune, in the fertile form of English business and merchandise. And yet these tens and hundreds of thousands of beggarly pounds sterling, which make so many millions waver, themselves represent but a small part of the whole accumulations of our successful traders. For it is distinctively an English habit that the prosperous merchant or man of business seeks at once to become a landowner.

landowner, so that his money capital represents rather the stock-in-trade with which he works his business than his whole fortune.

Nor is even this all. The vast increase of wealth and, as its sure accompaniment, the growth of more expensive habits, tends continually to lower relatively the social position of the clergy. For whilst the incomes of others increase, theirs, in the great number of instances, must stand still, if not decrease. The commutation of tithes, however necessary it may have been, tends strongly in this direction. Of old the clergy had, through the tithes, their share in all the increased productiveness of the land. But not only is this share absolutely given up under the commutation system, but the increase of productiveness, as it tends directly to augment the supply of the different kinds of grain (on the price of which the clergyman's income depends), and so to lower their market value, tends also to lower the standard measure of clerical remuneration.

The evil of this low standard of clerical remuneration extends far beyond the class which is directly affected by it. It is a matter of the gravest concern to every Christian people that the payment of its clergy should be large and liberal, and to none, from various causes, is this more important than to the English people. Hitherto England has drawn her clergy from all classes of society. There have been paths open through which the child of the poor man, if he had character and talents, might rise to the very highest places in the Establishment. But at the same time the ranks have been equally filled by the sons not only of her ancient gentry but of her highest nobles. The Army, the Navy, and the Church, as it was called, were indeed the only professions entirely open, until within these few years, to these last. Any change in the social position of the clergy, which altered largely this state of things, would be most injurious to the nation. Even if it were possible to give the very best and highest clerical education to the children of the lower orders, and then to invest them with the ministerial office, the loss incurred by drawing the clergy from them alone would be incalculable. The injury to the higher classes of society would be immediate. It would not be easy to estimate the degree in which, in that rank of society, the presence of the clerical son or brother, or even equal, tends to keep evil out and to bring in good. The whole tone of white society in our West India islands was, we are told, in a short time altered by the sending out of bishops who took an equal social standing with the highest members of the community. The real object of maintaining the equal place of the mitre with the coronet is not thereby to exalt the spirituality but to leaven the temporality. Nor would the loss of any change in this con-

dition of the clergy be confined to these classes. The poor would suffer perhaps more than the rich. It is sometimes asserted that the poorer classes supply the best clergy for the poor. But all experience proves the contrary. There is under a rough exterior a vast deal of high sensitiveness in the English poor; and, after truth and reality in the directly religious and moral character, there is nothing which they more appreciate in their pastor than the character of an English gentleman. They feel safe with such an one. There is no fear of his prying into their family secrets, or revealing the whereabouts of the skeleton which is as often hid away in the house of the poor man as of the rich. There is a natural sympathy and kindness in a well-bred clergyman which the poor instantly appreciate, and which wins to him their confidence. As a class, a clergy drawn mainly from the gentler classes are naturally removed further from that terrible picture drawn by the wise man of one of the chiefest evils of the earth—'A poor man that oppresseth the poor is like a sweeping rain which leaveth no food.'*

It is one of the main impediments to the working of the French clergy at this time that this social change has been entailed on them by the Revolution, and that they are almost universally drawn from the lower orders of the nation. This has thrown them out from literature and society, and more than anything else has tended to lower the tone and influence of the great Church of Bossuet and of Tillemont. Yet the French people are far from being as aristocratic in their temper as the English; and the injury, therefore, which would be done to us would be far greater than that which this change has inflicted upon them.

This tendency to deterioration in the social standing of the clergy has moreover developed itself at the very time when it was most desirable to raise, instead of reducing, their position. Never was there a crisis when it was more needful in the interests of this people to take every lawful means to strengthen and develop *the social power* of its clergy. On the one hand the wide-spread intellectual activity of the day, and its habit of questioning everything; with the ready tendency of activity to become restlessness, and of questioning to lapse into scepticism, call for a thoughtful, highly educated, intellectual clergy. If the clergy do not continue to be, as hitherto to so great a degree they have been, the guides of thought; if they lag behind their age, degenerate in scholarship, eschew science, grow meagre in philosophy, and unfurnished in historical lore; the defence of Christianity against its strengthening enemies

* Proverbs xxviii. 3.

will have passed into hands fearfully inadequate for the strife. On another side, too, the circumstances of the present time make this need equally pressing. The accumulation of a multitude of men into a confined and insufficient compass, tends as much as desert loneliness to produce amongst them a fierce and dangerous barbarousness. This overcrowding produces a more intense form of separation between each one and his fellows in all the deeper interchanges of human communion than the mere physical difficulties of distance can do. There is, too, the same difficulty of enforcing law amidst the dense crowd as in the dangerous desert; there is the same power of concealment amongst numbers as there would be in the forest or the waste; there is the same Arab-like freemasonry of offenders and marauders against the laws and usages of civilised society. It is a pregnant sentence in which a most intelligent American witness before the Royal Commission now inquiring into Trades Unions, states one cause which has kept from such associations in the United States some of the evils which have beset them here, 'You know that we have no such dense population as you have here.'*

Nothing but a vigorous spirit of Christianity can thoroughly leaven such masses as these. How little, even as things are, we have succeeded in so leavening these populations, the terrible revelations of this Commission may teach us. Such a state of feeling as they bring to light with regard to destroying property, maiming limbs, breaking hearts, and violently taking away life, could not possibly exist where there was any dominant belief in a God or a future judgment.

Now, there never was a time when our clergy as a body were for their numbers as thoroughly efficient as they are now. There is a far higher standard both of personal life and of official labour than was ever common heretofore. Any marked lack of zeal, piety, laboriousness, and intelligence, are the exceptions, and not the rule. The prevalence of these great social evils and national dangers is the result not of the negligence of the clergy, but of their absolute insufficiency in number to deal with them. A handful of heroes could not long occupy a plain against a host of enemies. Briareus himself could not with his hundred hands weed out the noxious growth of a million of acres. The clergy are utterly underhanded. They cannot reach the multitude who are nominally committed to them. How can one pastor really deal with the spiritual necessities of ten thousand souls? And yet, at the rate at which our population multiplies, this evil must increase a thousandfold, unless some efficient measures

* *Minutes of Evidence*, answer of Mr. Abram S. Hewitt.—Ques. 3743.

be adopted to increase the number of our clergy, whilst, as we have seen, the whole present tendency of existing influences is to lower their social position, and so to reduce their actual numbers and degrade the sources from which hitherto they have been drawn. That this must in the long run be the consequence of underpaying the clergy, a very little thought may convince any one. For there are few fallacies more transparent than the argument that, as no clergyman is really worth having who works for the temporal rewards of his profession, we may safely lower down those rewards, trusting that we shall thus secure the services of the more earnest-minded, and only bolt, through the shaking of our sieve of misery, the worldly-minded, the ambitious, and the secular. It is, indeed, true that men who become and continue clergymen for the sake of these temporal provisions are, as to their highest function, little worth having: but it is not the less true that without the temporal provision you will get few of the better men. After all, the clergy are men, and must, if they are to live, have the means of living. Then in this country we very wisely encourage a married clergy; and this entails the further necessity of having that on which the wife and family (for where he is poor there always is a family) of the clergyman, as well as the clergyman himself, can live. Then, again, though an overwhelming love for the highest duties of his spiritual office may lead many a clergyman to labour on in poverty with unrewarded zeal and unacknowledged devotion, and though these are the very kernels and living centres of the clerical body, yet we must not reckon on securing these unless we make a suitable provision for our clergy. For fathers and mothers will not bring up their children for the ministry, unless they see before them a reasonable hope of that ministry duly supporting its members: and how commonly is the ultimate choice of a profession biassed by these early and imperceptible influences of the parents' will!

This is then a great national question. So long, indeed, ago as in the time of Lord Bacon distant threatenings of the future evil presented themselves to the long presages of his sagacious mind. He lamented the poverty which even then was in some cases pressing on the clergy.

'As for the benefices and pastors' places,' he says, 'it is manifest that very many of them are very weak and penurious. They who gave away impropriations from the Church seem to me to stand in a sort obnoxious and obliged to God in conscience to do somewhat for the Church, to reduce the patrimony thereof to a competency. For since they have debarred Christ's wife of a great part of her dowry, it were reason they made her a competent jointure.'

* Lord Bacon's *Works*, vol. ii. 549. Ed. 1803.

There is little hope of much redress from the remedy to which he points. Well as every patriot must wish it, no great results we fear will be obtained from the labours of the society which seeks to regain for the ministry the tithes which lay impropriators have abstracted.

The temper of the times is decidedly, and not altogether unreasonably, against any general or large increase of endowments. This is one evil which has waited upon the startling interference, whether necessary or not, with the intention of founders which the present age has witnessed. Men do not feel anything like the confidence of other days that there will be any very long-continued respect for their desires if they found institutions or endow living. And beyond this there is far too much in the present day of the spirit embodied in the well-known adage, 'Why should I do anything for posterity when posterity has done nothing for me?' Such a temper is altogether hostile to the creation of endowments. They are indeed a growth which, as a general rule, seems to belong far more to the youth than to the maturity of states. From this source, therefore, comparatively speaking, but little is to be obtained.

The temper of charity at present is far more to relieve present wants and supply immediately pressing necessities. This has given birth to various Societies which seek to do what they can to supply the lack of endowments. These are principally connected with diocesan exertions. Something they have done and are doing, aided as they have most materially been by the excellent measures of the ecclesiastical commissioners, both for the management of the estates which have come into their hands and for drawing forth private charity to meet their grants. Two other Societies, both inadequately supported, collect funds for relieving in a different way the pressure of this great necessity. The 'Additional Curates' Society' supplies to the incumbents of poor parishes, and mainly those which contain large populations, funds to enable them to secure the added labours of a curate. This Society has the high merit of being colourless as to any peculiarity of doctrine within the Church of England. For it leaves the incumbents to select and the bishops of the dioceses to approve of the curates whom it maintains, without endeavouring to enforce upon the holders of benefices whom it assists any peculiar shade of religious opinion in their fellow-workers.

The 'Church Pastoral Aid Society,' on the contrary, which arose in what is termed the 'Evangelical' School, watches jealously over the party character of every curate which it pays, and subjects them

them to the investigation of a Board of 'Tryers,' who, if half that is reported of them be true, would not be unworthy of the most palmy days of Puritanism under Cromwell and Barebones.

Another and a still younger Society—the 'Curates' Augmentation Fund'—working in a kindred field of labour has undertaken more immediately the Christian task of raising the condition of the curates and supplying a sort of endowment for these unendowed labourers in the vineyard. The design is altogether excellent, and none deserve more richly such assistance than those on behalf of whom it has entered on its wide field of charity.

There are at this time about five thousand curates in active employment in the Church of England. The position of such men is not too darkly coloured in 'The Position and Prospects of Stipendiary Curates,' as stated in the prospectus of this new Society:—

'In the diocese of Exeter,* from exact returns kindly furnished by Archdeacon Freeman, it appears that there are no less than sixty-eight clergymen who, after from fifteen to fifty years' service, remain assistant-curates, with professional incomes scarcely averaging 100*l.* a year, being less than is earned by a skilled artisan, or by a junior clerk in a bank.

'It has been argued that a clergyman is both able and willing to live on a smaller income than his contemporaries in any other profession, and that, as a rule, to "live of the gospel" implies to him not affluence, but an adequate sufficiency for the requirements of his position. Be that so: but the real question now raised is, whether for a large body of her ministers, the Church does provide even this sufficiency? Let us see how far 100*l.* a year will go. Call it 2*l.* a week. Out of this the curate has to provide a home, the cost of which, under the most favourable circumstances, cannot, considering the position which he has to keep up, fall much below 50*l.* a year, leaving him 1*l.* per week for clothing, maintenance, medical attendance, personal expenses, books, parochial and other claims. In populous districts, where rent and taxes are high, and all the necessities of life dear, it is very difficult for a single man, and impossible for a married man, even with the greatest economy and self-denial, to live on this income.

'Compare the curate's stipend in the manufacturing districts, where the services of our ablest men are most needed, with the labourer's wages. A skilled artisan will earn from 6*s.* 6*d.* to 8*s.* 6*d.*, and an under-agent from 12*s.* 6*d.* to 21*s.* per day, and yet the curate, with a stipend equal to only five shillings and sixpence per diem, is expected, and justly so, from his sacred office, to make a better appearance, and

* It is a significant fact, and one which should appeal strongly to the laity of England, that in the same diocese the tithes held by lay impropricators amount to upwards of 160,000*l.* a year.—See 'Exeter Diocesan Calendar.'

to give more liberally towards the support of every charitable work, than either of these.*

'It would cheer many an anxious heart, even in prospect, and eventually fill many a poverty-stricken home with thankful gladness, could such a provision by any possibility be made a thing that could be fairly reckoned on. It would meet, *pro tanto*, the exact difficulty of an unbeneficed clergy, which is to hold, in matters temporal and social, the social status which the Church assumes that they do maintain; the Ordination Service assumes that they are, as a rule, householders. The world expects them to keep for themselves and others the rank and the education of gentlemen.†

Nor can the often sinking hearts of men of education and sensibility, tried often, how severely God only knows, by the various difficulties of such a position, be upheld by the last comfort of the desolate; for Hope visits them rarely, and with the slenderest imaginings of better days. Again we quote from the 'Position and Prospects,' p. 7:—

'The prospect of preferment open to curates may be thus estimated:

'Out of about 12,870 livings, there are only 7010 of 200*l.* a year and upwards. To supply the vacancies for promotion which occur in these 7010 livings, the selection must be made among the following, viz., 5860 incumbents of smaller livings, 5000 curates, and about 4000 clergy, who, though not engaged in parochial work, are for the most part seeking preferment. It will be seen at once that, even if Church patronage were administered solely with regard to meritorious service, the chances of a man obtaining a fair income, in early or middle life, would be much less than in any other profession. But when it is remembered that perhaps the majority of those who are promoted are young men, and so hold their livings for a lifetime, and that they often owe their promotion either to their having a "family living," or to influential friends, or to their possessing the means of purchasing preferment, it is evident that the chances of a man without interest are infinitesimally small. It is arithmetically impossible that the existing incumbencies can afford maintenance within a reasonable time for more than one-third of the clergy ordained, there being 21,000 clergy, and only 7010 livings of 200*l.* a year and upwards.‡

'With such a remote probability of preferment, even after many years' service, a prudent man, without interest, must necessarily, on entering Holy Orders, contemplate the possibility of remaining a curate all his life, and if possessed of average abilities, may fairly require some guarantee that in that case he will be able to reckon upon his income ultimately increasing to at least 200*l.* a year. It is simply impossible for incumbents to comply with this just requirement; they cannot, that is, unless assisted by the laity, comply with the law of supply and demand.'

* 'A Paper Published, &c.,' pp. 10, 11.

† *Ib.* p. 29.

‡ *Ib.* p. 15.

It is, moreover, well worthy of notice, that this hopeless view of preferment is to a very great degree a recent aggravation of the evils of the curate's position:—

‘Formerly every curate looked forward to obtain, and generally did obtain from a very early period of his ministry, a sole charge. He lived in the parsonage house, and, if possessed of even very limited private means, held an independent and fairly good position. From many circumstances he was much less liable to be displaced, often serving in the same Cure for a lifetime, generally for a much longer period than is usual now; whilst in the event of his being obliged, after some years’ service, to seek a new sphere of duty, his advanced age was no disqualification in the eyes of an incumbent who was himself permanently non-resident. The curate of former days was, therefore, comparatively free from the disappointments, anxieties, and expenses which are inseparable from the wandering and unsettled life of the curate of the present day.’ *

To understand fully the extent of this aggravation of the curate's difficulties, the actual statistics of residence and non-residence, as they represent the present and the past, must be before us:—

‘In the year 1810 it appears from Parliamentary returns that the clergy who were non-resident actually constituted a majority of the incumbents in England and Wales. The figures are thus given:— There were 10,159 livings, held by 9754 incumbents; of the latter number 4359 only resided in their own parishes, 5395 being non-resident, and for the most part leaving a curate in sole charge. There is no return showing the exact number of curates serving in this way as quasi-incumbents, but there were certainly as many as 5000.

‘After the passing of the Pluralities Act in the year 1810, owing partly to the removal of incumbents who, before that time, had held two or more livings together, and partly to increased power being given to the bishops to enforce residence, this state of things gradually changed; until, in the year 1838, only 3078 curates acted for non-resident incumbents; and in 1864, only 955 were so employed.’ †

The immediate design of the Society is to relieve the amount of distress which is of necessity involved in these conditions of the curate's office, by a plan which is thus briefly described:—

‘At a meeting recently held at Lambeth Palace a Provisional Council was appointed to carry forward the work of establishing a Curates’ Augmentation Fund. The object of the fund is briefly this—to give to the working curate, while at work, an augmentation or additional stipend of, if possible, 100*l.* per annum over and above the stipend which he receives from other sources. This augmentation *will not be given as an eleemosynary payment, but in recognition of services,*

* ‘A Paper Published, &c.,’ p. 5.

† *Ib.* p.

*for which the present scale of curates' stipends, taken together with the insufficient prospect of preferment, is acknowledged on all hands to be utterly inadequate compensation. It is proposed, in the first instance, that every curate of fifteen years' standing or upwards, being in the *bonâ fide* receipt of a clerical income of at least 100*l.* a year, or 80*l.* a year and a house, shall be eligible for a grant.**

The special feature of the plan is its non-eleemosynary character. The grants of the Society are to be good-service pensions, fairly won in the field and earned by long service, not the doles of charity. This is of the utmost moment. We have already too many charitable institutions for the clergy, with all their degrading accidents of canvassing cards and the laying bare of family necessities. It is impossible that such Societies should not lower the clerical character in the eyes of others, whilst they must infallibly injure still more deeply the unhappy men who, bred to better things, are thus thrust into habits of mendicancy. As avoiding this great stumbling-block especially, the path marked out by this new Society is safe and honourable.

The various objections which ingenuity can urge against other parts of the plan are convincingly met in the pages of this pamphlet, which will well repay a careful perusal. It is greatly to be desired that the scheme it sets forth, and which has met at its commencement with much valuable support, should enlist on its behalf the general interest of the laity. It is, in fact, in no common degree a layman's question. The proposal is, practically, that our generation, the laity especially, should do in their day, for the assistant-curates, what our fathers did for the clergy in theirs, when they endowed them with the tithes of the land. It will be a fund for the quasi-endowment of assistant-curates. That the creating such an endowment belongs to the laity and not to the clergy follows from the present status of the curates as a body. They it will be seen from what has been said above are not now a luxury for idle, or even a substitute for infirm, incumbents. If they were, there might be some justice in leaving the better supply of their necessities to those by whom they are employed. But there can be no such justice now, when for the most part the curate exists not for the assistance of the incumbent, but to supply those spiritual services to the population at large which the endowments of the Church, reduced by the drain of impropriations, are wholly unable to supply. The majority of curates at present are engaged in discharging duties and supplying services which cannot legally be demanded of the incumbent, but which the great increase of the population requires, and which the vastly-increased zeal of the

* 'A Paper Published, &c.,' p. 1.

clergy leads them, at every personal sacrifice, to seek to supply. It is well urged (*ib.* p. 6) that—

‘As a general rule, it is only a conscientious feeling on the part of the incumbent which induces him to pay any part of his curate’s stipend, supposing, of course, that he is able and willing to perform the duties himself for which the endowment was originally intended to provide. And yet the beneficed clergy, whose average income is only 246*l.* a year, contribute no less than 500,000*l.* a year, or, deducting the amount they receive from societies and other sources, 400,000*l.* a year, for the maintenance of assistant-curates. On every principle of justice the laity, as representing the increased population, ought to bear the greater part of this burden. They could certainly better afford to bear the whole of it; and yet how few even of our leading laymen are there who, out of their vast incomes, contribute 100*l.*, or 50*l.*, or even 10*l.* a year towards the support of an assistant-curate! How many of the clergy, with no more legal liability in the matter than the laity, out of their straitened means pay a curate’s whole stipend themselves!’

Such a claim as this cannot be neglected in an Established Church such as that of this land without causing great injury to all. The first effect of such neglect must be to diminish the number and lower the ‘character of those who give themselves to this most necessary work.

‘If, under the old system of pluralities, the stipends given by incumbents, coupled with the prospect of advancement which the ministry of the Church, regarded in a professional point of view, held out, had not been sufficient, incumbents would have been obliged to give more, or accept the alternative of performing their own duties. In the present day, however, if incumbents, after taxing themselves to the utmost, cannot afford to give stipends which, *taken together with the existing prospect of preferment*, adequately represent, by comparison with the emoluments of other professions, the value of services rendered, the action of the law of supply and demand is virtually suspended, and the consequence is that the work which the curate should do must be left undone, or be done by inferior men, to whom other professions do not present a better prospect. In other words, *there must ensue a deficiency in the supply of candidates for Holy Orders, and the proportion of men of high attainments entering the ministry with a view to engaging in parochial work must decrease.*’*

That this great evil has already appeared amongst us is asserted upon very high authority.

‘Parents, especially professional men and others who cannot give to their sons an independent income, feel a growing disinclination to incur the great expense requisite to give them a suitable education to

* ‘A Paper Published, &c.,’ pp. 6, 7.

enable them to take Holy Orders. Even the clergy themselves take this view of the matter in the case of their own sons. Though they feel that they can themselves bear hardships, privations, and disappointments, they shrink from subjecting their children to trials of such severity.*

‘That these results of the suspension of the law of supply and demand are already being experienced to a very great extent, there is unhappily abundant evidence. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in his primary charge (1864), says, “It is certain, from correct statistical returns, that the number of candidates ordained as deacons has diminished in the last ten years on an average of sixty-five per year.” †

‘In a pamphlet entitled “Promotion by Merit Essential to the Progress of the Church,” the author, the Rev. E. Bartrum, after entering very fully into the statistics of the subject, and carrying them on from the date of the archbishop’s charge, thus states the conclusion at which he arrives:—“It appears, then, that the number of clergymen ordained is not only decreasing, but in an *increasing ratio*, while the proportion of University men is declining and of literates increasing. . . . The calibre of those entering the ministry of late years has been gradually deteriorating, and we are threatened with one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall a nation—a clergy who in intellect are not superior to the people they profess to teach.” ‡

If this be true, and there is no reason to doubt that it is, the matter is indeed of most serious moment. The evidence taken before the Commission now inquiring into Trades Unions, to which we have already referred, shows the danger to which not morals only, or individual life, but even all skilled industry in this land, and with it her wealth and greatness amongst the nations, are at this time exposed, mainly from the degree to which those working classes who are the very bone and muscle of our population have been left untrained in all religious habits. In the great centres of population this evil exists and spreads. All the efforts of Christian charity have failed as yet to keep pace with the increase of the population. Especially is this the case in London itself, the very head and centre of this land, with its court, and its aristocracy, and its great merchant princes, and its vast hives of hoarded wealth. The estimate of deficiency of spiritual supply given in the statistics ascertained by inquiry in connection with the Bishop of London’s Fund is really appalling. Here are one or two extracts from it§:—

* This is simply a summary of statements contained in letters received by the Council.

† The falling off in the number of candidates from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, during the same decade, appears, from the tables given by the Archbishop, to have been of above eighty a year.

‡ ‘A Paper Published,’ &c., p. 8.

§ Statistics, p. 5.

• Two

‘Two standards have been adopted as necessary for the efficient working of the parochial system.

‘In the first place, we assume that one clergyman cannot efficiently minister to a population of more than 2000 souls, and in this number we suppose to be included an average proportion of Dissenters, Roman Catholics, and others.

‘In the second place we assume, as a basis of calculation, that if the population generally were in the habit of attending public worship, the Church of England would be responsible for providing accommodation for at least 25 per cent., or one in four of the population, after making allowance for the efforts of all other religious bodies.

‘This second standard we have adopted in accordance with the principles laid down in the Report on the Religious Condition of the Population, prepared by Mr. Horace Mann for the Registrar-General, in connection with the Census of 1851. Mr. Mann there assumes, and apparently with good reason, after making due allowance for the aged, the infirm, and the young, as well as for those who from various causes might be unable to attend divine worship, that about 58 per cent. of the whole population might attend if they were willing, either in churches or chapels, according to the religious bodies to which they belonged, and that therefore accommodation ought to be provided by the Church and by Dissenters for this number. It appears, however, that in the diocese of London little more than half this provision is made, or about 29 per cent., 18 per cent. being furnished by the Church, and 11 per cent. by Dissenters of various denominations. Supposing, then, that the whole required accommodation, that is for 58 per cent. of the population, were to be furnished in the same proportion, it is evident that about 36 per cent. ought to be provided by the Church of England, and about 22 per cent. by Dissenters of all kinds. Instead of 36 per cent., we have adopted the standard of 25 per cent. or 1 in 4; that is, nearly a third less than the proportion calculated by Mr. Mann as the minimum amount of Church accommodation which ought in due time to be provided by the Church of England. In making this deduction we have been influenced by the desire to put forward as moderate and practical a view as possible of the wants of the diocese; and we would again repeat that it is adopted, after due allowance has been made for the estimated proportion of Dissenters, Roman Catholics, Jews, &c., as well as for the aged, the infirm, and the young.

‘These standards then being adopted, we have now to state the result of our inquiries into the present religious condition of the diocese of London.

‘From the returns obtained at this time, and from other sources, it appears that out of all the parishes and districts included in the diocese (amounting to about 450), about 239 are already provided up to the measure of the standards here adopted. They will, therefore, for the present be left out of consideration in estimating the wants of the diocese. The remaining 211 parishes have been classed as follows, according to the amount of their deficiency:—

‘1. As

1. As regards Deficiency of Clergy :

Class	I. for	One Clergyman only.			Gross Population.
		8,000 and upwards	..	11	parishes.. .. 228,000
II.	..	from 6,000 to 8,000	..	14	.. 171,400
III.	..	4,000 to 6,000	..	59	.. 757,500
IV.	..	2,000 to 4,000	..	110	.. 919,300
					194
Not deficient in clergy, but in } church-room }					17 .. 73,800
					211 Total .. 2,150,000

2. As regards Deficiency of Church-room :

Accommodation for less than							Gross Population.			
Class	I.	1 in 10	58 parishes	..	744,000	
	II.	1 in 8	27	..	324,400	
	III.	1 in 6	42	..	412,900	
	IV.	1 in 4	71	..	609,800	
							198			
Not deficient in church-room, but in clergy }							13	..	58,900	
							211	Total	..	2,150,000

The total population of these 211 deficient parishes is about 2,150,000, the number of clergy is 582. But this number of clergy on the standard assumed is sufficient for the supervision of 1,164,000 only (making allowance, as we have done, for the labours of other religious bodies); there remains, therefore, a population of very nearly 1,000,000 persons for whom a further provision of 500 clergy would be required according to the standard assumed of one clergyman for every 2000 of the population. We would again call attention to the extreme importance of maintaining this standard, especially with a view to the necessity for personal visitation as the chief means by which it can be hoped to make any impression upon those who are careless about spiritual things.

Again, in these 211 parishes, with their population of 2,150,000, there is accommodation of all kinds provided by the Church of England for 298,000. Of this accommodation about 155,000 sittings, or about one-half, are described as free, besides about 19,000, or more than six per cent. of the whole, provided in school-rooms, mission-chapels, &c. But, according to the standard of 1 in 4, this total provision is no more than the Church of England ought to make for 1,192,000, leaving therefore about 960,000, or nearly 1,000,000 persons in those 211 parishes, for whom, upon the standard assumed, the Church of England ought eventually to provide, either in churches or mission-rooms, 250,000 additional sittings.

In these estimates a large margin is left for the efforts made by bodies not connected with the Established Church to supply these spiritual necessities. We have another statement which appears

to have been carefully prepared, and which, dealing more exactly with these extraneous supplies, gives a picture of the spiritual provision, which does not materially differ from the estimate already given :—

PLACES OF WORSHIP IN LONDON AND THEIR ACCOMMODATION.

	Number of Places of Worship.	Sittings.	Population.	Proportion per cent. of Population accommodated.
1851	1,097	698,549	2,362,236	30·2
1865	1,316	917,895	3,015,494	30·4
Increase	219	219,346	653,258	·2

‘There has thus been an increase of accommodation in fourteen years of about 31 per cent. Had the increase been threefold, it would only have sufficed to meet the increase of population. Taking 52 per cent., Mr. Mann’s estimate, as the maximum number to be provided for, the following result is obtained :—

DEFICIENCY OF ACCOMMODATION.

Number of persons unprovided for in London in 1851 ..	669,514
Ditto in 1865	831,387
Increased deficiency	161,873

‘It would thus appear, that if all the persons in London who are not physically disqualified, or for any legitimate reasons, were to attend church or chapel at the same time, 52 per cent., or more than one-half the population, would be shut out for want of room. But a worse feature of the case is, that 161,873 more persons would now be excluded, notwithstanding the considerable augmentation of places of worship, than in 1851. Therefore, although the percentage of sittings as compared with population has slightly improved, the actual deficiency has increased. It is estimated, as we have already said, that 45,000 souls are annually added to the population of London. To meet only this increase would require some forty-five new and commodious churches every year; whilst the average accretion yearly since 1851 of places of worship of all sizes has been no more than sixteen.’ *

To conscientious members of the Church by law established the case is of course far stronger than this. In the estimate just quoted every conceivable form of imperfect or mischievous teaching is included under the head of provision for the spiritual necessities of the population. The wide meshes here spread of what by estab-

* ‘Religion in London,’ p. 13.

lished courtesies are called 'religious denominations,' include Church of England, Church of Scotland, English Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Wesleyans, United Methodist Free Churches, Primitive Methodists, Plymouth Brethren, Friends, Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, Calvinistic Methodists, Mixed and Undefined, Roman Catholics, Latter Day Saints, Jews, Bible Christians, Methodist New Connexion, Unitarians, German Protestants, Catholic and Apostolic Church, Swedish Lutherans, Moravians, Greek Church, French Protestants, Dutch Reformed, German Catholics, Sandemanians, Southcottians, Freethinking Christians, Italian Roman Catholics, Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, Free Church of England, New Church, and Christian Disciples. Now, admitting fully that any form whatever of religious faith raises the man whom it possesses above him who has none, yet who that believes in the mission of our Church, or knows what her work is upon any population on which she has really taken hold, would be willing to substitute for her spiritual guidance of the people these discordant voices of a mixed multitude of sects, some old, some middle aged, some so young as hardly yet to have assumed a distinctive appellation? Yet if all these together fall far below the number necessary for grappling with the annual increase of our people, how far more must the clergy of the Church of England alone be inadequate to deal with them. And yet, if the clergy are to be increased in number, and the endowments or quasi-endowments of the Church are to remain stationary, the clerical order will be still more depressed, and the augmented number more and more recruited from the lower classes of the community. This is well put forward by the founders of the new association:—

'One more strong incentive to hearty and united action in the matter must be mentioned. A large increase in the existing number of the parochial clergy is imperatively called for. Assuming that ten years ago the supply of the clergy was adequate to the spiritual wants of the country—and the assumption is wholly unwarrantable—we have still to make up the deficiency in the supply of candidates for Holy Orders which has taken place during this period, and to overtake the increase of the population during the same time—an increase which cannot be computed at less than 2,500,000—before we begin to make provision for a prospective increase, estimated at 245,000 a year.

'It will not require an abstruse calculation to enable us to compute the additional number of clergy which will thus be required, if the Church of England is to continue to do her proper work as the Established Church of the land. Allowing one clergyman for every 2000 of increased population, according to the scale adopted by the Bishop of London, and granting that the influence of the Church at different

times will vary, other conditions being the same, according to the proportion which the numbers of the clergy bear to the sum total of the population, we see that, to enable the Church to exercise the same influence in 1876 which she did in 1856, no fewer than 4950 more clergy must be ordained in the next ten years than were ordained in the last. The most sanguine will hardly venture to anticipate that this increase can really take place; *but it is impossible that any increase at all can take place without making the prospect open to stipendiary curates more discouraging*, and the necessity for the present movement even greater than at present. Looked at from this point of view it will be seen that the present movement is not merely a measure of justice to stipendiary curates, but is an effort imperatively required for the good of the Church at large. So universal is the application of the principle, "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." *

These are, indeed, weighty words. Never had the Church of England a greater work to do than at the present time. Never was she more thoroughly bent on doing it, or was better equipped for its performance. It is not merely against the weight of numbers such as our forefathers never strove with, that she has now to labour. The wide spread of superficial education leads all men to talk about religion, and numbers to believe most unreasonably that they think about it also. Opinions are formed rapidly, and disseminated also miraculously. Every man reads his newspaper; and, however unconsciously, most men, to avoid the trouble of thinking, take up with what is therein day by day repeated to them and asserted for them. Every stratum of the population has its own purveyors of this daily literature. The time is passed even for 'the leading journal' to pervade all classes of society. Almost all are able to read, and all are supplied on the cheapest terms with materials for reading of some quality or other. At the top of almost every Hansom-cab, when our fickle weather permits it, you may see the newspaper spread out for study in the intervals of business; even the half-naked figures stretched at their length on the grass in our Parks often hold in their soiled hands some utterances from the all-pervading printing-office. The influences which spring from such a state of things are strengthened by a multitude of other circumstances. The unmistakable descent of political power from the more educated and better furnished to the less educated and poorer classes; the weakening of parental—that real source of all secondary—authority; the carrying out of this principle to the old sway of masters and employers; the claim of all to think and to act for themselves; all mark the onward progress of a vast *ἀνομία*. The sanguine

* 'Religion in London,' p. 9.

see in this lawlessness the bright morning of a day of perfect liberty of recognised opinions, and of a peaceful contentedness, which shall be a law unto itself. Less hopeful spirits doubt the mid-day prospect of so garish a dawn. They cannot see in the whole system and temper of the times that law of self-restraint under the rule of moral obligation, and of self-sacrifice for the maintenance of great principles which they believe to be essential to the real well-doing of individuals or society. Above all, they look at the growing tendency to treat all religious truth as matter of opinion with many fears for the incoming generation. At such a time it is all important that the national clergy should be not only religious men, but also men of thought and education. After the want of a hearty belief in what they teach, no sign could possibly be worse for our commonwealth than that the priests of the Established faith should be behind their age in the cultivation of their intellects or in the true breadth of their view, especially as to all moral and spiritual subjects. If the clergy appeared to the laity—instead of being men of more divine knowledge than themselves, of a deeper philosophy, which combines boldness with sobriety and thought with reverence,—to be ignorant or superstitious, too weak or too indolent to grapple with real difficulties, averse to progress and fearful of the light, it is not difficult to see what the end would be. Happily the very opposite is the fact: never were the clergy more earnest, and never, as a class, more enlightened than now. The very troubles of the age attest it. The questions which are vexing the Church, on the one hand as to what appears to us the trivialities of external ceremonialism, and as to the all-important verities of doctrine on the other, alike bear witness to the intense earnestness both of the clergy and of the laity whom they influence. The old sluggard slumberers of the last generation, with their strong port, large pluralities, closed volumes, and neglected parishes, are nowhere. For good or for evil, all are awake; all are hard at work; all are labouring for progress. New churches, new parishes, new schools, new institutions, cover the land. The press, if it labours with the utterances of the doubters and the unbelievers, groans under the issue of sermons, pamphlets, and volumes which speak of the spiritual zeal and mental activity of the clergy; whilst in every department of literature they occupy at this time a leading place. Nor is even this the greatest part of the strength of our clergy for the discharge of their great work. They pervade the land with a leavening presence of immeasurable power. From how many a parsonage-house, whose inmates assert for themselves no high literary claims, is there perpetually flowing forth a stream of civilising elevating influence, which

blesses

blessees all within its reach, and the wide-spread existence of which constitutes in a very high degree the strongest might of the national clergy! In the glowing words of Dr. Chalmers as to the parochial clergyman:—

‘All his spontaneous services bear upon them the unequivocal aspect of pure and disinterested zeal. And this in the midst of a people to whom he is every day more endeared by the kind notices and cordialities of his growing acquaintanceship, gives to all the forthgoings of an earnest parish minister a power over the hearts and habits of families which cannot be realised by any other individual in the commonwealth.’*

What may be before us, God knows; but if the Church of England as an establishment be about, as some forebode, to enter on a fierce struggle for her very being, she will at least enter on it at a moment when her labours are greater, more varied, and more successful than they have ever been, and with a body of clergy serving in her parishes, such as for hearty zeal, for firm faith, for varied erudition, and for self-denying toil, probably no Church before her could at any one time have marshalled for her duties in the day of service, or for her safeguard in the hour of peril—

‘Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent: etiam hæc defensa fuissent.’

ART. X.—1. *Essays on Reform.* London, 1867.

2. *Questions for a Reformed Parliament.* London, 1867.

THE two volumes of essays that lie before us are the work of different authors, each of whom disclaims any responsibility except for that which bears his name. The first volume is devoted to the advocacy of Reform in Parliament, the second to the consideration of questions with which it is supposed a reformed Parliament would be peculiarly qualified to deal, so that the second volume necessarily contains a repetition of arguments to be found in the first. The division is not a logical one, for the two parts do not exclude each other. The writers seem almost all to have received a good classical education; none of them display any considerable knowledge of English history or constitutional principles; all are fervent advocates of democratic change, and none, so far as we are able to gather, possess any practical experience of the manner in which

* Works, vol. xvii. p. 128.

public business is carried on, or any very clear views as to the limits of legislation or of the action of Government. These volumes were only printed in the present year, and yet many subjects on which they treat are for all practical purposes obsolete. They are relics of a period when reform in Parliament was considered a matter of reason, and when a necessity was felt and acknowledged for doing away with the general effect of the debate of last year, which seemed at the time so discouraging to the cause of democracy. The question has now been decided the other way, but certainly not in consequence of any superiority in argument. Still we think even now some service may be done by a detailed examination of the arguments which it was thought worth while to bring forward in the early part of this year on behalf of a parliamentary reform, once denounced as extreme, but moderate indeed when compared with that which has been determined on. It is curious to observe that almost all the writers of these essays are much more employed in defence than in attack, in answering objections than in bringing forward charges. There is an anxiety to hedge and qualify, to limit the sweeping nature of assertions, and to guard against possible misconstructions, which denotes anything rather than an assured confidence in the truth of their position. The constitution is assailed, but it is much more the object of the besiegers to guard against dangerous sorties than to assault the place themselves. All this timidity and circumspection are very curious, as compared with the utter abandonment of all attempts to defend our ancient constitution, which so speedily followed the publication of these volumes, and may serve as one proof among many how entirely independent of controversial considerations was the surrender by the Government to the cry for large organic changes. It is curious, also, to observe how little effect the teaching of our public schools and universities has had on the minds of our ablest young men, and how little the study of ancient languages and literature tends in modern times to inculcate that conservative cast of thought which used to be the distinguishing mark of our great universities. It is not very easy to see to what kind of audience these essays are addressed. Those who are already in favour of Reform will be willing to take upon trust all the good things that it is said a reformed Parliament will do for us; while those who are not, will hardly be persuaded by an enumeration of the subjects with which it is expected a reformed Parliament will deal, and by suggestions often very crude and imperfect of the manner in which it will deal with them. It is easier to believe that Reform will do good than to adopt the precise views
of

of a number of inexperienced students as to the exact things it will do, and to seek to prove the former by the latter, is to support a conclusion by premises less evident than itself. It is easier, for instance, to make up one's mind to accept the working classes as the ultimate arbitrators of our political faith than to do so on the grounds suggested by Mr. Harrison that they will involve us in perpetual wars, or by Mr. Goldwin Smith that we shall approximate to the blessings enjoyed by the United States of America.

First in order, and perhaps in importance, is the essay of Mr. Brodrick on the utilitarian argument against Reform as stated by Mr. Lowe. Mr. Brodrick states the question to be whether in discussing the extension of the franchise we are at liberty to entertain considerations of justice at all, or whether our judgment is solely to be guided by considerations of expediency. Against the latter position he argues that 'this canon of political utility' has 'the radical defect of that ethical system which confounds the motive with the criterion of conduct, and assumes that because the moral value of actions may be determined by their ultimate tendencies, they should therefore be performed by the agent with the well-being of the human race consciously present to his mind.' Here Mr. Brodrick seems to beg the question, which is, not whether the utilitarian theory of morals is right, but whether the extension of the franchise is a moral or a political question. If moral, it is to be judged by motives; if political, by results. A man who contends that the question is political and depends on results, is quite consistent in requiring those results to be steadily kept in view, as they must be if they are to be attained, and has nothing to do with the defects or merits of any ethical system whatever.

Mr. Brodrick admits that as to the past, taking as an instance the Reform of 1832, it is better to judge of the goodness of a measure by effects than by preconceived notions of justice, but as to the future he says the contrary is the case. 'Real facts are more trustworthy than the dictates of political justice, but the latter are more trustworthy than hypothetical facts.' Here the essayist is involved in a position of some delicacy. We are to resolve on measures with reference to a criterion by which we do not judge them, and to judge them by a criterion by which we did not resolve on them. They are to be undertaken with reference to right, and judged with reference to expediency. Such reasoning would condemn the most beautiful landscape garden because it did not pay, and the most prosperous cotton-mill because it may be a blot in the landscape. Surely if we are to judge fairly we should judge according to the end in view: if Reform be
a moral

a moral question, by morality; if a political question, by expediency. But Mr. Brodrick would adopt Reform because it is just, and decide whether it ought to have been adopted by considerations of expediency into which right does not enter. He does not seem to understand the way in which Mr. Lowe strives to apply experience to the question of the expediency, or as Mr. Brodrick would say, the morality of the extension of the franchise. Mr. Lowe said, 'Treat Reform like all other questions, point out a mischief in the present representation of the people, suggest a remedy, and show how that remedy will cure the mischief, and I admit you have proved your case.' There is nothing here of doubtful analogies, conjectural results, or hypothetical facts. It is the way in which all other questions are treated, and he asks, and has as yet received no answer, why it is not followed in this most important of all questions.

Mr. Brodrick argues 'that the happiness of the people at large is the familiar watchword of despotism,' and that the paramount object of a Reform Bill is not that Parliament should be as efficient as possible, but that it should duly reflect the will of the people. Surely never was more utter confusion between the means and the end. What is the good of reflecting the will of the people except that it is believed to be the best means of promoting the happiness and good government of the people? Mr. Brodrick disclaims *à priori* reasonings, and yet on what other grounds does he condemn despotism apart from experience? Despotism, oligarchy, all governments which neglect the wishes of the people are bad, not from any moral obliquity involved in the government of one or a few over many, but because experience has shown that such governments do not on the whole tend to happiness and good administration. An absolute king may, if good, do more for the human race than a mixed government, but he is a fortunate accident, and lacks that which never should be separated from the idea of good government—stability. But if experience had been as decisive in favour of, as it is decisive against, absolute monarchy or oligarchy, we should hold it as the most wretched superstition to object to these forms of governments on merely moral grounds. The best government is that which confers the greatest benefits on its citizens. The best man is he who acts from the best motives. The test of the one is political, of the other moral. The one must be judged by *à posteriori* empirical considerations, the other by *à priori* principle.

Mr. Brodrick says that good government must imply a conviction of its justice among its subjects, and thus involves considerations of morality. It is true, it does so, and no one ever thought of denying it, but it only does so so far as sentiments of
moral

moral displeasure or approbation bear on the question of expediency. In the notion of good government are involved the ideas of stability, and of facility of working, and the feelings with which it is viewed by its subjects are important in this respect. There is no form of government adapted *à priori* for all cases. The circumstances of the time and the country, its previous history, its present condition, must all be minutely scanned and allowed for. In this, as in all other things much must be yielded to popular prejudice and feeling. Lesser evils must be endured in order to avert greater. All this is involved in the very idea of guiding our conduct by expediency and experience.

Having thus, as it would seem, not very successfully combated the position that the extension of the franchise is a matter of expediency and not of morality, Mr. Brodrick proceeds to argue that the rejection of utilitarianism does not involve the assertion of the *à priori* rights of man, in other words that an argument may not be *à posteriori* and not *à priori* either. He takes for his text Mr. Gladstone's celebrated dictum, 'that every man who is not presumably incapacitated by some consideration of personal unfitness or political danger is *morally entitled* to come within the pale of the constitution.' The two incapacities that qualify this principle are manifestly drawn from experience; but whence did Mr. Gladstone obtain the principle—was it *à priori* or *à posteriori*? That is the question the essayist has to answer, and to which, as it seems to us, he gives no answer at all. What is the meaning of being morally entitled—to what standard does it appeal? We are not told what the standard is, but only that the principle rests on certain presumptions, and appeals for its verification to the evidence of experience. We must distinguish between Mr. Gladstone and his principle. What the principle appeals to we do not know; but Mr. Gladstone appealed to nothing. He laid his proposition down as self-evident, and troubled himself neither with presumptions nor verifications. The presumptions on which the principle rests, we are told, are 'the equality of all citizens before the law,' and the possible existence of *political rights* which have not acquired a legal sanction. Of course the equality of all citizens before the law means not the fact of but the right to such equality. So that the essayist, whose object is to prove that this principle does not, as Mr. Lowe said it did, imply the assumption of *à priori* rights, rests the principle in question on two grounds, the latter of which asserts and the former implies the existence of those very rights. The experience to which Mr. Gladstone's principle (not Mr. Gladstone himself) appeals for verification is, 'that men manage their own
affairs

affairs better than others who have counter interests to serve; that men pay taxes and obey laws more loyally when they have taken part in voting the former and making the latter; and that men denied the privileges are apt to forget the duties of citizenship.' We dare say Mr. Lowe never doubted that it might be possible to fish up some such ragged generalities as these, to invest them with the name of experience, and to assert that they verify, which seems to mean, not prove, but confirm the proposition. Of course the first verification only professes to establish the expediency of letting people manage their own affairs and has no reference to the affairs of others, and the other two are perhaps a little more frequently true than false. But all this is mere trifling. We ask whence came this proposition? Mr. Gladstone would say probably from his inner consciousness; the proposition itself says by its spokesman, Mr. Brodrick, that it rests on two presumptions involving the notion of abstract right, and is verified by three presumptions, neither true nor relevant, and this is offered as a proof that the proposition rests on no assumption of *à priori* rights!

One more question remains for the essayist. The words 'morally entitled' used by Mr. Gladstone have an awkward *à priori* sound about them. Whence comes this moral 'title,' or claim, or right? for the essayist uses all these terms. This is the pinch of the controversy, because the query seems to require an answer in the terms '*à priori*' or '*à posteriori*,' from internal consciousness or from experience. No such answer, however, do we receive. We are told that 'for the purposes of legislation it is quite essential that we should realise the existence of rights, both civil and political, distinct from so-called natural rights, and paramount to legal rights, which may properly be called moral rights.' If these moral rights really exist, it is no doubt 'essential that we should realise their existence,' especially as they do not come by nature nor by law, and are paramount to the latter, without having the sanction of the former. All we can say is that we sincerely hope they do not exist, since being paramount to law they seem to have a strong tendency to overthrow existing societies, and are, indeed, fraught with all those evils which have led Bentham and Burke to unite in denouncing that most dangerous of all metaphysical figments, 'natural right.' That they do exist in any more tangible shape than that of inaccurate metaphor we shall require some better proof than the assertion that 'it is quite essential that we should realise their existence.' It is only in the mind that they are formed; this seems to portend for them, if they do exist, an *à priori* origin. The essayist waives any inquiry into their origin, which is rather hard, seeing that
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this is the very point in dispute; but he says their validity depends on the forum in which they are pleaded. 'The ultimate appeal is to the public conscience—to that code of political morality which, *however formed*, tacitly governs the course of legislation.' Yes, but *how* formed? Is this code formed *à priori* or *à posteriori*? Where is it embodied? Who are the depositaries of it? Where is the public conscience to be found? Does the public agree as to the matter of the code? Does it come from the experience of the past or from abstract principles, like that which affirms the necessary connexion between taxation and representation, which is violated every hour in every country of the earth? Are not the maxims of this code just those half truths described by Mr. Lowe in the preface to his speeches and letters, which are derived from partial experience and lose all their value as soon as they are stated in a general or universal form?

Before we quit this essay we must observe the writer's notion of inconsistency. He thinks it inconsistent to oppose a measure admitting large numbers of persons by lowering the franchise, and at the same time to argue that a large number might acquire the franchise now by a little self-denial; inconsistent, to denounce the tyranny of numbers when possessed of power, and to point out the apathy of the persons in question as to its acquisition; inconsistent, to use 'the transparent fallacy' that property would be swamped by numbers, and that the agents of the multitude in this process would very likely, as in the French Revolution, be millionaires! Perhaps the best summary of the answer to this essay has been given by another of the essayists, Mr. Frederic Harrison, in another publication: 'The truth is,' he says, 'that the exercise of political power is a function, not a right, that the beginning and end of it is good government; that it cannot be an end in itself. . . . The "Christian" argument for the extension of the Suffrage; the "flesh and blood" argument; the "fathers of families" argument; the "tax-paying" argument; the "gross income" argument; the "industry" argument; the "ancient lines of the constitution" argument; the arguments from the numbers, the wealth, the progress of the people; the famous argument about the burden of proof; all arguments, in short, which make the suffrage a privilege, apart from its practical results, are only forms of one and the same fallacy.' This is true and forcible, and not the less true and forcible because Mr. Harrison almost immediately proceeds to make use of the very fallacy which he denounces, as when he states that it is the *function* of the House to represent the will of the people, that the people's money *cannot* be taken without the people's leave, that the suffrage is a *right* of full citizenship, and that paying

taxes

taxes is a *reason* for controlling expenditure. A pertinent commentary on Mr. Brodrick's attempt to prove that the 'public good is not the supreme end of legislation' is to be found in the words of Lord Houghton in his essay on National Unity:— 'Those who are urgent for Reform *cannot afford* to accept the test, either of the beneficial results of legislation, or of the apparent satisfaction of the mass of the people . . . in such a mode of argument the principles and benefits of parliamentary government are entirely set aside.'

Mr. Hutton, who undertakes to explain 'the political character of the working class,' has done so with an excruciating candour for which his clients have very little reason to thank him. This is his statement of them, abridged indeed, but in his own words as far as is consistent with abridgment. If superior in intelligence to the small shopkeepers, they are less thrifty, less disposed to be guided by their superiors in intelligence, less cautious in political instincts, less attached to the institutions under which they live. They feel no sympathy with the spirit which looks to the leadership of the wealthy and noble, nay, sometimes they distrust men for that very reason. They are unembarrassed by subtlety of mind, and their want of culture stands them in good stead (from which we suppose we must infer that the less men know the better they judge). Had they been fully represented in 1859 they would have joined France in recovering Italy, in which case, says the essayist, we should have had far greater weight in Europe, and saved the surrender of Savoy and Nice. In which case, say we, we should have waged an unjust war, attacked an old ally for acting on a treaty to which we ourselves were parties, have done our best to destroy the equilibrium of Europe and paved the way for the war of 1866, without securing the slightest advantage to England, or preventing the extortion from Italy of Savoy and Nice. The same generous openness to political ideas would have involved us in war for Poland and other political blunders. To correct this tendency to go to war Mr. Hutton thinks we must rely on the territorial and mercantile classes. The working class is cosmopolitan, they are not. They deprecate war, war between North and South in America, war between France and Austria in Italy, war between Prussia and Austria in Germany. They are, in fact, incorrigibly pacific. But the working classes judge impartially, nay they rather like to find England in the wrong; they have a livelier sympathy with other nations than with the upper classes of their own. They are migratory. They carry their own wealth with them in the shape of labour. If they don't succeed in the South they try the North, if not in England they try America, or France,

or

or Belgium. They judge popular movements in Europe without an *arrière pensée* as to the reflex action they may have in England. They will introduce into our politics the radically true and noble ideas of the claims of the organised whole over the individuals that constitute it, which they have worked out in their Trades Unions. Such an appreciation of true government is found in no other class. They possess a power of self-sacrifice and self-devotion for a common object, a respect for collective life, a conviction that the body is greater than its parts. They are not afflicted with that obsolete jealousy of government which did very well so long as it was in the hands of a small class, and they incline, as the Trades Unions show us, to equalise in some degree the risks and hopes of all. They like to encroach on the liberty of the minority for the supposed moral advantage of the majority. They will show us the errors of our undue confidence in unlimited competition, they will be unfavourable to the individual ascendancy of great men, capricious, irreverent towards moral superiority, and careless in trusting their leaders.

We presume that the statements which we have just epitomised are intended to prove that we shall do prudently and consult the best interests of the country by taking power away from the middle classes and placing it in the hands of the persons thus graphically described. It is curious to consider what, from Mr. Hutton's point of view, must be the leading faults of modern English policy and character. From the remedies which he prescribes we suppose the case to be something like the following. We are, it should seem then, afflicted with the vice of economy in our public expenditure, too prone to be guided by men of superior intellectual calibre, cautious, timid to a fault, and far too much enamoured of political institutions which we have been silly enough to suppose have contributed greatly to our peace, prosperity, and happiness. An infusion of vanity, rashness, presumption, extravagance, and ingratitude is needed, it seems, to correct these glaring and grievous errors. We are afflicted, a fault of which we never were accused before, with super-subtlety of mind. We are the victims of sickly over-refinement, and need a strong dose of blundering stupidity and ignorance to prevent us from falling into mistakes engendered by too much knowledge and too much culture, like the man in the fairy tale, who was obliged to tie his legs for fear he should run away from himself. We are disgustingly pacific. There were at least three just and necessary wars, one against Austria, one against Russia, one against Austria and Prussia, which we ought to have waged for the sake of Italy, of Poland, and of Denmark. We are not sure that we ought not

to have figured as parties to the battle of Sadown. We are hopelessly patriotic, and instead of being always ready, as is generally supposed, to run down and depreciate ourselves, we are disposed to think we are often in the right, and to feel more sympathy and more respect for our own than for any foreign government. We are very local and insular, and though we have far more to do with the rest of the world than any other nation, are very apt with an incurable narrowness to regard passing events very much as they affect the interest of our own island—nay, we are not sure, shocking as it may be to Mr. Brodrick, that we are not in the habit of tacitly assuming that the welfare of England is the aim of our policy. But there is still worse behind. We are convinced of the truth of political economy. We believe that our prosperity is best promoted by promoting the prosperity of other nations, and we base our ideas of good government on protecting the freedom of the individual citizen and not on the notion of sacrificing him to the community, we are traditionally jealous of the overpowering influence of government, we believe that it is quite possible to overgovern, that the functions of the ruling power should be circumscribed within very well-defined and even narrow limits, and we regard the happiness of a State as something that results rather from the happiness of the individuals composing it, than as something to be produced by immolating them to the will of the majority. We abhor the notion of enforced equality as seen in Trades Unions, of compulsory virtue as in the Permissive Bill; we believe in unlimited competition; we are anxious for great men to lead us, and have no wish to do anything that may check their individual ascendancy. We have as yet no taint of communism. These are the qualities of the English nation as at present organised politically and socially, which we are called upon to correct by a copious infusion of, we should rather say, by a complete suppression of them by, their contraries. We should think the reverse of his picture, as we have endeavoured to give it, must strike even Mr. Hutton himself. It is like the speech of Themistocles at Salamis, where he opposed everything good in human nature to everything bad, only that Themistocles exhorts the Greeks to take the better and Mr. Hutton advises us to take the worse. We are in good health, let us take poison; we have knowledge, let us subordinate it to ignorance; we have peace, let us seek for war; we have directed our affairs on the basis of individual liberty, let us change it for a deference for authority, organisation, and such words of evil omen; we have prospered under the principles of Adam Smith, let us, just for a little variety, try Owen and St. Simon.

Of course the question of the law of primogeniture occurs frequently in these volumes. We will take Lord Houghton's view of it. 'The impolitic retention,' he says, 'of one unwise condition of the devolution of landed property stands in the way of the recognition of that perfect liberty of inheritance which England and the United States alone enjoy. When this is once done the question of primogeniture becomes one not of law but of the custom of the country.' In this passage is either asserted or implied that in England the succession of the eldest son to the land of the father is a condition of the devolution of land, that is, no land can devolve otherwise; that perfect liberty of inheritance is at present enjoyed in England, and that the succession of the eldest son is now in England a matter of law and not of custom. The first of these propositions contradicts the second and is untrue, as also is the third : so that out of three propositions we have two false and one point blank contradictions. The succession of the eldest is not a condition of the devolution of landed property, any more than the succession under the statute of distributions is a condition of the devolution of personal property. In both cases the law only steps in from the necessity of the case to make as it were a will for the last owner who has neglected to make one for himself. The bulk of most landed estates does find its way into the hands of the eldest son, but this is hardly ever by law, which only operates in case of intestacy, nor even under a will, but generally by settlement made on the marriage of the eldest son. If Lord Houghton will read Mr. Newman's able essay on the Land Laws in the second of these volumes, he will see that the complaint of this gentleman is that our law has 'existed so long that it has created a class-sentiment in harmony with it; that the State is too wise to maintain a useless scaffolding; and that it blurs the hard and severe outlines of the law with a safe and skilful recognition of individual freedom,' that is to say, Lord Houghton complains of our law for interfering with liberty of inheritance. Mr. Newman, who knows what he is writing about, admits that the law does give liberty, but evidently thinks that as the class-sentiment is in favour of using such liberty in a particular way, which he disapproves, the liberty at present enjoyed of devising or settling land as the owner pleases should be taken away. We have here a very fair specimen of the work that is cut out for the Parliament of the future. One half of its votaries wish to act on the grossest and most obvious errors, the other half wish it to give effect to their own crotchets by curtailing that individual liberty of which Englishmen have at the present time the priceless monopoly.

The essay of Mr. Dicey on the Balance of Classes, in which he
seeks

seeks to prove that this consideration ought to have no place in a Reform Bill, has, to do it justice, though only written this year, entirely anticipated the course of events. Something about classes was, indeed, put into the Queen's speech, but it has for several months been left by the framers of that speech entirely out of sight. Mr. Dicey says, with truth, that the question really is, 'whether the greater number of the citizens ought to be made ultimately supreme in the affairs of the State.' That is the question as between property and intelligence on the one side, and mere numbers on the other. Mr. Dicey is in favour of numbers. In support of this conclusion he urges, that the argument against the supremacy of numbers is really an argument against all supremacy. Granted; but he has yet to show that it is impossible to form a Government which gives no supremacy to any class, in order to make this answer worth anything. This he will scarcely be able to do, for the Government of England is at this moment an instance of such a government. He urges, that 'the legitimate influence of the rich and educated has immense weight with all who depend for their livelihood on daily wages.' And a little further on, that where the majority is opposed to the minority, it is just as likely to be right as not. So that education goes for nothing, and the logical conclusion is, that knowledge ought to be governed by ignorance, and wealth by poverty. He tells us 'that' people (that is poor and ignorant people) gain more by the experience than they lose by the errors of liberty.' We had thought that history was rich in lessons of the inability of a democratic community to profit by experience. Did Athens profit when she repeated at Syracuse the same ruinous mistake which she had made in Egypt? Did Rome profit during the ninety years that interposed between the Sedition of the Gracchi and the Battle of Actium? Have America and Australia profited, when, in despite of science and of experience, they are employing themselves in building up systems of protection to native industry? The truth is, that aristocracies and monarchies have their traditions; but that a democracy is the most oblivious and inconstant of all governments, and therefore the least able to profit by experience, to remember facts, to reason from those facts, or to adhere steadily to the lessons which they teach. One reason for the government of numbers is, he tells us, that every man is the best manager of his own affairs; an excellent argument if the question was only of his 'own affairs,' but utterly irrelevant when urged to prove that the power should be given of managing the affairs of others. Nor is the proposition true. Men are by no means necessarily good managers of their own
affairs.

affairs. We do not leave every citizen to manage his own affairs from any confidence that he will manage them well, but because their mismanagement is a less evil than the virtual slavery which is implied in the claim of the State to manage them for him. Another argument is, that citizens are to be looked on primarily as persons, secondarily only as members of classes. This seems to amount to the old 'flesh and blood' argument. Looked on as a person, a man may be a pauper, a felon, or an idiot; his personality tells us nothing whatever of his fitness for the franchise. As a member of a class of 10*l.* householders, or of persons able to read and write, he has at any rate some *primâ facie* claim on the confidence of the legislator. We do not see why we are to look primarily at what is irrelevant, and secondarily only on what is relevant. After all, he tells us, not being apparently very well satisfied with his own demonstration, it is worth while running some risk; but he forgets to tell us why, and we are not able to supply the omission.

We must treat ourselves to one more extract from Mr. Dicey, and the rather because it forms a sort of connecting link between his essay and that of Mr. Leslie Stephen, which follows next. 'It would be inconsistent,' he says, 'with the idea of a representative government to attempt to form a Parliament far superior in intelligence to the rest of the nation.' What then is the idea of a representative government? Clearly not that of our Saxon ancestors, that of an assembly of 'wise men', but rather that *Parliamentum indoctum* which was the reproach of the reign of Henry IV.

'Quod satis est sapio mihi non ego curo
Esse quod Arcesilas ærumnosique Solones.'

Above all, no intelligence. The idea of a representative government is that the representatives should resemble the represented, whose principal quality is 'nos numerus sumus,' and the man who greatly excels his fellows in intelligence is too unlike them to deserve their confidence!

The essay on Popular Constituencies by Mr. Leslie Stephen is a good instance of the timid and qualified manner in which the most sweeping and violent changes may be advocated. We confess ourselves disciples of the old school of discussion, which stated clearly the proposition to be proved or disproved, gave its reasons, answered its adversaries, and drew its conclusions. We wish the advocates of democracy would copy the Lacedæmonian assembly, which always said yes or no, and would discard the circuitous methods which are now in vogue. Mr. Stephen considers that a telling argument against democracy

democracy is its supposed tendency to the deterioration of public men. He will not commit himself to the assertion that it does so; it is only a supposition and only a tendency. So qualified a proposition is scarcely worth arguing, and so he seems to think. First, its weight is over-estimated. 'It is an error to judge of nations by their manners.' We don't see why, but, if we granted it, does it follow that it is an error to judge assemblies by their manners? Then the difference between an assembly of gentlemen and one not of gentlemen is one of form rather than of substance. We do not think so; but, granting it, is not form quite as essential a component part as substance in all objects of human thought? Our statesmen, he tells us, are above all suspicion of personal corruption; but then if we spend money 'on certain departments without corresponding effect, somebody must be the better for it.' 'Corruption is a disease of the constitution.' It is rather difficult to make out from this whether the writer does or does not mean us to believe that the House of Commons is corrupt. We are told that 'the ostracism of intelligence is not the worst of evils. We must judge the artist, as Mr. Lowe says, by the quality of his work.' 'Let us be governed by gentlemen if they will govern well.' Therefore, and this is the halt and hesitating conclusion of all this half-hearted reasoning, 'It would not be a conclusive answer to demands for Reform if it could be shown that members of Parliament would in the supposed case be drawn from a lower class or even be men of inferior education or a lower sense of personal honour. A rogue sometimes does better under the master's eye than an honest man unwatched.' Surely this is a melancholy way of handling a great and interesting subject. Mr. Stephen propounds the question, whether democracy deteriorates the character of public men? The answer is to be sought in Athens, in Rome, in republican France, in America, and in all these cases it is decisively against him. But he makes no assertion. It is all ifs. Do gentlemen govern well? Is a rogue better than an honest man for a public trust? Is ostracism of intellect a great evil? Are our statesmen corrupt? We find no answer to any of these questions, but only qualifying and extenuating observations, a little bit filed off here and pared off there. In a similar vein Mr. Stephen proceeds to say 'that corruption and jobbing are the least important considerations.' 'If there is an effective control by public opinion the work is somehow done.' 'A great many pickings may be gained without vital injury to the public service.' Still an if, but where did he learn that democracy exercises an effective control by public opinion, or is not the contrary

trary notoriously the case? 'The English Parliament is the centre of political discussion, the good done by its debates is not easily exaggerated, the health of political discussion depends upon it; but then the moral condition of the country depends on far wider causes, and will determine parliamentary morality rather than be determined by it.' So that the high intellectual standard which was at one moment all-important turns out on examination to be of no importance at all. There wanted but one element to make this confusion complete, and that is supplied by the statement that it is important that members of Parliament should be drawn from our most highly educated classes; and this finishes what the essayist calls an attempt to estimate the importance of the argument, but what seems to us little more than a mass of clumsily qualified contradictions.

We now come to experience drawn from America. Mr. Stephen admits that the statesmen of the American Revolution once rose to the European level. Since then 'refined and delicate minds have been frightened away.' 'The business of the country has been left to men not above joining in the dirtiest intrigues, or pandering to the lowest popular prejudices.' 'Money and the mob are said to be supreme at Washington; the action of Congress is determined by log-rolling and buncombe.' This is plain speaking; and when we couple with these facts the notorious truth that these evil symptoms have increased just in proportion to the increase of democracy, we seem to have made out a pretty strong case against the imitation of American institutions. But now begins the cutting-down process. Jefferson, Hamilton, and Madison were not as good as they were thought; Clay, Calhoun, and Webster were much better than is supposed: 'the temptations to a practical life overpower intellectual training—a cultivated class, or rather a class from which cultivated statesmen may be drawn, does not exist in the country.' Then Congress is not, as we readily admit, so important a body as Parliament. This is something like the excuse for a next morning's headache. 'It wasn't the wine, it was the salmon.' Give what account you like of the phenomena of American politics, only don't ascribe them to democracy. It is better to deny, in spite of the notorious fact, that there is a large class of cultivated Americans, than to admit that they will not touch pitch for fear of defilement. To sum up Mr. Leslie Stephen's argument, the low standard of American political leaders depends upon the small number of educated men, the small importance of political as compared with private life, the shifting condition of society, the influx of poor foreigners, and the absence of hereditary party discipline; upon anything in the world, in fact, except upon the leading, salient, notorious

rious element of American institutions, democracy. Mr. Stephen considers next how the absence of these causes in England will affect the future of English democracy. He admits that democratic changes will reduce the social position of the members; but this he thinks will not diminish the attractions of political life. He thinks that an extension of the franchise would not materially alter the composition of Parliament, although members of Parliament will be drawn from 'a minority of the upper class, who are looked upon as traitors to its cause.' Persons then who are too sensitive to encounter such a stigma for the sake of a seat will be excluded. 'The class of members representing the metropolis will be increased at the expense of those representing the small boroughs.' We shall have fewer independent gentlemen, the glory of our country, and yet there is no reason to apprehend a serious lowering of cultivation, though there may be a lowering of the standard. In fact, the essay seems to us to terminate in hopeless obscurity and self-contradiction, which is not in the least dispelled by the assumption at the end that the new members will be more statesmanlike in the higher sense of the word than the old ones.

In sharp contradiction to the views of Mr. Leslie Stephen, we have the essay on the Experience of the American Commonwealth, by Mr. Goldwin Smith. Mr. Stephen admits almost all the evil that has ever been said of America; Mr. Smith shall speak for himself:—'Equality has created,' he says, 'in America a nation great both in peace and war, wealthy, intelligent, united, capable of producing statesmen and soldiers, yet itself superior to its ablest men.' 'A step, though only a step, has been made towards the realisation of that ideal community, ordered and bound together by affection instead of force, the desire of which is in fact the spring of human progress.' We have seldom read a more condemnatory panegyric, one which more pointedly suggested defects, while it enumerates unreal excellencies. To call a distracted aggregate of communities, trembling between central despotism and individual repulsion, a nation, is a bold figure of speech. We do not usually speak of a nation as great in peace which is notoriously a prey to furious internal discord, nor great in war which is just bleeding from civil strife, the only warfare on a great scale it has ever seen. We will suspend our verdict as to wealth till we see the currency at par; and as to intelligence, till we find America adopting enthusiastically a commercial policy which does not violate every principle of economic science. About 'united,' the less that is said the better; and as to the superiority of the 'nation' to its ablest men we must wait to see the nation reconstituted before we trust

ourselves to compare it with another nation or another man. We are astonished at the audacity that talks of a community bound together by affection while one-half of the States has its sword at the throat of the other half, and connects such a state of things, however remotely, with the ideal of human progress. Starting from this rose-coloured view of American politics, Mr. Goldwin Smith asks, 'Does this success of equality hold out any hope to us?' A question which, so far as we are able to see, he nowhere answers, but which we at least should have no great difficulty in answering. The state of things which the essayist describes does not exist in America at all, and we therefore can have no reason for believing that, if we place ourselves in the same position as America, it would be our lot. But Mr. Smith, though it is very difficult to follow the logical sequence of his essay, is careful to remind us that we have not the advantages of America, and therefore that even if equality had made her all he describes, equality would scarcely do as much for us. We have not, like America, boundless land; and if 'the growth of harvests be a proof of good government,' of such good government as lets corn grow we have our share already, though we admit the standard is not a very elevated one. The inference seems irresistible, though exactly the contrary of the one Mr. Goldwin Smith meant to draw, that as America, with all her natural advantages, has done so badly politically, we, who have not these advantages if we imitate her politically, shall probably do much worse. To be sure even America has disadvantages. America has Irish emigration, the Irish being, according to Mr. Smith, in a state of political barbarism. But then we in England have the whole Irish nation on our hands without the wild land to settle them on. If, as he says, the texture of society in America is still loose, in England it is very close and compact, giving little room for the expansion either of ideas or of passions. So that as regards the natural conditions in which the two countries are placed, they are either even, or, where they differ, the balance is in favour of America. Is then America better governed at this moment than England, and if not why not? This question Mr. Smith does not attempt to answer, but confines himself during the rest of his essay to answering, much in the style of Mr. Stephen, objections drawn from facts—which even he cannot dispute singly, though he virtually denies them in the lump—which seem to connect certain failures in American institutions with democracy. 'The want of taste and refinement in politics is not democratic but colonial.' 'Democracy is not answerable for special defects in the machinery of the American republic.' Hamilton erred, as we understand the essay, by providing checks
against

against democracy. It ought to have it all its own way without presidents, senates, or states to check it. 'Democracy has nothing to do with the payment of members.' Only they generally go together. The following sentence is, we have no doubt, pregnant with a brilliant antithesis, though we confess that we are unable to discover what it is. 'The American politician has more faith in intellect (than whom?), though the works of intellect may be more abundant in Tory squires.' What are the works of intellect, and what does this fearfully enigmatic sentence mean? There must be a scathing sarcasm hidden under these dark words if we could only find it out. 'Protectionism is the vice not of democracy, but of ignorance.' But ignorance is itself the vice of a democracy. Nobody ever supposed that democracies imposed prohibitive duties with a view to injure themselves, the complaint is that the democratic government of America is so deplorably ignorant, that after a question has been thoroughly sifted by reason and experience, and definitely settled in the forum of pure intelligence, it perseveres in a course of action demonstrably injurious to itself, and that from mere inability to grasp the argument, perhaps from utter ignorance that there is anything to say on the other side. 'Pass ten years,' says Mr. Smith, oracularly, 'with France we shall still have the Commercial Treaty, with America Free Trade.' It may be so, but the treaty was passed in defiance of democracy, and America was much nearer free trade ten years ago than now. The advocates of free trade were those very Southerners over whose fall Mr. Smith is never weary of rejoicing; the Western States have exactly the same interest, but, being democratic, they are protectionists. The slave-holding oligarchy could see a truth that escapes the dull eye of democracy. No one doubts democracy has the will and power to seek its true interests, the misfortune is that when those interests turn on considerations in the least abstract or refined, democracy does not know what its interest is.

No organisation, says Mr. Smith, so compact and so hostile to the employer as our Trades Unions exists on the other side of the Atlantic. The words must be recanted before the ink is dry. We admit that 'such a combination of class against class as that with which we are afflicted would be an absurdity, where all are alike in the possession of political power, and at liberty to promote and defend their own interest by constitutional means.' It is an absurdity, but it is nevertheless true. Everybody is at liberty to follow his own taste in 'Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts,' but we confess for ourselves to have been quite as much struck by the exploits of Pennsylvanian puddlers as of Sheffield

Sheffield saw-grinders. Mr. Hewitt's evidence before the Royal Commission, with its brief notice of three trade murders in one night, is an appalling commentary on Mr. Smith's triumphant assertion of 'the absence of socialistic tyranny' in America. By constitutional means the working classes of America are limiting the hours of adult labour. Capital and labour there have two aspects. The one is the same bitter antagonism which we see here, the other a sort of conspiracy against the consumer, by which the labourer in consideration of high wages, lends his vote to the manufacturer to recoup himself by enormous protective duties. There is both the antagonism of class to class, and the combination of the two productive classes to extort money from the rest of the community, worked out by the means of Universal Suffrage.

Mr. Smith notices the objection that democracy is barren of great men. Like all these essayists he denies the fact, and then admits its truth by trying to account for it. Sherman, Grant, Lincoln, and Stanton are 'eminent' men. Very well, then democracy does produce great men. But 'the fact is,' that it does not. Individual eminence, he says, declines as intelligence advances, and therefore America having reached the height of intelligence has *pari passu* sunk to the dearest level of mediocrity. It is not democracy, it is intelligence, that keeps the standard of excellence so low. We admit that Mr. Stanton and his colleagues have done great things on a great scale, but they lack the stamp of individual greatness. If that is to be found anywhere in America it is under the modest roof of General Lee, the champion of a losing cause, whom prosperity never intoxicated, nor adversity depressed, and who exceeded his democratic opponents as much in real nobility and greatness of character, as he did in military skill and daring. Instead of individual greatness you have, says Mr. Smith, the greatness of a nation. It used to be the pride of England that she knew how to raise the nation without depressing the individual. 'Instead of a king and subjects you have a community.' We never heard before that England did not constitute a community. Indeed we used to think that it was the most united community in the world; and agreed with Mr. Gladstone when he said, not two years ago, that any one looking forth on our country might say, 'Behold how good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.' 'Instead of loyalty, there is in America patriotism and attachment to the common good.' It used to be the pride of England that we knew how to be true to our sovereigns, and yet to love our country and each other. At any rate our hands are not dripping with our brothers' blood, and with the exception of Mr. Smith and some
of

of his fellow-labourers in these volumes, there are very few Englishmen who would exchange their own land for any under the sun. No one will be surprised to find a glowing panegyric of America issuing from the pen of Mr. Goldwin Smith. It is probably the easiest and most telling way of venting his spleen against England. But we are surprised that he should not see that praising the United States for the weakest and worst points in their history and institutions is rather in the nature of satire than panegyric, and while it does them no good can do England no harm. This essay scarcely sustains the reputation of its author. It is written with a determination that none of the political evils of America shall be traced to that which to common sense would seem their natural fountain, the form of its government; while with equal perverseness the English Constitution is obliquely made responsible for everything that is not right in England.

The complaint we have hitherto made against these essayists is the deferential and almost apologetic tone in which they have argued their case. They come forward to propose the most sweeping and fundamental changes in our institutions, and yet one and all immediately fall by some inevitable instinct into an attitude of defence. The man who supports existing institutions may be quite right in spending his time in making objections. It is the logic of his position. But no one ever overthrew an adversary whose position he controverts by simply answering arguments against his own position. We are wearied with the constantly recurring formula of an objection denied, half admitted, and half explained away. For Mr. Cracroft, the author of the essay on the Analysis of Parliament, by far the most original, ingenious and logical of the volume, it must be said that he looks the case straight in the face, that his premisses are large enough to cover his conclusions, and that while his companions have expended their allotted space in mere assertions and trying to cover their flanks, he presses right on to the most startling paradoxes with exemplary boldness and straightforwardness. His theory is at first sight a striking one. He has condensed it into three pages of propositions (pp. 188-190), which are certainly better worth reading than anything else in the volume. 'His main principle is that democracy is impossible in England, understanding by democracy the government of the country by the poor. We cannot do too much in the direction of democracy. All the danger (indeed it is no danger, it is a certainty) is that we must do too little. This comfortable dogma relieves us from many cares. We need take no thought for the morrow. We need
not

not forecast our fate. We must at the worst at least remain as we are. We may be better, but by any popular change we cannot possibly be worse. There is no fear of doing too much good, and all democracy is good, much democracy much good, little democracy little good, but still good.' Let us turn to the proof of this pleasing doctrine. In the first place, we must reject all experience. 'De Tocqueville's theories may apply to the countries whence he got them. They don't apply to England. There is no general tendency towards democracy in nations or individuals. It's all natural causes. Natural causes will erect an aristocracy, then undermine it or establish it for ever. Natural causes have done this for England and nothing can alter it. The national character has been formed, and such as it is it will remain to the end of time. The English are fond of "bettering themselves." They want to be respectable. They look up to the higher classes as a sort of divine Olympus. They fought in (query against) the Armada, they stood by us (query themselves) at Waterloo, therefore they are and always will be aristocratic.' Are you not convinced by this argument? Take another. 'The English Parliament is a Parliament of employers. The employed have one-fourth of the borough representation at present. They have as good a right to be represented as the employers. But they have hardly any direct representatives while Railways, Insurance Offices, Commerce, and Land are fully represented. These interests are swamped in the polling-booth, but omnipotent in the House. The employed are powerful in numbers at the elections, but weak in Parliament. There is no danger, therefore, that in the House of Commons land and capital should be swamped by numbers and labour, but much danger that they should be swamped by land and capital. A man's skin is nearer than his shirt, and once introduced into Parliament he is a more faithful representative of his own class and his own interest than of his constituents. The key to the whole question of Reform is the difference between direct and indirect representation. We assume that a man represents his constituents, while in fact he only represents himself and his class. And so it will continue to be. Parliament is, as Mr. Cracroft tells us, and tends more and more to become, a Parliament of land and trade, not labour; of employers, not of employed; of officers, not soldiers; of admirals, not sailors; of railway directors rather than railway-travellers.' We had expected by analogy with the rest of the sentence that the last word would have been, porters. 'Nor will this change. Under any Reform Bill those who wield political power now will continue to wield it. They will still be the spokesmen

spokesmen of the people. Neither manhood suffrage nor female suffrage will make any difference. As England was it is, and as it is it will be, a thorough unchangeable aristocracy.'

Answers to this theory are not slow to suggest themselves. What are these natural causes which create an aristocracy, and which, stranger still, secure to it permanence and durability in this 'boundless realm of unending change'? Why should aristocracy be the only human institution which has the faculty of lasting for ever, and by what external mark do we learn that the English aristocracy has reached this transcendental state. We should have thought the extreme readiness and facility with which it has just surrendered its most cherished traditions, its most deeply-rooted conclusions, pointed unmistakably in the contrary direction, and that when the corn was so manifestly overripe the sickle could not be very far off. On the rest of his singular argument we have to offer the following remarks. Granting that the essayist is right in saying that under any conceivable extension of the franchise the same class of members would be returned—a very large concession indeed—it does not in the least follow that they would furnish any bulwark against democracy. Democracy does not consist in the representation of the poor by the poor, but in the political predominance of the poor over the rich. This will be far more effectively established by using educated and trained men as its agents and orators, than by pleading its own cause by the lips of men of its own stamp. Granting the men to be the same men, Mr. Cracroft himself admits they will not speak the same language. They must look at everything in a new point of view and in a new spirit. If they do not satisfy their new masters, they must make place for those who will. The French monarchy was just as effectually destroyed by Mirabeau, the Lameths, Barnave, and Philippe Egalité, as by their plebeian coadjutors. No doubt these men did not wholly escape that influence of rank which no member of an aristocratic caste ever wholly throws off. But they levelled the social and political condition of France just as completely as if they had been denizens all their lives of the Faubourg St. Antoine. They might say to Santerre or Camille Desmoulins in the words of Marino Faliero—

'You are a patriot plebeian, Gracchus,
Bear with me. Step by step and blow on blow
I will divide with you. Think not I waver.'

It is then a mistake to assume that because the *personnel* of the House of Commons may remain the same, the change from aristocracy to democracy is impossible. But is this assumption true? Can the constituencies be entirely changed and no
change

change take place, we do not say in the votes and speeches, but in the persons of their representatives? For that most improbable assumption Mr. Cracroft offers no shadow of proof. And yet it involves his whole case. For if the opinions of Parliament are changed, and the persons who express them are changed also, nothing is left of the old state of things, and the revolution is complete. On this point the history of the French Revolution is most instructive. It began with the nobles, but as it advanced the nobles were effectually proscribed and weeded out. The people resolved to be served by themselves. In America the same feeling is manifest. A tailor succeeds a rail splitter and bargeman as chief magistrate, and there is no passport so sure to the hearts of the electors as the avowal that the candidate who seeks their suffrages is or has been, like them, a labouring man. With the true consistency of a mob, the people first insist on this qualification, and then sneer at their rulers because they possess it. Why should things be otherwise in England? We can find no answer in this essay except that 'natural causes have made England aristocratic,' that no 'natural cause' has as yet undone this, and that no artificial cause, like the present complete change in our Constitution, ever will.

But the leading fallacy of Mr. Cracroft's essay remains to be noticed. He divides the community into employers and employed. He proves to his satisfaction that what he calls indirect is much more powerful than direct representation, and he assumes that in proportion as a man represents his class, his calling, his property, he does not represent, nay, he is antagonistic to, the interests of the employed whom he directly represents. This is a false antithesis. The interests of the employed are, rightly understood, almost always identical with those of the employer. Underneath competition lies co-operation. We in manufactures, in commerce, in agriculture, in all enterprises in which material profit is the object, are really working for the benefit of all. The exact adjustment of shares in which this product of common labour is to be distributed is the subject of wrangling dispute and collision, but this ought not to conceal from us the truth that society is, after all, a great co-operative enterprise in which all are interested, and that it is by mutual help and not by mutual discord that the affairs of the world are conducted. The indirect representation, therefore, which is obtained by different callings and classes, is not so much taken away from the employed as seems to be supposed, not so much subtracted from their direct power at the polling booth, but may render to them a service quite as great as implicit obedience to their own commands. We are no admirers of democracy, but it would

would be a libel even on democracy to represent it, not merely as the government of the lowest class, but as a government in which no other class, except the lowest, is in any way represented or receives the slightest consideration. A democracy which has arrived at this point is a many-headed, many-handed tyranny of the very worst description, and from its violence is likely soon to pass into the hands of a single tyrant. The mistake seems to be to imagine that a democracy which is made more equal and more just to all classes by employing persons who, though enjoying the confidence of the poor, have yet sympathies, feelings, and interests which unite them with the classes above the poor, would not be a democracy at all. It would be a democracy, a government of the poor with certain alleviations, but as time goes on those alleviations have a tendency to diminish, and at last disappear. The false theory of society and politics which assumes that it is on the humiliation and oppression of the classes above them, on their ostracism from public life, on their immoderate taxation, that the safety of the government and the prosperity of the poor rests, has a tendency to grow as the poorer classes become more habituated to the exercise of power, more conscious of all that that power places within their grasp, more corrupted by demagogues, and by a base and servile press, and the result of this tendency when fully developed, will be to take from the richer classes all indirect, as well as all direct representation, and thus ultimately to bring about the destruction of the democracy which has so abused its power and entrusted its interests to such unworthy agents.

Will the constituencies be improved, asks Mr. Cracroft, by the admission of the working classes to Parliament? As it is impossible to do too much in the direction of democracy, as England can never be sufficiently liberal, do what we will, as indirect must ever overshadow and control direct representation, we should of course expect an affirmative answer. But at this critical point Mr. Cracroft's confidence, which to do him bare justice, has never failed him before, seems to desert him. The large constituencies will, he believes, be improved. About the small constituencies he is much more doubtful. It is, he admits, a knotty question. But it is the whole question. We know from him that all we can do will not give us democracy, so that the adorers of that form of government have nothing to hope. Practical improvement is all that is left for us, and about that Mr. Cracroft, in a very large number of instances, has grave doubts. All he can say is, that the admission of the working classes to the Constitution is a matter
of

of constitutional right, not of paternal despotism. In other words, the change will do us no good, but it must be made nevertheless. With this uncomfortable conclusion we take our leave of Mr. Cracroft, whose essay we commend to our readers as a very good specimen of original thought and considerable reasoning power applied to the proof of the most astounding paradoxes.

The second volume of these Essays is the treatment of a part of the subject dealt with in the first. Each essay must contain two assertions: the one, of the exact nature of the grievance to be remedied, the other, of the peculiar advantages which a Reform in Parliament will give for its remedy. A more ill-conceived system of attack we cannot imagine. The investigation of a single political problem is in itself quite sufficient for a single essay, and is necessarily deprived of much of its value by being made with reference to a foregone conclusion, which is sure to make the investigation both superficial and one-sided. But, besides this, it is but blind and imperfect work to write about the probable effects of a Reform in Parliament, without giving one's-self time or space to discuss what that Reform is likely to be. All that the essayists can know is that the New Parliament will be different from the old, but writing before the plan of the Government was disclosed to others, or even to themselves, it was impossible for them to say in what respect. There is besides a very unpleasant air of dogmatism in a book, every page of which is full of the assumption that the opinions of the writer are so just that nothing but the narrowest prejudice, or the most sordid selfishness, can prevent the House of Commons from agreeing with the conclusions he has seen fit to form. To criticisms on the structure and past doings of the House we may listen with patience, as holding the opinion that even the House of Commons is not exempt from the infirmity which makes every one a bad judge in his own case, but to listen to positive assertions on almost every disputed question made by persons with little practical experience of public affairs, and that unbounded self-confidence which such inexperience has a tendency to produce—for not assenting to which their elders and betters are summarily convicted of ignorance, cowardice, or corruption—is a very considerable trial to our patience. This inherent defect, and the triteness of the matter contained in a number of superficial essays, whose very plan precludes anything like thoroughness or completeness of treatment, make this volume less varied and less interesting than its predecessor.

Mr. Hill, in his essay on Ireland, considers the two main
grievances

grievances of Ireland to be the Church and the improvements of Tenants—subjects, he thinks, peculiarly unfit to be dealt with by a Parliament of churchmen and landowners. The agreeable inference is that our future Parliament is to be ruled by dissenters and men not attached to the country by the tie of landed property. We are not going to enter on the question of the Irish Church, but it is only fair to Parliament to observe that one-half of the members returned by Ireland herself are opposed to the abolition of the Church, and that the Roman Catholic members themselves have hitherto shown little ardour in the cause, perhaps for the reason suggested by Mr. Hill himself, that the existence of the Church furnishes an argument for other demands which they have more at heart. As to land, the English members may well be excused when they find that precisely the same system in England is consistent with, nay productive of, the greatest improvement in agriculture, and is satisfactory to landlord and tenant, which is denounced in Ireland as the source of all her evils. Did they believe with Mr. Hill that England required a compulsory law, they would be inexcusable if they refused to apply it to Ireland; but they do not, and for that, of course, they deserve to be reformed off the face of the earth. Perhaps they think that the relation of landlord and tenant is one of contract merely, that the tenant may make what terms he pleases for himself, and has no need of any one to make them for him; that the mischief of the case arises from an excess of demand over supply, that this in its turn arises from want of capital, which Irishmen are always striving, and very successfully, to drive from their country; and that the real remedy for emigration is not to be found in Acts of Parliament, but in opening fresh markets for labour at home, which England is always ready to do if Ireland would only let her. The real fault of Parliament in the matter of Irish land is that it has some tincture of political economy, and the remedy required on Mr. Hill's principles would be to make the least acquaintance with Adam Smith an absolute disqualification for the House of Commons.

Mr. Godfrey Lushington, who treats of Trades Unions, has a still harder task than Mr. Hill. It is true that Parliament has neither abolished the Irish Church nor confiscated the property of Irish landlords. But it has set itself seriously to remedy the only two grievances that Mr. Lushington can bring forward: these are the law of master and servant, by which a servant can be imprisoned for a breach of contract, and the common law relating to Trades Unions. If the objects of Trades Unions are restraint of trade, they may possibly come within the law of conspiracy, certainly they will not be entitled, as was decided in a

recent

recent case, to the benefit of the summary remedies given to benefit societies. They are, in fact, in a great measure, without the pale of the law. Well, a Bill is actually passing through Parliament to correct the law of master and servant, and a commission is now sitting and taking evidence to amend the law of Trades Unions, the main part of whose grievance consists, not in any special legislation levelled at them, but in the fact that their objects are often such as are not recognised by the law of England. Where is the need for reform here, what can a new Parliament do more? The working men, says Mr. Lushington, want a guarantee that these things shall be set right. What better guarantee can we give them than setting them right? He says they want to be heard. We have been hearing them with great edification and some astonishment as witnesses before the Commission for the last two months. He says we do not know how many outrages have been committed. We never shall; but we know a little more than we did of the doings of Trades Unions. We are now in a condition to state that robbery, maiming, and murder are the weapons with which Trades Unions enlist their members, and the agencies by which they control them. We know, too, that these things have been of constant occurrence in at least one great and populous town; that they have been carefully kept from the knowledge of the police and the magistracy; and that they could not have lasted so long, or attained such impunity, had they not been supported by the opinion of the persons for whose supposed benefit they are perpetrated. These suffering angels hit rather hard. While they are complaining meekly of possible liabilities for conspiracies, which if they exist are never enforced, they give us in exchange murder, blinding, burning, blowing up, shooting, beating, laming, ham-stringing cattle and horses, and numerous other substitutes for those 'legal means' of making every man a slave to his own trade, the absence of which that martyred saint Mr. Broadhead so pathetically laments. We do not know all about Trades Unions, but we know enough to see very plainly on which side is the balance of wrong. Nor if we do not know all about the doings and rules of Trades Unions, is that wholly our fault? They have been purposely kept back and concealed. First, because they are illegal, and ought to continue illegal in any well-governed country; and next, because the inability to sue and be sued is not altogether a grievance. It prevents a Trades Union from suing a fraudulent secretary, but it also prevents a member from suing a fraudulent Trades Union. For some trade fault—not joining in a strike for instance—a man may lose the benefit of the subscriptions of years intended to provide

provide him with relief in time of sickness. He cannot sue under the Benefit Societies' Acts, because the Union is in restraint of trade. He cannot sue at common law, because he is a partner, and he cannot file a Bill in Equity because it is too cumbrous and expensive a remedy. Is it quite clear that the Trades Unions, whose power to coerce their members much depends on this state of things, will be very forward in putting an end to it, because they sometimes experience from their own officers the evils which they are able to inflict on their own members? The question has two sides.

Mr. Newman's essay on the Land Laws is misnamed. It ought to have been called an essay on Marriage Settlements. He does indeed lightly touch the law of primogeniture, as it is called, that is, the law which, if a man makes no will and has made no settlement (two conditions which quite deprive it of any general efficacy), gives the whole of the land to the eldest son. This law, which never operates in the devolution of large estates, because there is always a settlement or a will, is not in our judgment defensible. If a man makes no will, the State, if it undertakes to make one for him, should make a just one, and it is not just to starve the younger children for the benefit of the eldest. At the same time, this harsh simple rule is of great benefit in tracing titles, since it obviates the necessity of getting in the estate vested in the younger children, and would probably have to be retained in the case of trustees even if abolished, in beneficial ownership. It is, however, a very small matter. It is not a law of primogeniture, and the influence which it exercises on the devolution of property is quite infinitesimal.

Putting this aside, the only other question in the essay is the policy of marriage settlements as at present made. And here we cannot acquit the writer of great inaccuracy or great want of candour. His essay is on the Land Laws. He gives a history of the Law of Real Property; he speaks of his opponents as supporters of the existing laws; he talks of the case against the law, and yet it turns out that the present practice of settling landed estates on marriage is not the result of any law at all, but rather of unrestricted freedom of individual action which is left to the owner of land. There has been so much unintentional, and we fear we must say so much intentional, confusion on this subject, that we must very briefly trace its history. By the statute *de Donis* something like a strict settlement of land was secured so long as the lineal male descendant of the settler survived. This lasted from the reign of Edward I. to that of Edward IV., when the judges held that this hitherto indefeasible succession could be defeated by the decree of a court of justice, that is, by a fictitious
lawsuit.

lawsuit. From that time to the present day the owner of an estate may settle it at his pleasure within a life or lives in being and twenty-one years afterwards. This, except in the case of accumulation, which is not to our present purpose, is the only check that is put upon him. The law is just the same with regard to personalty, except that as there can be no estate-tail in personalty, as the statute *de Donis* only applies to land, the son on coming of age has a remainder in full ownership, instead of ownership limited to the life of the last of his male descendants. The fault found with the present law then—and this applies to stock just as well as to land—is that it legislates too little, and leaves too long a period to individual freedom. The practice of resettling the estate on the marriage of the eldest son is the fruit not of the law, but of the feelings, wishes, and aspirations of the owners of land. If land is perpetually resettled, that is, if the power of the owner for the time being is always fettered and controlled, this arises not from law but from will. Mr. Newman, when he approaches the subject, is obliged most reluctantly to admit this. He says the law gives just that amount of illusory freedom which will serve to mask, but not to countervail, the immemorial bias of the State. That is, every owner can do as he likes, and because it is his pleasure to surrender a portion of his future interest for a larger share of present income, the State is reproached for extraordinary subtlety in leaving him to do so. 'The State,' he says, 'blurs the hard and severe outlines of the law, with a safe and skilful recognition of individual freedom.' We have shown that there is no law in the case, and consequently no outline to blur. If any change is desired, it must be effected by fettering individual liberty, which would have a much harsher and severer outline than the present oligarchical practice of letting every one do as he pleases. Whether the period during which an estate can be settled is too long is a very arguable point. It may well be that the twenty-one years should be struck off, or that estates for life should not be limited to unborn persons, but so long as estates for lives in being are permitted, the time during which land can be settled will not be materially diminished, and even democracy herself in America has never ventured to proscribe such a limitation. While estates for life are allowed, it is vain to talk of shortening the investigation of title. An Act of Parliament can do many things, but it cannot make that proof which is not proof, nor force a man to spend his money on land without being satisfied that he gets what he pays for.

Mr. Newman's view of a remedy is singular. He despairs of the present Parliament, which seems lamentably inclined to allow men to manage their affairs their own way. He thinks
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a really national Parliament—that is, a Parliament in which property and intelligence are not represented, would deal with the game laws, abolish the descent to the eldest son in cases of intestacy, and found county financial Boards. He rather hopes that these changes would destroy settlements; why, we cannot imagine. If not, however, we might abolish limitations to unborn persons; though this, he seems to think, and very truly, would introduce some confusion, without any important change, the real key to the formation of settlements being the power to create estates for life. Failing all this, he suggests that we should extinguish settlements as binding and irrevocable instruments, except so far as the wife is concerned. The effect of this would be of course to make the settler master of the property, notwithstanding any instrument he may have executed, and leave it in his power to alienate the whole, leaving his wife to her jointure, and his children to starve. He says each successive proprietor should take the land he succeeds to free from restriction, and he proposes to work out this principle by enabling the father to disinherit his eldest son, disappoint his younger children, or leave them to be supported by the mother out of the provision he has made for her alone. He can part with his land irrevocably to a stranger for money, but if the consideration be not money but the love and affection of a parent to his offspring, that is to be declared void, and the parent is to be at liberty to sell the estate over their heads, spend the money, and laugh at an obligation as solemn and binding on conscience as can be contracted by one human being in favour of another.

The greater part of Mr. Charles Parker's careful and well-considered essay on Popular Education is directed to a criticism of present arrangements, into which we do not propose to enter. We have no concern here with education, except so far as it touches on Reform. Mr. Parker says education prepares (ought to prepare?) the way for the franchise, *which in prudence must be withheld where gross ignorance prevails*. 'For political power without knowledge means mischief.' This very sensible maxim has been forgotten in the extension of the franchise to whole classes of persons, most of whom were grown men before popular education assumed its present development, and who are much more ignorant than their children. But this only shows how correctly Mr. Parker reasons when he proves the close connexion between popular education and democratic change. He argues at great length to prove that a Reform, such as that proposed last year, would give prominence to the education question and stimulate vigorous action upon it. The people, he says, are directly interested. The working classes are disposed to unite.

They are in favour of the doctrines of protection and of the compulsory shortening the hours of labour for adults as well as for children. So they will create leisure for themselves. They are probably not averse to compulsion in the matter. Indeed, it may be laid down as rule that with them, as far as their power extends, conviction and compulsion go together. They like to see public money spent for their benefit. They would not object much to a local rate for the purpose, a very small portion of which would fall on themselves. They are not troubled with religious scruples. We think Mr. Parker fully makes out his case; nay, perhaps that it did not require so many arguments to show that the working man has no objection that the upper and middle classes should pay for teaching his children. There is another argument of still greater cogency. Political power is henceforth to reside in the poorest class of householders. We dare not leave it in the hands of men who cannot read and write. The most ordinary principles of self preservation will soon make popular education the first and highest of political necessities. Those who have hitherto been lukewarm on this question cannot afford to be lukewarm now. All the power and influence which until the full development of our new democratic institutions still remain to the upper and middle classes must be turned in this direction. We cannot afford to be ruled by ignorant barbarians. For our own sake, if not for that of the poor, the question must be at once confronted. We have little doubt of the vigour with which it will be taken up. We wish we were as sure of the wisdom and the moderation. The critical nature of our position seems to exclude both. If we are to have, as we assuredly shall have, universal and compulsory education, the first effect of the change will be the destruction in great measure of our present system. The invaluable superintendence of the gentry and the clergy, the zeal of religious conviction, the harmony with the present state of society, the standard already reached and which is in daily course of improvement, must all be sacrificed in order to place the instruction of the poor in the hands of indifferent and incompetent local bodies, or of a central department, which shall henceforth take charge of what used to be the work of free and spontaneous growth, the formation of English character and habits of thought. Mr. Parker says, What the change ought to be in the present system of education is very well understood both inside and outside the House of Commons. Is this so? On what are educationists agreed? Have they as yet looked the question in the face with reference to the new franchise? We suspect that Mr. Bruce and his coadjutors will be rather startled when they find, as they assuredly will,

will, that a measure which a few months ago was regarded as extremely liberal, does not in any way satisfy the pressing need which the progress of the Reform Bill has created. This is just the case pointed at by Mr. Lowe in the passage cited by Mr. Parker, where what is wanted is not so much more power to urge on change, as more intelligence to decide what that change ought to be. We have created the emergency for ourselves. We are not prepared to meet it; and there is great danger that in fear and haste we may overthrow what exists without being able adequately to replace it, and in the desperate effort to meet a pressing danger sacrifice the standard, and it may be the efficiency, of instruction.

The last essay for which we can find space is that of Mr. Frederic Harrison on Foreign Policy. We rise from its perusal with two very strong feelings, the first of thankfulness that our policy for the last eleven years has not been in the hands of Mr. Harrison and persons of his way of thinking, the next of apprehension at the prospect for the future, should, as seems not unlikely, the ideas which Mr. Harrison represents, ever come to be dominant in these kingdoms. Mr. Harrison declares that for a generation our influence on the continent has been steadily narrowing, in other words, that we had more weight in 1834 than we have now. He describes the Crimean war as 'begun in imbecility and ended in waste,' a termination not by any means peculiar to that struggle, but he entirely suppresses the fact that if it ended in waste it also ended in victory. As regards America, we, that is, some mercantile adventurers, gave succour to the South as well as to the North. We, that is, some newspapers and reviews, vilified the doings of the North. Cynicism reigned in drawing-rooms, and for that also we, the nation, are responsible. The defence of the more numerous and wealthy North against the poorer and less populous South was an exploit with which the defence of Greece against Persia, and of France against Europe, can alone be compared. Lincoln was 'the most beautiful and heroic character that recent times have brought forth,' and under him the Americans created the 'purest model of government that has yet been seen on the earth;' and we neither admired him nor it. True, we refused to join the Emperor of the French in recognising the independence of the South, and vindicated our own honour with some spirit when attacked. But as these were national acts, Mr. Harrison omits them as irrelevant to an indictment against the nation, which he supports by allusions to articles in newspapers and the gossip of drawing-rooms. Let us turn to European policy. In 1848 the people yearned to support the heroic struggles of Italy, and the yet more desperate

struggles of Hungary. Mr. Harrison thinks the people were right, that is, that in 1848 we ought to have gone to war with Austria, and in 1849 with Russia. In 1859 'the mass of our people were heartily Italian.' A second war with Austria. 'The Polish war came, and again a splendid opportunity occurred.' A second war with Russia. Then followed the Danish war. France would not help us, but we ought to have waged a third war with Austria, and a first war (no very light matter as events have shown) with Prussia. In all these cases the governing classes who wanted to keep the peace were wrong, and the people who wanted to go to war were right. Who can doubt that the time has arrived for destroying a Parliament and an aristocracy that bears such fruit? There are six good wars—three with Austria, our ancient ally; two with Russia, our old and fast friend; and one with Prussia, whose interests are absolutely identical on almost all subjects with our own—which 'the people' have missed the pleasure of waging, solely through the anti-national obstinacy of the aristocracy and the shortsighted pusillanimity of Parliament. Think of the pinnacle of glory on which we should have stood at the end of the sixth war, with our debt doubled and nothing to compensate us for it except the reflection that we had done all this in order to elevate France, the only power in Europe that is really formidable to us, and to depress all those nations who might be our allies in the event of such a conflict. Hungary and Italy have come right without our aid, Denmark and Poland would hardly have prospered against the odds opposed to them even with it, so that all we should have gained would have been expressed by the addition of many millions annually to our taxation, and the destruction of some hundreds of thousands of the bravest and most robust of our people. If this does not prove the necessity of Reform, Mr. Harrison has no other argument to offer.

We can easily believe that there will be many among our readers who will think, that considering the very flimsy and inconclusive nature of the arguments which we have been analysing and exposing, we have treated them with too much respect, and needlessly abstained from characterising them in language suitable to the deserts of their authors. It is indeed a melancholy spectacle to see that the best education the country has to give, the society and associations of our places of learning, lead to no higher and better result than a species of Philistinism, a systematic depreciation of culture and its effects, a marked preference for what is mean and vulgar, and, we are sorry to say, a scarcely disguised hostility to our institutions. The object in
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most of these essays is rather the destruction than the amelioration of the Constitution. Every little defect in it is magnified, while the state of things that is to replace the present is spoken of with a revolting recklessness. It is not to make our Constitution work better, it is towards a democracy with a single imperial head that their suggestions tend—America is spoken of, but France is meant. Yet conscious as we are of the very moderate amount of ability, literary or political, which in these volumes is devoted to the maintenance of these subversive theories, we think these essayists are entitled to all the respect and courtesy with which they are here treated. They are after all the advocates of the winning cause. Flimsy as is the intellectual texture they have spun, it is only the covering that veils the gigantic limbs of what is daily more and more clearly recognised as the second and by far the greater English Revolution. In these days when all men are absorbed in the worship of success denuded of all those attributes of consistency, probity, and honour, which make a losing cause respectable, and the absence of which makes a winning cause despicable, we, like every one else, must pay our homage to superior fortune, and assume a moderation that suits the position of the advocates of a vanquished and ruined cause. Argument has nothing to do with the decision of this most important matter. Contrary to the teaching of all history, more especially contrary to the teaching of the history of England, we have flung aside all moderation, all foresight, all prudence. Last year the attempt was to enfranchise the class whose leading principles and ideas are illustrated by the transactions of Trades Unions. This year we have at least in some degree avoided this risk by swamping the skilled artisan in an element of which we do not even know that it has in it any political life at all. We seek to escape the evils of unbridled democracy by the evils of unbounded corruption. Our last hope is, that our future rulers may choose to sell us the power we are giving them, instead of exercising it for their ruin and our own. Mr. Gladstone is terrified, Mr. Bright stands aghast. We call upon the Radicals to save us, we blush to say it, from the Tory Government, and they are gradually taking up the position of a Conservative opposition against the measures of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli. When such is the state of things, we owe some respect to the writers who alone have endeavoured to put into a permanent form the principles of the new order of things, and we take leave of them with the frank admission that though we cannot accept them for our teachers, they are undoubtedly our masters.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. Compiled under the Direction of Her Majesty the Queen.* By Lieut.-General the Hon. Charles Grey. London, 1867.

IT is scarcely possible to conceive a work less likely to entice any one to the cares of royal authorship than the 'Catalogue' of Horace Walpole, with its scanty praise and its abundance of carping criticism.

'Frederick, Prince of Wales,' he tells us, 'wrote French songs in imitation of the Regent,* and did not miscarry solely by writing in a language not his own.'† Three letters of James II.'s which were published at his command by W. Fuller, gentleman, led the unhappy agent into being voted by the House of Commons a notorious cheat; into his being prosecuted by the Attorney-General, and whipped and pilloried.‡ Charles I. wrote 'most uncouth and inharmonious poetry.' The merit of James I.'s compositions is expressed in the caustic assertion that 'Bishop Montagu translated all his Majesty's works into Latin. A man of so much patience was well worthy of favour.'§ Henry VIII. himself comes off very little better, with the suggestion as to the great work which earned for the wearer of the English crown the title of Defender of the Faith (of which Walpole most characteristically says, 'it seemed peculiarly adapted to the weak head of the high church, Anne');|| that 'a little scepticism on his talents for such a performance, *mean as it is*, might make us question whether he did not write the defence of the Sacraments against Luther, as one of his successors¶ is supposed to have written the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*, that is, with the pen of some Court prelate.'** With the same

* Philip Duke of Orleans.

† Page 278. 4to. of 1798.

‡ Ibid. § P. 256, 275.

|| P. 246.

¶ Charles the First.

** P. 256. Saunders and Bellarmine ascribed the defence of the Sacraments against Luther to Bishop Fisher, others to Sir Thomas More.

suggestion of assisted authorship he sweeps away the claim of Edward II. to the composition of the poem attributed to him, believing that 'this melody of a dying monarch is about as authentic as that of the old poetic warbler the swan.'*

The only royal pen to which he allows any real merit is that of Queen Elizabeth, who, 'in the days when,' as Camden says, 'King Edward was wont to call her *his sweet sister Temperance*, applied much to literature.'†

Such galling criticisms may be sufficient to repress all ordinary royal authorship, but they could not touch the high motives or sacred feeling which have led to the newest example of such a production. For, we say it advisedly, the work, the title of which is prefixed to this article, is, in truth, the produce of another royal hand, and that, like Elizabeth's, the hand of a female sovereign.

It is true that, in exact contradiction of what Walpole suggested to have been the course of Henry and of Charles in giving a royal sponsorship to works wrought for them by others, here another name is given to what is essentially a royal work. For the volume professes to be 'the early years of the Prince Consort, compiled under the direction of her Majesty the Queen, by Lieut.-General the Hon. C. Grey,' and in many places the mask of authorship is not ungracefully assumed by the gallant General. But every reader of the volume will feel that its real interest is derived from the writing of another; whose presence is never more perceived than when it seems most to be withholden. General Grey's share in the work is indeed very creditably performed.‡ He has threaded well together the pearls intrusted to him; but though the threading is his, the pearls are the gift to us of a higher hand.

This is essential to notice, because it is this which gives its real interest to the work. No affected pedantry, no frigid love of conceits, no desire of display, no longing to be enrolled in the catalogue of authors, have led to the writing of this volume. It is a genuine and unmistakable offering of love. It is the fruit of that desire of sympathy which is ever strongest in the tenderest and most human hearts. It is one of those pleas, which when, as here, they are put forth simply and naturally, are absolutely irresistible. It is the Sovereign casting herself in her speechless grief upon the sympathy of her people.

The volume which this represents was first printed only for

* P. 255.

† P. 266.

‡ In a second edition the date of the death of the Princess Charlotte should be corrected. It was Nov. 1817, not 1818.

private circulation in the family and amongst the closest friends of the Queen. But, once in print, when it might possibly be pirated, and when, far more, the certain effect of a wider circulation could be better calculated from what had been the effect of the smaller, then a loving zeal for the Prince's honour, and a noble claim on a nation's truth, overcame all difficulties, and gave it to the world.

The mere fact of such an appeal is a declaration of what He was whose memory lives so fresh in the widow's heart, an appeal the truth and eloquence of which can scarcely be exceeded by any articulate utterance. But, if anything could be added, it is surely to be found in these pages, through which we must hastily carry our readers.

Besides the history of the early days and first married year of Prince Albert's life, the volume contains in the Appendix a most remarkable paper, entitled 'Reminiscences of the King of the Belgians.' It is full of all that long-sighted clearness of vision, which, to an extent rarely equalled, was the faculty of King Leopold. It throws no little light upon much of our contemporary history, and supplies some remarkable facts as to the secret course of matters in the highest quarters.

The troubled waters of the Regency and early reign of George IV., after this lapse of years, show strangely when they are contrasted with the calm and high tone to which the Court of Queen Victoria has made Great Britain accustomed. We can scarcely believe that of a time so near our own, and of our own Royal Family, we can read such an entry as this:—

'The Regent was not kind to his brother. At every instant something or other of an unpleasant nature arose'—(p. 390).

'1820.—Prince Leopold was at Lord Craven's, when the news arrived that a cold which the Duke' [of Kent] 'got at Salisbury, visiting the Cathedral, had become alarming. Soon after the Prince's arrival the Duke breathed his last.

'The Duchess, who lost a most amiable and devoted husband, was in a state of the greatest distress. It was fortunate Prince Leopold had not been out of the country, as the poor Duke had left his family deprived of all means of existence.' *

It is strange to read such extracts, and then, whilst their memory is fresh with us, to look at the history of the same Royal Family for the last twenty-seven years. In one thing only was the history of that time and this sadly alike; though now it is the wife, and then it was the husband, upon whom the blow has fallen. But sovereigns have no exemption, God knows, from

* Appendix A. 'Reminiscences of King Leopold,' p. 389.

the sorrows of their subjects. Changing the persons, the griefs of 1861 may be read in the records of 1817 :—

‘Nov.—Saw the ruin of this happy home, and the destruction at one blow of every hope and happiness of Prince Leopold. He has never recovered the feeling of happiness which had blessed his short married life’—(p. 389).

But to return from the Appendix to the text.

Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg was born at the Grand Ducal Castle of Rosenau, on the 26th of August, 1819, three months after the birth of the Princess Victoria, to whom (the Duchess of Kent being sister of the Grand Duke of Coburg) he was first-cousin.

There is depicted in this volume an intertwining of the early threads of these two lives, which more resembles the beautiful fables of the ‘Arabian Nights’ Entertainments’ than the hard realities of modern life. Some of these passages sound like the records of the sport of one of the Genii (for, *pace* Mr. Lane, we cannot give up for his Jins those genial companions of our boyhood, the Genii), who carries the beautiful young princess off and sets her beside the young prince, whose after life is restless and homeless, till he can recover the bright vision which once flashed so strangely upon his youth. Mademoiselle Siebold is the first link in the Genii chain, officiating at both these auspicious births. She is called at Rosenau, where the murmuring waters inspire rest and sleep, ‘at three, and at six the little one gives his first cry in this world, and looks about like a little squirrel, with a pair of large black eyes’ (p. 10)—though from a Royal correction we know that they were really ‘blue’—and at the very same time ‘she cannot sufficiently describe what a dear little love is the *May Flower*’ (the Princess Victoria, born May 24). Again, the good grandmother, who comes in throughout all these pages as the beneficent fairy godmother, in the midst of wise words concerning the early training of the young Prince and his brother, breaks off, as if some golden thread already linked them to each other, into counsel concerning the young Princess, and prays the anxious mother ‘not yet to tease her little puss with learning—she is so young still.’ And again she says, ‘Bold Alberischen drags Leopold constantly about by the hand. The little fellow is the pendant to the pretty cousin, very handsome, but too slight for a boy; lively, very funny, all good nature, and full of mischief’ (p. 19). Visions indeed of what the distant future was to fulfil visited the foreboding thoughts of this lady, of whom we read :—

‘The Queen remembers her dear grandmother perfectly well. She was a most remarkable woman, with a most powerful, energetic, almost masculine

masculine mind, accompanied with great tenderness of heart and extreme love for nature.' . . . 'A most distinguished person the King of the Belgians calls her in his *Reminiscences*.' . . . 'She told the Queen that she had wished earnestly that he should marry the Queen.' (p. 17.)

We must add here, for their intrinsic beauty, a few words more, written in a similar strain by the good Duchess, the year before her death, to her daughter, the again widowed mother of a daughter of so great a future, May, 1830:—

'My blessings and good wishes for the day which gave you the sweet blossom of May! May God preserve and protect the valuable life of that lovely flower from all the dangers which will beset her mind and heart. The rays of the sun are scorching at the height to which she may one day attain. It is only by the blessing of God that all the fine qualities He has put into that young soul can be kept pure and untarnished'—(p. 76).

And so passes away from our pages the figure of this good and remarkable woman. There is an exquisite plaintiveness in the tone in which the last adieu is uttered in these pages by her Royal granddaughter:—

'She had already, at a very early period, formed the ardent wish that a marriage should one day take place between her beloved grandchild Albert and the "flower of May," as she loved to call the little Princess Victoria. How would her kind, loving heart have rejoiced, could she have lived to see the perfect consummation of her wishes in the happiness, too soon, alas! to be cut short, that followed this auspicious union.'*

The early years of the Prince were marked with many indications of unusual truthfulness, affection, and intelligence; whilst his childlike ways and looks (a beautiful record of which adorns the title-page of this volume) attracted to him early notice and favour. We read such records as these: 'Little Alberischen, with his large blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, is bewitching, forward, and quick as a weazel' (p. 19). 'He is much smaller than his brother, and lovely as a little angel, with his fair curls' (p. 21). As early as when not yet four he was transferred from the tutelage of women to that of Herr Florschütz, of Coburg, a tutor who knew how to deal with the precious charge committed to him. 'I entered,' he says, 'upon the discharge of my important charge with enthusiasm. Every grace had been showered by nature on this charming boy—every eye rested on him with delight, and his look won the hearts of all' (p. 91). Herr Florschütz had, and deserved to have, the sole direction of the

* Memorandum by the Queen, p. 84.

education of the two young Princes until, fifteen years later, they left the University of Bonn. For his faithful and kindly services the Prince ever entertained the warmest gratitude.

The boyish years of the young men were distinguished by no remarkable events, but of none was it more eminently true than of Prince Albert, that 'the boy was father of the man.' The winning childhood passed by natural gradation into a youth not less attractive after its kind. 'He was always,' says his tutor, 'singularly easy to instruct' (p. 28). 'To do something was with him a necessity' (*ib.*). 'He was rather delicate than robust, though already remarkable for his powers of perseverance and endurance. The same ardent and energetic spirit, which manifested itself in his studies, was shown in the sports of his boyhood; and in these his was the directing mind.' . . . 'He was always,' says King Leopold, 'an intelligent child, and held a certain sway over his elder brother, who rather kindly submitted to it' (p. 30).

The 'submission,' however, was not always yielded without a struggle, and (to maintain his pre-eminence) the native vigour of his character had sometimes to show itself in something more than the assertion of mere moral power; for though he was the younger, the smaller, and the more delicate boy, we read such entries as these from a journal remarkable for its simple truthfulness of delineation, when he was not yet six years old: 'April 9. I got up well and happy; afterwards I had a fight with my brother.' . . . 'April 10. I had another fight with my brother; that was not right' (p. 35).

This early moral handling of his tendency to assert too absolutely his own will seems to have lasted through his youth. 'With his brother,' says the good Florschütz, 'the Prince showed rather too strong a will of his own; and this disposition came out at times even in later years. Surpassing his brother in thoughtful earnestness, in calm reflection, and self-command, and evincing at the same time more prudence in action, it was only natural that his will should prevail, and when compliance with it was not voluntarily yielded, he was sometimes disposed to have recourse to compulsion. But,' he adds, 'the distinguishing characteristics of the Prince's disposition were his winning cheerfulness and his endearing amiability' (p. 103). How successful he was in enforcing on himself this difficult rule of self-constraint in conscious superiority, is abundantly proved by the intense affection of the brothers to each other. Their lives were spent absolutely together, until the elder brother was twenty, the younger nineteen years of age. Then first they were parted—Prince Ernest joining the Saxon army at Dresden, and Prince Albert

Albert commencing a tour through Italy. The relations of their lives may be read in the touching words of the younger brother. 'Ernest,' he writes to Prince William of Löwenstein, 'is now going to Dresden. I shall shortly begin my Italian travels. I shall not set out till Ernest also launches his vessel, so that he may not be left behind alone. The separation will be frightfully painful to us. Up to this moment we have never, as long as we can recollect, been a single day away from each other. I cannot bear to think of that moment' (p. 181). And, after the separation, he writes again: 'Now I am quite alone. Ernest is gone off, and I am left behind. . . . Now Ernest has slept through his first night at Dresden. This day will also bring to him the feeling that something is wanting.' Soon after he adds, what would sound strangely philosophic from the pen of any ordinary young man of nineteen, but which, from its depth of thought and simple practicalness, seems to us eminently characteristic of the writer: 'I must now give up the custom of saying *we*, and use the *I*, which sounds so egotistic and cold. In *we* everything sounded much softer, for the *we* expresses the harmony between different souls, the *I* rather the resistance of the individual against outward forces, though also confidence in its own strength' (p. 184).

But we must return to those earlier days from which this single feature of character has led us away. 'Albert,' is the recollection of Count Mensdorff, who had been his intimate companion from his earliest youth, 'never was noisy or wild. He was always very fond of Natural History and more serious studies, and many a happy hour we spent in the Ehrenburg (the palace at Coburg) arranging and dusting the collections our cousins had themselves made and kept there. From his earliest infancy he was distinguished for perfect moral purity both in word and deed, and to this he owed the sweetness of disposition so much admired by every one' (p. 57). From his fourth to his nineteenth year his education under Mr. Florschütz was conducted during the winter months at Coburg or Gotha, and during the rest of the year for the most part at the pleasant country palaces of Rosenau and Reinhardsbrunn, with occasional excursions in Germany or to his uncle's capital at Brussels, or, in 1836, when he was seventeen years old, to England. It was in the course of this visit that he first met his Royal cousin, the Princess Victoria; and there are unquestionable indications that from this time his thoughts turned often to 'the Flower of May,' for whom, as we have seen, the good old Duchess had so long since destined him. Throughout these years the character he was gradually and firmly forming exhibits everywhere the same features. A genuine love of nature,
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a keen relish for natural history, an ever increasing earnestness in study, a growing acquaintance with and value for art, entire moral purity and deep conscientiousness, appear at every turn. The 'recollections' of his tutor preserve some interesting features of his life:—

'In his early youth Prince Albert was very shy, and he had long to struggle against this feeling. He disliked visits from strangers'—(p. 102).

'He was always fond of natural history, and lost no opportunity of collecting specimens'—(p. 104).

'The active life which he led in the open air strengthened alike the mind and the body. His thirst for knowledge was kept alive and indulged; while under the influence of his bodily exercises he grew up into an active and healthy boy'—(p. 117).

Still,

'He was subject to alarming attacks of croup. At such times the characteristic qualities of his mind displayed themselves very remarkably. I shall never forget the gentle goodness, the affectionate patience, he showed. His heart seemed then to open to the whole world. He would form the most noble projects for execution after his recovery, and, though apparently not satisfied with himself, he displayed a temper and disposition which I may characterise as being in thought and in deed perfectly angelic. I cannot recal these recollections even now without the deepest emotions.'—(p. 100.)

'Two virtues were conspicuous even in his boyhood, winning for him the love and respect of all. Growing with his growth, these virtues gained strength with years: one was his eager desire to do good and to assist others; the other, the grateful feeling which never allowed him to forget all acts of kindness, however trifling, to himself'—(p. 106).

These high moral qualities were grounded, Mr. Florschütz tells us, on the only firm basis of religion. The youth of Protestant Germany are not commonly admitted to the rite of confirmation until they have reached their seventeenth year; but, in consequence of 'the singularly earnest and thoughtful nature' of the Prince, it was determined not to separate him in that declaration of his faith from the brother whose close companionship he shared; on the elder, therefore, obtaining the due age, the younger was suffered to accompany him; and 'on Palm Sunday, 1835, the young Princes were accordingly confirmed. Mr. Florschütz speaks warmly of the earnestness with which Prince Albert prepared himself for the solemn ceremony, and of the deep feelings of religion with which he engaged in it' (p. 118).

In April, 1837, the scene of the Prince's life changes, for the next year and a half, to the University of Bonn. 'Here,' says Mr. Florschütz,

Florschütz, who continued with his Princes throughout this residence, 'he maintained the early promise of his youth by the eagerness with which he applied himself to his work, and by the rapid progress which he made, especially in the natural sciences, in political economy, and in philosophy. Music, also, of which he was passionately fond, was not neglected; and he had already shown considerable talent as a composer' (p. 143). The Prince describes 'the chief subjects of his studies' in a letter to his father in November, 1837, as 'Roman law, State right, and political economy, and the principles of finance. We also attend two courses of historical lectures by Löbell and A. W. von Schlegel, and a philosophical lecture (anthropology and philosophy) by Fichte. At the same time we shall not fail to give attention to the study of modern languages' (p. 158).

The enlargement of mind, which was the result of conscientious labour under the quickening influence of men of such various intellectual power as the Bonn professors, could be traced throughout his after life. But the picture of this course at Bonn would be very incomplete, without the lights thrown into it by the friend of his youth, Prince William of Löwenstein. With his equals in age, indeed, as with his elders, there was a continual desire to learn all that was to be learned. 'He liked, above all things, to discuss questions of public law and metaphysics, and constantly, amongst our evening walks, juridical principles and philosophical doctrines were thoroughly discussed.' But with these more serious tastes mingled freely 'a lively sense of the ridiculous—a great talent for mimicking, and drawing caricatures, in which he perpetuated the scenes of his University life. He excelled most of his contemporaries in the use of intellectual weapons, in the art of convincing, in strictly logical argument; so he was distinguished also in all kinds of bodily exercise; in fencing and the practice of the broadsword he was very skilful. Attempts were made at dramatic improvising. Prince Albert was always the life and soul of them, and acted the principal parts; he entered with the greatest eagerness into every study, whether belonging to science or art. He spared no exertion of mind or body; on the contrary, he rather sought difficulties, in order to overcome them' (pp. 169-73).

There was one other power which his letters reveal as acting on his young life—a power hidden, it seems, altogether from the most intimate of his contemporaries; hardly, perhaps, avowed fully to himself—which may yet have aided in the highest measure that beautiful development of character, to which he was by such first steps gradually attaining. For no power, which is of this world, is so strong in all its influences for good upon such
a youthful

a youthful spirit as his, as the power of an early attachment. Nothing more purifies the blood of youth, nothing spurs it on more certainly to seek in all things to excel, than the presence of such an elevating, inspiring, and refining influence. And that this was acting on the Prince, his letters very plainly suggest. He had not looked unmoved, in his visit to England, on the fair 'Flower of May.' There is just that refined half-expressed allusion to such a passion, which would be its natural expression from such a man. He communicates to his father, in June, 1838, as he is bidden, a letter from 'our cousin,' and mentions 'a second and still kinder letter from "my" cousin' (the *our* to which he was accustomed drops unintentionally into the *my*): adding, 'you may easily imagine that both these letters gave me the greatest pleasure.' Under the reserve of the following letter of congratulation on the Queen's accession, a letter eminently characteristic of the writer, with its simple unflattering truthfulness and its calm deep estimate of life by its responsibilities and duties—so rare in youth—we can trace the same secret impulses of affection:—

'MY DEAREST COUSIN,—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on that great change which has taken place in your life.

'Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe; in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task!

'I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects.

'May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favoured them with till now?'—(p. 148).

Just at this time he makes a tour in Switzerland; and, with his passionate love of scenery, is 'quite intoxicated by all' he 'has seen.' Under these electric currents the vision of his life, true to the laws of every high affection, is lighted up with fresh hues, and he sends 'to my cousin' a small book containing views of the places he had visited:—

'From one of these, the top of the Rigi, he sent her a dried "Rose des Alpes," and from the other, Voltaire's house at Ferney, which he visited from Geneva, a scrap of Voltaire's handwriting, which he obtained from his old servant. "The whole of these," the Queen adds, "were placed in a small album, with the dates at which each place was visited, in the Prince's handwriting, and this album the Queen now considers one of her greatest treasures, and never goes anywhere without it. Nothing had at this time passed between the Queen and the

the Prince; but this gift shows that the latter in the midst of his travels often thought of his young cousin.' " *

Doubtless he did; and who can estimate, in the pure and high character which was so early maturing, what may not have been the value of those 'often thoughts of his young cousin'?

At the close of the summer term of 1838, the Prince quitted Bonn, and, after a short stay at Coburg, proceeded to visit Italy, where he remained till the following May. With his residence at Bonn had terminated the charge of the now Councillor Florschütz, though his affection to such a pupil never varied. Such words as he wrote after the Prince's death are at once a lively exhibition of his own faithful heart, and a grand tribute to the pupil of his love—'I stand daily before the valued picture which but a short time before his death he sent me, to weep for my beloved pupil and friend' (p. 94).

It is one of the rewards of such a character as we have been examining, that it does secure such affection from such men. So it was to an eminent degree with the Prince; and, though he now lost the company of his old friend, another was found willing to accompany him in his Italian tour, even more fitted from his wide acquaintance with life for such an office, and worthy in every respect to be the companion and the friend of such a Prince. Baron Stockmar had known him from infancy, and had watched, with the delight which only such fidelity as his could feel, the gradual unfolding of that noble character, which, in his secret thoughts, he had for many years hoped to see supporting in her arduous duties the future Queen of England.

We shall only follow the leading of 'the Queen's volume,' if we pause for a moment upon the beautiful episode which embalms the memory of Baron Stockmar. A native of Coburg—he was early attached to the person of Prince Leopold; accompanied him to England, on his marriage; lived with him at Claremont, and was actually present at the death of the Princess Charlotte. To him it was given to prolong for the next generation, and to receive back from it, the affection which had first clung to his own. Indeed he loved the Prince Albert as with a father's love, and watched him with a closeness of observation which gave him, from the Prince's boyhood onward, an almost prophetic insight into his future.

Thus, in 1844, speaking to one with whom he conversed most familiarly of the value of the Prince's life to this country, he said, in words which throughout those days of anxious watching which preceded the Prince's death were ringing in the ears of

* Memorandum by the Queen (p. 155).

him who had heard them almost as a knell, 'If ever he falls sick of a low fever, you will lose him!' After the marriage of Prince Albert, the English Court was the Baron's chief residence, until the advancing infirmities of age led him reluctantly, and amidst the loving regrets of all, to return to spend at Coburg the 'aliquid intervalli' between his life-long service and the grave. All who knew revered him. We must quote without omission the golden words, which record the feelings of his royal 'friend':—

'The Queen, looking back with gratitude and affection to the friend of their early married life, can never forget the assistance given by the Baron to the young couple in regulating their movements and general mode of life, and in directing the education of their children. Lord Melbourne had the greatest regard and affection for, and most unbounded confidence in him. At the commencement of the Queen's reign, the Baron was of invaluable assistance to Lord Melbourne. Lord Aberdeen also, speaking of him to the Queen, said,—"I have known men as clever, as discreet, as good, and with as much judgment: but I never knew any one who united all these qualities as he did. He is a most remarkable man." The Baron had the greatest regard in return for "My good Aberdeen," as he called him.'*

Golden words from such a pen! but words altogether deserved. Baron Stockmar was the very pattern of fidelity; for which in its perfectness what various qualities, and those the highest both of heart and mind, are essential! There must be the hearty affection, which is as jealous of any defect as a lover of the honour of his mistress, and yet which cannot take, and so can hardly give, offence; there must be courage, to speak the least welcome truths, and to reprove unsparingly any attempt in others, be they who they may, to flatter or deceive; there must be calm, cool, far-sighted judgment to advise; there must, above all, be absolute disinterestedness, the perfect freedom from one aim of personal ambition, not only in its ordinary vulgar grossness, but in its more refined acting of loving to advise, and to feel the possession of influence. Rare indeed, as his wide experience of men had taught Lord Aberdeen, is such a combination. In the Baron it was so grandly exhibited, that no deficiency on any side made itself visible to the closest gaze of the keenest eye. Twice after his retirement to Coburg from the Court of Victoria and Albert their long-united pathways again crossed each other: once in 1860, when the Queen and Prince visited Coburg in great part to see again their old and long-tried friend; and once

* Note by the Queen, p. 188.

again in 1862, when alas! the form of 'the crushed and broken-hearted widow' alone trod the lately rejoicing path. When she was speaking to him of their beloved Prince, and showing him the pictures and photographs of him which covered the table, the Baron exclaimed, 'My dear, good Prince, how happy I shall be to see him again! and it will not be long.*' It was not long. On the 9th of July, 1863, the faithful friend closed his eyes to this earth and all its cares.

But we must return to the Prince. His tour took him first to Florence, where he rejoiced in the vast stores of art which were there gathered, as well as in the beauty of the surrounding scenery. 'I am often,' he says, 'quite intoxicated with delight when I come out of one of the galleries' (p. 197). Here, on principle, and much against his natural inclination, he abandoned himself to the necessary impertinences of ordinary social life:—

'I have,' he tells his friend Prince Löwenstein, 'lately thrown myself entirely into the whirl of society. I have danced, dined, supped, and paid compliments; have been introduced to people, and had people introduced to me; have spoken French and English, exhausted all remarks about the weather; have played the amiable, and, in short, have made "bonne mine à mauvais jeu." You know my passion for such things, and must therefore admire my strength of character that I have never excused myself, never returned home till five in the morning, that I have emptied the carnival cup to the dregs.'—(p. 198).

How much he would have preferred other pursuits may be gathered from a remark of the Grand Duke Leopold at this very time, who, seeing him kept from the gaieties of the ball-room by an animated discussion with the blind Marquis Apponi, one of the most eminent members of the Tuscan aristocracy, said to Lady Augusta Fox, 'Voilà un prince dont nous pouvons être fiers. La belle danseuse l'attend, le savant l'occupe' (pp. 133, 197).

From Florence he went on to Rome, and thence to Naples, returning homewards by Pisa, Genoa, Milan, and Como. At Rome he found the only ceremony which did not disappoint him 'the Pope's blessing the people, assembled before the Vatican, from the balcony, amidst the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, and military music.' 'It was really a most imposing scene, though what followed was tedious, and savoured strongly of idolatry' (p. 200). He had, too, the 'honour of an interview with his Holiness,' whom he found 'kind and civil.' 'I remained with him nearly half an hour. Shut up in a small room, we

* Memorandum by the Queen, p. 191.

conversed, in Italian, on the influence the Egyptians had on Greek art, and that again on Roman art. The Pope asserted that the Greeks had taken their models from the Etruscans. In spite of his infallibility, I ventured to assert that they had derived their lessons in art from the Egyptians' (p. 200).

He himself reviews, in a letter to Prince Löwenstein, in June, 1839, when he had returned to Coburg, the effect of this Italian tour upon him. 'It was,' he says, 'of great advantage to me. It has made an impression on me, not so much by its peculiar incidents as by its general character. My sphere of observation has been doubled, and my power of forming a right judgment will be much increased by my having seen for myself. On the whole, my life was very pleasant. The society of such a man as Baron Stockmar was most precious and valuable to me' (pp. 206-7).

The great crisis of his life was now approaching. 'When he was a child of three years old, his nurse always told him that he should marry the Queen, and when he first thought of marrying at all, he always thought of her.'* After the visit to Kensington in 1836, these floating images of a possible future gathered themselves up, we believe, in his mind, under the influence of early affection, into a more definite shape; and though 'nothing had passed between him and the Queen,'† the future to which his heart now pointed was very different from the shadowy dream-land of his early life.

But now difficulties seemed to intervene. King William IV., with that kindly but bustling interference with everything he could touch, which was one of his most marked characteristics, had set himself against the Coburg alliance, and contemplated one of five other marriages for the Princess. He had, therefore, opposed the Duke of Coburg's visit to England in 1836. Who can say how all that has since passed might have been marred had that visit not taken place in spite of his opposition? This difficulty was now removed, and the sagacious mind of the King of the Belgians, apprehending all the advantages of such an alliance, used his great influence to promote it. In the early part of 1838 he obtained the Queen's sanction to his opening the matter as one of possible arrangement with the Prince. 'He looks,' the King writes to Baron Stockmar, 'at the question from its most elevated and honourable point of view. . . . I have told him that his great youth would make it necessary to postpone the marriage for a few years. . . . ' 'I am ready,' he said, 'to submit to this

* 'The Queen's Journal,' June 23, 1840.

† Memorandum by the Queen, March, 1864.

delay,

delay, if I have only some certain assurance to go upon. But if after waiting, perhaps for three years, I should find that the Queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a very ridiculous position . . . ' (p. 218). This was now the only remaining difficulty.

The visit of 1836 had favourably impressed the mind of the young Princess. 'The Prince was at that time much shorter than his brother, already very handsome, but very stout, which he entirely grew out of afterwards. He was most amiable, natural, unaffected, and merry, full of interest in everything, —playing on the piano with the Princess his cousin, drawing, in short, constantly occupied. He always paid the greatest attention to all he saw; and the Queen remembers well how intently he listened to the sermon preached in St. Paul's.'* This notice of the former visit, the effect of which on the Prince we have already traced, shows that the impression made by it on the other side also was real—strong enough, probably, to make the idea of an alliance at some future time not unacceptable, but not strong enough to lead to the desire of an immediate marriage. On the other hand, the Prince's father objected to any uncertain delay, and the wise Leopold acknowledged the truth of the objection, 'If Albert waits till he is in his twenty-first, twenty-second, or twenty-third year, it will be impossible for him to begin any new career, and his whole life would be marred if the Queen should change her mind' (p. 219).

In October, 1839, the two brothers came to England on a visit to the Queen; Prince Albert intending to tell her 'that he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when this marriage was first talked about.'† The natural progress of events soon made any such declaration wholly superfluous. King Leopold remarks to Baron Stockmar on the great improvement in Albert: 'He looks so much more manly, and from his *tournure* one might easily take him to be twenty-two or twenty-three' (p. 219). Those who remember him at that time well know how well this praise was merited. Rarely have the rich gifts of mind and soul with which he was endowed been enshrined in an outer casket of more befitting comeliness. His countenance bespoke the rare union of strength, sweetness, and intelligence, which existed within. He was, too, as that keen observer, the King of the Belgians, writes, 'a very agreeable companion. His manners are so gentle and harmonious, that one likes to have him near one's self. I have always found him so when I had him with me, and I think his travels have

* Memorandum by the Queen, March, 1864.

† Ibid. p. 220.

still

still improved him. He is full of talent and fun' (p. 230). All this, too, was accompanied by that secret power over other hearts which accompanied the unbroken inward reign of spotless purity and stainless truth. It was most natural that the affection of such a Prince should be speedily returned; and, whatever were before the obstacles which produced a disinclination to an immediate marriage, five days of familiar intercourse sufficed to break them down. Every heart, we think, must thrill under the power of these words, which record the retrospect cast in later years on this inclination to delay:—

'The Queen cannot think without indignation against herself of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life, until she might feel inclined to marry. . . . The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen Regnant at the age of eighteen, put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly repents.

'A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a Queen at eighteen without experience, and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such dangers.' *

There was, however, not one day's needless trifling with the Prince's feelings. On the 15th of October the Queen sent for him, and made the communication which (as he writes the same day to the faithful Stockmar, sending him 'the most welcome news possible') made it 'one of the happiest days in his life' (p. 226). The letter is all that any one would wish to find it; it proceeds: 'Victoria is so good and kind to me, that I am often at a loss to believe that such affection should be shown to me. I know the great interest you take in my happiness, and therefore pour out my heart to you. . . . More, or more seriously, I cannot write to you, for at this moment I am too bewildered.

'Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen,
Es schwimmt das Herz in Seligkeit.' †

'Heaven open wide the glad eye sees,
The heart is bathed in perfect peace.'

The entry in the Queen's journal of the day, which we are permitted to see, is not a little remarkable, 'How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has

* Memorandum by the Queen, p. 221.

† Schiller's '*Lied von der Glocke*,' always a special favourite with the Prince.
made!

made! I told him it *was* a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it. . . . I then told him to fetch Ernest. . . . He told me how perfect his brother was' (p. 227).

All now marched with steps of joy. The announcement was received with universal satisfaction both at home and abroad. 'Nothing,' wrote the King of the Belgians to the Queen, 'could have given me greater pleasure than your dear letter. I had, when I learnt your decision, almost the feeling of old Simeon, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." Your choice has been for these last years my conviction of what might and would be best for your happiness.'

Throughout the English nation there was the same full approval of the step the Queen was taking. On the 23rd of November the intended marriage was announced by the Queen with admirable self-possession to eighty-three members of the Privy Council, and the preliminary arrangements immediately succeeded. Parliament was opened on the 16th of January, 1840, and the Queen was never cheered more loudly than as she drove down to the Palace of Westminster to announce to the descendants of the ancient Barons of England, and the assembled representatives of her people, her intended marriage. In Parliament itself, though there was the same consentient approval of the marriage, yet matters did not proceed altogether smoothly. On the Prince's Annuity Bill, and on the Naturalisation Bill, the two great parties of the State were brought into active opposition. In the first, the sum proposed by the Government, 50,000*l.* a year, was opposed as excessive, and an amendment of 30,000*l.* a year was carried. In the second, it was proposed to enable the Queen to affix to the future Consort any precedence she chose. This was objected to, on family grounds, by certain members of the Royal family, and as unconstitutional by the Duke of Wellington; and the proposition was dropped. It would scarcely be worth while reviving now the memory of these long-past discussions, were it not to point out the singular fairness with which they are recorded in the Prince's memoir, and the nobleness of character in him which they accidentally elicited. 'The mortification which the refused vote was calculated to occasion to the Queen might,' it is justly admitted, 'have been avoided by proper communications beforehand between Lord Melbourne and the leaders of the Opposition.' 'If, on the one side, the opposition to the proposed vote may be traced, in part at least, to disappointed hope of office, the unconciliatory course pursued on the other may have been influenced by the hope, not acknowledged, perhaps, to themselves, of indisposing the young Prince on his

first arrival to their opponents, and of seeing the breach widened which already existed between them and the Queen' (p. 277).

The admission here made is one which marks the singular fairness of the mind which looks back with so mild and equal a judgment upon what at the time was a great annoyance, and was studiously represented as an intended insult. If such a plan was devised, it certainly failed altogether with regard to the Prince. The refusal, of course, pained him at the time; but with that impartial judgment of others, which his own consciousness of perfect fairness taught him, and with his quick and intelligent perception of the bearing of political questions in our land, he at once saw that no disloyalty to the Queen or disaffection to himself had dictated the opposition; and he never showed in his treatment of the Conservative party any grudging or ill will for what he doubted not was on their part a course dictated by nothing else than a conscientious sense of duty.

No other difficulty of any sort was interposed; and when the Prince, after a visit of leave-taking to his native land, which drew forth the strongest expressions of the love for him with which he had inspired his own countrymen, returned again to England, the marriage was at once celebrated. The Prince landed at Dover on Thursday, the 6th of February, and on Monday, the 10th, he was married at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace.

Here, by the ordinary rules of romance—and it is a true romance which is pictured in the earlier portion of the volume—the narrative should have closed. But it is, indeed, well that it did not. To do any justice to the great character portrayed, it was necessary to join his manhood visibly to his youth, to show in the first years of his new life what was the fruit of the diligent self-training which had preceded it, and how completely the developed manhood was the bright flower into which the conscientious boyhood had all along promised to burst forth.

The forecasting mind of King Leopold had long perceived the difficulties through which the Queen's husband must pass before he could occupy his true place in the Court and nation. 'His position,' he wrote, October, 1839, to the Queen, 'will be a difficult one; but much, I may say *all*, will depend on your affection for him.' How completely he had that support, and how wisely he used it, these pages show. Lord Melbourne has been often blamed for not having taken more trouble in making a position for the Consort of the Queen. That he did not attempt to do so is certain. But the reason of his conduct was not what his characteristic way of meeting the reproach would seem at first sight to imply. For, instead of being the careless
man

man he liked to appear, he was, in truth, most painstaking and laborious. His unfeigned attachment also to the Queen would have made him exert all his power to secure her this comfort if he had deemed it possible. But his answer, 'What would be the good of making him a position? if he is a fool he will lose it, and if he is a wise man he will make it for himself,' expressed in his own phraseology the conviction that the position must be made by the Prince himself. No one rejoiced more at witnessing the perfect success with which the Prince's high qualities enabled him to make it. When the Regency Bill passed, in August, 1840, through both Houses of Parliament without one voice of opposition, Lord Melbourne said to the Queen, 'Three months ago they would not have done it for him,' adding with tears in his eyes, 'it is entirely his own character.'*

And well did he make for himself the fitting position; and yet not without opposition. The first difficulty was in the Royal Household itself. This is touched on in a very few but very telling words in a letter of May, 1840, to Prince Löwenstein, in which the Prince says, 'I am very happy and contented; but the difficulty in filling my place with the proper dignity is, that I am only the husband, not the master in the house.' Fortunately, however, for the country, and still more fortunately for the happiness of the Royal couple themselves, things did not long remain in this condition. Thanks to the firmness, but at the same time gentleness, with which the Prince insisted on filling his proper position as head of the family—thanks also to the clear judgment and right feeling of the Queen, as well as to her singularly honest and straightforward nature—but thanks, more than all, to the mutual love and perfect confidence which bound the Queen and Prince to each other, it was impossible to keep up any separation or difference of interests or duties between them. To those who would urge upon the Queen that, as Sovereign, she must be the head of the house and the family, as well as of the State, and that her husband was, after all, but one of her subjects, Her Majesty would reply, that she had solemnly engaged at the altar to 'obey' as well as to 'love and honour;' and this sacred obligation she could consent neither to limit nor refine away.

A calm unruffled temper, the greatest quickness of perception, a strong will, and a head of singular sagacity, with the unbounded affection of the Royal Mistress of the Palace, soon scattered these difficulties, and enabled the Prince to effect what he had set before

* 'The Queen's Journal', p. 383.

himself as one of his special functions—the raising to the highest level the character of the Court. He rested this endeavour on the only true foundation. At the first Easter after the marriage the Queen and Prince received the Holy Communion together in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. 'The Prince,' says the Queen's 'Memorandum' (p. 331), 'had a very strong feeling about the solemnity of this act, and did not like to appear in company either the evening before or the day on which he took it, and he and the Queen almost always dined alone on these occasions.' Having thus begun with consecrating his life by the highest acts of religion, he 'laid down' for himself, we are told, 'from the first, strict, not to say severe, rules for his own guidance. He imposed a degree of restraint and self-denial upon his own movements which could not but have been irksome' (p. 351).

How true such conduct,—which forbade one painful feeling ever troubling the Royal lady whom he had married,—was to his own feelings of manly affection for his wife the nation may now read in the 'Memorandum' (p. 365) by the Queen. 'During the time the Queen was laid up (after the birth of the Princess Royal) his care and devotion were quite beyond expression.' He refused to go to the play, or anywhere else, generally dining alone with the Duchess of Kent, till the Queen was able to join them, and was always at hand to do anything in his power for her comfort. He was content to sit by her in a darkened room, and to read to her or write for her. 'No one but himself ever lifted her from her bed to her sofa . . . As years went on, and he became overwhelmed with work, this was often done at much inconvenience to himself; but he ever came with a sweet smile on his face. In short,' the Queen adds, 'his care of me was like that of a mother, nor could there be a kinder, wiser, or more judicious nurse.' How successful his conduct was, is proved by the fact that Scandal never dared in her most malignant mood to associate his name with the lightest hint of any possible suspicion. He might, indeed, have been far more popular during the first years of his married life if he had not imposed upon himself this rule—not only of avoiding evil, but of raising a tone of higher purity in the society in which he moved by a stern rejection and rebuke of every possible approach to levity of conduct.

It was less difficult for such a man to assume his true place in the political world. In spite of the ridiculous jealousy of some feeble minds, who would even have excluded him from 'driving with the Queen in the state carriage, or sitting next to her in the House of Lords' (p. 356), Lord Melbourne, and his successors in the Premiership, were from the first anxious 'that the
Queen

Queen should tell him and show him everything connected with public affairs.' The noble spirit in which he entered on this delicate relation to a responsible Ministry prevented the rise of those difficulties which would have sprung up as thistles before a vain, or selfish, or intriguing man. From the time of his first contemplation of his future duties, this breathes everywhere in all his communications. He was resolved, not to be useful or powerful, but to be of such a character that such usefulness should flow naturally forth from what he was in his own inner being. 'I have laid to heart,' he tells Baron Stockmar in November, 1838, 'the friendly advice of your good will as to the true foundation on which my future happiness must rest, and it agrees entirely with the principles of action which I had already in my own reflections framed for myself: an individuality (*Persönlichkeit*), a character, which shall win the respect, the love, and the confidence of the Queen and of the nation, must be the groundwork of my position. This individuality gives security for the disposition which prompts the actions; and even should mistakes (*Missgriffe*) occur, they will be more easily pardoned on account of that personal character; while even the most noble and beautiful undertakings fail in procuring support to a man who is not capable of inspiring that confidence.'

'If, therefore, I prove a "noble" Prince (*ein edler Fürst*), in the true sense of the word, as you call upon me to be, wise and prudent conduct will become easier to me, and its results more rich in blessings. I will not let my courage fail. With firm resolution and true zeal on my part I cannot fail to continue noble, manly, and princely in all things' (p. 236). Remarkable words surely for a young man of twenty, in the contemplation of such a life as lay before him; words which, in fact, reveal the secret of the marvellous success which he achieved. For what he thus nobly designed he grandly executed. When, eleven years afterwards, that great man the Duke of Wellington proposed a scheme which was to issue in the Prince Consort succeeding himself as the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, the Prince could look undazzled on the glittering offer, and subject it, without one thought of personal distinction, to the calm decision of the most searching judgment, as if he had been dealing with a question which affected another, because he was the inwardly noble man he aspired to be.

'Whilst a female sovereign,' he writes in reply to the Duke of Wellington, 'has a great many disadvantages in comparison with a King, yet, if she is married, and her husband understands and does his duty, her position on the other hand has many compensating advantages, and, in the long run, will be found to be even stronger

stronger than that of a male sovereign. But this requires that the husband should entirely sink his *own individual* existence in that of his wife, that he should aim at no power by himself or for himself, should shun all ostentation, assume no separate responsibility before the public; but make his position entirely a part of hers, fill up every gap which, as a woman, she would naturally leave in the exercise of her regal functions, continually and anxiously watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment, in any of the multifarious and difficult questions or duties brought before her, sometimes international, sometimes political, or social, or personal.

'As the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs, sole *confidential* adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the government, he is, besides the husband of the Queen, the tutor of the Royal children, the private secretary of the sovereign and her permanent minister.' *

And so he discarded the tempting idea of being placed in command of the British Army.

It was this magnanimous resolve 'entirely to sink his own individual existence in that of his wife'—thus aiming at no power by himself or for himself, thus shunning all ostentation—which by degrees allayed the suspicions which the English jealousy of foreigners, the anomalous nature of his position, and even the perception of his great powers of mind, had excited, and gave him, without his seeking it, such an authority in the realm, as a wise, good, and powerful monarch might have rejoiced to possess.

The entire and, if such a word may be used in such a connection, the dutiful love of the Lady of the Land, which every year increased, was the basis on which all this influence ultimately rested. One main interest of this remarkable volume is the ever-recurring proof of the greatness of the wedded love—that rare inheritance, alas! of crowned heads—which for once invested with its sacred brightness the throne of England. It is easy for inferior minds and vulgar natures to question the propriety of such a revelation of the Sovereign's inner life. We believe the deeper and truer view of the effects it will produce is that which has led the illustrious Lady it concerns to sanction its being made. True, deep, earnest love is a great and not a little thing. It elevates every character which it does truly possess. Its real greatness may easily be put out of sight by the pettinesses of a too demonstrative fondness. Such feeble adjuncts

* Letter to Duke of Wellington, April 8th, 1850. Windsor Castle. 'Speeches and Addresses of the Prince Consort,' pp. 76-78.

of the noble passion should of course be treated as human weaknesses over which the veil of utter secrecy cannot be too closely drawn. But the sight of the majesty of deep affection is always ennobling. And there are many circumstances connected with the preceding occupants of the British throne, as well as with these times themselves, which make it wise, because profitable for the nation, to let the veil be somewhat lifted, and the throne be seen to have been the central point of that true, pure, loving, family life which has ever been so dear to the heart of England.

All this is to be seen in these pages not so much in direct expressions of happy love—though these are not few—as in the delight with which the Prince's influence for good on her who loved him best is acknowledged with a simple absence of all self-consciousness which would be charming from any pen in any rank of life, and which is more memorable still from the pen which traced such lines as these:—

'The time spent at Claremont was always a very happy one; the Prince and Queen, being able to take charming walks in the pretty grounds, and neighbourhood. . . . I told Albert that formerly I was too happy to go to London and wretched to leave it, and how since the blessed hour of my marriage, and still more since the summer, I dislike and am unhappy to leave the country, and could be content and happy never to go to town. This pleased him. The solid pleasures of peaceful, quiet, yet merry life in the country, with my inestimable husband and friend, my all-in-all, are far more desirable than the amusements of London, though we don't despise or dislike these sometimes.' *

'The Prince constantly said on arriving at Osborne and Balmoral, and on leaving London,—“How sweet it smells! How delicious the air is! One begins to breathe again!” And how he delighted in the song of birds, and especially of nightingales! listening for them in the happy, peaceful woods at Osborne, and whistling to them in their own peculiar long note, which they invariably answer! The Queen cannot hear this note without fancying she hears him, and without the deepest, saddest emotion. At night he would stand on the balcony at Osborne in May listening to the nightingales.' †

How strong these tastes were, and how they mingled themselves with the happiness of that family life which was the admiration of all who really witnessed it, may be read in yet one more extract given us from the 'Queen's Journal' of Balmoral of October 13, 1856:—'Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear paradise, and so much more so now that *all* has become my dearest Albert's *own* creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne, that his great taste

* Memorandum by the Queen: and the Queen's 'Journal,' pp. 337, 338.

† Note by the Queen, p. 195.

and the impress of his dear hand have been stamped everywhere' (p. 358).

Yet with this complete appreciation of nature and the country, the same wise and wholesome influence was employed to prevent the delights of retirement and family life interfering with the duties imposed by her position upon the wearer of the crown. 'The Prince,' we are told, 'though never losing the smallest particle of that intense enjoyment of the country which used to burst forth in such expressions as "Now I am free: now I can breathe;" yet was always anxious that the Queen should spend as much of her time as she could in London' (p. 339).

The same influence was most usefully exerted in yet higher departments of the duties of the Crown. The Queen has allowed it to be recorded, that 'up to the period of her marriage she had indulged strong feelings of political partisanship' (p. 32). There were not wanting events in the early days of the marriage which might easily have stamped a like political bias on any one of less robust mental and moral habits than the Prince. 'At Aix-la-Chapelle, on his journey to England for the marriage, the Prince heard the news of the rejection of the proposed grant of 50,000*l.*, which made a disagreeable impression on him' (p. 300). The difficulties raised in Parliament to granting him the desired precedence shortly followed. It can cause no matter of surprise that 'the Queen was, as she herself says, most indignant at what had occurred, or that the first impression made on the young Prince's mind by the proceedings in both Houses should have been a painful one' (p. 289). But his mind had been early made up that to discharge his duties to the nation and the Queen he must stand entirely apart from mere political party. There is an admirable statement of this principle in one of his early letters to the Queen (Dec. 10, 1839), concerning the choice of his future household:—'I should wish,' he says, 'particularly that the selection should be made without regard to politics; for if I am really to keep myself free from all parties, my people must not belong exclusively to one side. Above all, these appointments should not be made mere party rewards. . . . It is very necessary that they should be chosen from both sides' (p. 266). To this principle he faithfully adhered. He understood almost intuitively the relations of our political parties; and he cast aside, as their natural result, and springing from no want of loyalty to the Queen or regard to himself, the early vexations which might have eaten deep into the heart of a feebler man. His relation from the first with the leaders of both the great parties in the State was that of amicable fidelity; and all the leading men of the nation soon trusted him implicitly.

implicitly. The chief peril of a female reign was thus happily averted, and the party 'feelings by which the Queen so candidly admits that she was herself biassed at the time of her marriage soon ceased to show themselves under the influence of his judicious counsels' (p. 284). Thus was prevented what might else have grown into no slight danger to the realm. For, as Lord Bacon has recorded—'When princes that ought to be common parents make themselves as a party, and lean to a side, it is as a boat that is overthrown by uneven weight on the one side.'*

Such was the Prince whom we have had, and whom in the inscrutable providence of God, except in the good which he has done, and the example he has left, we have lost. In these pages it has been our endeavour to make his own acts, words, and letters as much as possible record his character. And after such a record few sentences of more formal description can, we think, be needful. Of a noble and distinguished lineage amongst our German kinsmen, he was trained in all the highest excellences of their best education. In person he was remarkable for a manly beauty in which the presence of intellect made itself felt like strongly-marked features of scenery through the more ordinary graces of a finished landscape. His intellectual gifts were of the highest order. With a keen relish for knowledge of every kind, and great exactness in acquiring and retaining it,—of history, of art, of philosophy, of science, and of nature, he had the master power of casting all acquired facts into such a philosophical order that he was never oppressed by the multitude of his attainments. The higher accomplishments of a liberal education were also his; he was a painter and a musician of no ordinary merit. He possessed the power of reasoning to an eminent degree. In argument on any topic, no man was readier in the use of every lawful weapon of fence. Humour, illustration, repartee, and the strong grasp of vigorous contradiction, all lay hid under that mild and calm exterior. His affections, too, though their outward demonstrations were repressed on principle into a settled sobriety of expression, were quick and strong. How did he return the almost worship of the aged Duchess of Gotha! how did he love his Queen, his brother, and his friends! Here is one instance of the latter too striking not to be inserted, and one which illustrates also the great fairness of his character. When Mr. G. E. Anson was first appointed to be his private secretary, the arrangement was reluctantly acquiesced in by him, because he feared that Mr. Anson's former connection with Lord Melbourne, as private

* Lord Bacon's Works, vol. ii. p. 284.

secretary, would give a political colour to the appointment. The objection was, however, overruled; and the Prince soon found that he had a thoroughly honest, fearless, and attached servant in Mr. Anson. These were qualities which his truthful and noble nature thoroughly appreciated; and he soon gave to Mr. Anson, not only confidence, but an affection which ripened early, to be early broken in upon by the sudden death of his confidential servant. 'The Prince was deeply affected when the news of Mr. Anson's sudden death arrived, and said to the Queen, He was my only intimate friend. We went through everything together since I came here. He was almost like a brother to me' (p. 324).

But the pre-eminent feature, after all, in the character of the Prince was his noble estimate of duty. This was not in him the dull and formal performance, however precise, of a set of external acts; it was the outcoming of his life, and so, like other true comings forth of life, was at once real, vigorous, genial, and perpetual. This was his aim,—not merely to do with any amount of exactness external duties, but to be such that the external performance would be the natural expression of the inward man. 'If I prove,' they are his own grand words, 'a "noble" prince in the true sense of the word, wise and prudent conduct will become easier to me' (p. 236). And all this was founded on a true principle of religion which had kept his youth spotlessly pure. We believe that the words in which she who knew him best gives utterance to her estimate of his goodness are no exaggeration, when she says, 'God knows vice itself would ever have recoiled from the look alone of one who wore "the lily of a blameless life"' (p. 166). It is not easy to over-estimate the influence for good on our Court and people of such a life as this, placed beside the throne of a young female sovereign. The Queen's words, which we have before quoted, express her estimate of what the gain was in the highest quarter. But it did not stop there; through the Court, and by a thousand channels through the nation, that life daily distilled its purifying, elevating influences. What England might now have been if that young Court had been led astray by the union of such abilities as those possessed by the Prince to such a character as Charles II.'s; what it might have been if the Lady of the land had wedded a mere dull, clownish lout like the husband of Queen Anne, who amongst us can say? Where do we not meet now with the marks of what he did, who has been taken from us in presence, but who is still with us in the virtues of the Court, in the growth of art, in the elevation of science, and in many beneficent institutions for raising the character and increasing the comforts of servants and of poor children, and for securing to the

the labourer's family a home in which the practice of virtue is rendered possible because its life can be led with decency?

'How this early promise of distinction was fulfilled,' the Queen says in the Memorandum from which this extract is taken, 'how immeasurably all the most sanguine expectations were surpassed, how King Leopold's fondest hopes were realised ten thousand fold, and how the fearful blow which took him from us put an end to all this happiness, and cut short his brilliant and useful career, we all know!'^{*}

It was one consequence of the line which he marked out for himself, of 'sinking his own individual existence in that of his wife' (p. 318), that all this should at the time be unperceived. During the earlier years, accordingly, of his married life he was comparatively speaking unknown. English jealousy of foreign interferences in some quarters, resentment in others at the high tone of virtue which he was felt to enforce, ignorance of what he was in almost all, created and kept alive respecting him misjudgment, with its consequent disaffection. By little and little the truth, as it always will, oozed out. The speeches which from time to time he delivered excited first attention and then astonishment. They were so full of genius, and they were so evidently his own, whilst they announced such high principles in such clear language; they so plainly met some great practical need in so straightforward a manner, and they were so quickly followed by corresponding acts, that his real character and greatness began to be universally appreciated. Men felt in his growing influence, and saw in his perpetual labours, the truth of the words of the great philosophic statesman: 'Princes are like to heavenly bodies which cause good or evil times; and which have much veneration but no rest.'[†] And then, almost before his sun had risen to its mid-day height, it sunk suddenly, and men found out what they had possessed by the sad process of losing it.

What he would yet more and more, as years passed on, have become to England and to Europe, and so to the whole civilised world, if that large intellect, that calm unerring judgment, and that truthfulness, purity, and justice of character which already had done so much, had been left to expand itself to its full proportions and assert in the sight of all men its real greatness, it is impossible to speculate. But that future was not allowed him; he had already done his work and he has entered on his rest.

To such an one we may apply the words in which the great philosophical historian of Rome comments upon the death of Julius Agricola, with an appropriateness which no heathen writer could reach—'Si quis piorum Manibus locus, si, ut

^{*} The Queen's Memorandum, p. 214.

[†] Bacon's Essays, 'Of Empire.'
sapientibus

sapientibus placet, non cum corpore exstinguuntur magnæ animæ, placidè quiescas; nosque, domum tuam, ab infirmo desiderio . . . ad contemplationem virtutum tuarum voces, quas neque lugeri neque plangi fas est . . . Is verus honos, ea conjunctissimi cujusque pietas. Id filiæ quoque uxorique præceperim, sic patris, sic mariti memoriam venerari, ut omnia facta dictaque ejus secum revolvant.*

Such was Prince Albert to the land of his adoption. What he was within the closer precincts of family life these pages may make any careful reader know. The subject is still too sacred for any more detailed handling than we have ventured to use. But if there ever was a call upon all that is good and true in this nation for a lifelong sympathy, it is the voice of the Wife, the Mother, and the Queen, as it sounds from this volume. 'I am very glad of it,' was Lord Melbourne's reply to the announcement of the first engagement, adding, with his wonted shrewdness, 'in quite a paternal tone, you will be much more comfortable, for a woman cannot stand alone for any time in whatever position she may be.† Let Her children, let Her people never forget that God's wise though mysterious providence has so ordered Her life, that 'The Queen cannot forbear from adding, "Alas! alas! the poor Queen now stands in that painful position"' (p. 224).

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- ART. II.—1. *Souvenirs Militaires de 1804 à 1814.* Par M. le Duc de Fezensac, Général de Division. (Journal de la Campagne de Russie, 1812, en douze chapitres.) Paris, 1863.
 2. *Mémoires.* Par L. F. J. Bausset, ancien Préfet du Palais Impérial. 2 vols. Bruxelles, 1827.
 3. *Itinéraire de Napoléon I. de Smorgoni à Paris. Extrait des Mémoires du Baron Paul de Bourgoing.* Paris, 1862.
 4. *Leben des Feldmarschalls Grafen York von Wartenburg.* Von J. G. Droysen. 3 Bände. Berlin, 1851.

WHEN Dr. Johnson composed his admirable poem on the Vanity of Human Wishes, in imitation of the no less admirable tenth satire of Juvenal,—and we scarcely know to which of the two we should assign the palm,—we find him substituting with great felicity modern examples instead of those which Juvenal adduced. For Sejanus we have Wolsey; for Hannibal, Charles XII. of Sweden; for Servilia, Lady Vane. But when he

* 'C. Cornelii Taciti Jul. Agricol.,' c. 46.

† The Queen's 'Journal,' Oct. 14th, 1839.

came to the case of Xerxes, Dr. Johnson could remember no adequate parallel. Xerxes, therefore, is still the instance given in his poem, and it is the only one which he derives from ancient times.

‘With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way.

* * * *

The insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
The encumber’d oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast,
Through purple billows and a floating host.’

But had the lot of Johnson been cast later by some scores of years, with how noble a passage might not the retreat from Moscow have supplied him! How striking the parallel between the two conquerors, each at the outset marching forward confident of victory, and at the head of many hundred thousand warriors, and each having at the close to escape almost alone, the one in a single skiff over the ‘insulted sea,’ the other in a peasant’s sledge across the frozen plains!

The retreat from Moscow in 1812 is, indeed, a subject of ever new and thrilling interest. Nowhere, perhaps, does modern history display, within a compass of seven or eight weeks, so large an amount of individual suffering and national loss. Nowhere does the reckless force of the elements appear more completely victorious over all the genius, all the strength, all the resources of man. And often as we have perused the various narratives of that terrible disaster, we find ourselves ever and anon recurring to it as some fresh contributions to its story come forth from time to time. Two years since we called attention, though but very briefly, to the corresponding entries in the autobiography of Sir Robert Wilson. We now propose to resume the subject, adverting more especially to some memoirs or fragments of memoirs that we owe to France.

The judgment of the Duke of Wellington on this transaction is expressed in a short memorandum which he drew up in 1842, and which Lord Stanhope has published in his little volume of ‘Miscellanies.’ We will extract from it the following paragraphs:—

‘Napoleon had made no preparation for the military retreat which he would have to make if his diplomatic efforts should fail, which they did. We see that he was distressed for want of communications even before he thought of retreat; his hospitals were not supplied nor even taken care of, and were at last carried off; and when he commenced

menced to make a real movement of retreat he was involved in difficulties without number. The first basis of his operations was lost; the new one not established; and he was not strong enough to force his way to the only one which could have been practicable, and by the use of which he might have saved his army—by the sacrifice, however, of all those corps which were in the northern line of operations; I mean the line through Kalouga, through the southern countries. But instead of that, he was forced to take his retreat by the line of the river Beresina, which was exhausted, and upon which he had made no preparations whatever. This is, in few words, the history of that disaster.'

But besides these faults of Napoleon which our great captain has here enumerated, there was certainly another and still far more considerable error—we mean his protracted stay at Moscow. Flushed with the pride of conquest, he seems to have regarded the Russian winter as though it might be, like the Russian army, defied and overcome. Surely the near approach of that terrible season ought to have been ever before his eyes. With that prospect he should have placed no dependence on the uncertain hopes of peace, and should have remained at Moscow no longer than was absolutely necessary to rest and to re-form his troops.

Let us see whether an examination of the dates does not fully bear out this criticism. On the 7th of September Napoleon gained the battle of La Moskowa, as the French have termed it, or of Borodino, according to its Russian name—one of the hardest fought and bloodiest conflicts upon record in ancient or in modern times. On the 15th he made his entry into Moscow, and fixed his head-quarters at the Kremlin. On the very next day he left it again, driven forth by the conflagration which—we will here avoid the controversy as to its cause—had burst forth at once in various quarters of the city and enveloped the Kremlin with its lurid clouds. During three days, himself in the neighbouring château of Petrowskoi, and with his soldiers at their bivouacs around him, Napoleon might mournfully contemplate the dismal progress of the flames. At length on the 19th he was enabled to return to the citadel-palace. The conflagration had then almost ceased, but about four-fifths of the city were destroyed. The remaining houses, however, were sufficient to shelter the army, and there soon appeared means for its support. It is the custom in that country, owing to the length and severity of the winter, to lay in stores of provisions for several months, and thus the cellars of the burnt houses were found when laid open to contain large quantities of corn, of salted meat, of wine, and of brandy—nay, even of sugar and of tea. Thus the soldiers could at last obtain some refreshment, and repose after all their weary marches and their murderous battles.

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On the 4th of October, and not till then, Napoleon despatched one of his aides-de-camp, M. de Lauriston, with pacific overtures to General Kutusof, the Russian commander-in-chief. Now, considering the advanced position of Napoleon's army, and the close approach of the Russian winter, we hold it as incontrovertible that on this 4th of October not a single French soldier should have remained at Moscow. The march back towards Poland should have begun at latest by that day.

The Russian chiefs, on this point more farsighted as knowing better the extremity of cold that was near at hand, considered the gain of time as their paramount object. On this principle General Kutusof received M. de Lauriston with all courtesy and seeming frankness. But he declared that he had no powers to sign an armistice, far less to conclude a treaty. It was necessary, he said, to refer the French overtures to the Emperor Alexander at Petersburg, and to Petersburg they were referred accordingly. Some ten or twelve days would be requisite, he added, before an answer could arrive; and on M. de Lauriston's report Napoleon determined to remain for this further period at Moscow.

Napoleon, indeed, had from the first, in common phrase, 'settled down,' as though resolved at all events on a considerable stay. Thus, for example, he had given orders for a series of theatrical representations, of which we learn some particulars from the amusing memoirs of M. de Bausset. This was the *Préfet du Palais*—a sleek well-fed gentleman, as it becomes court officials to be. His proper post was at the Tuileries, but he had been commissioned by Maria Louisa to convey to Napoleon a full-length portrait of their son, and he had arrived at head-quarters on the very day before the Borodino battle. Napoleon had at once displayed to his assembled chiefs the portrait, as he hoped, of their future sovereign, adding with much grace and dignity these words:—'*Messieurs, si mon fils avait quinze ans, croyez qu'il serait ici au milieu de tant de braves autrement qu'en peinture.*'

Subsequently M. de Bausset had attended the Emperor to Moscow, and he received from his Majesty the supreme direction of the intended theatrical representations. He found there already established a clever *directrice*, Madame Bursay, and a few good actors and actresses. Rich dresses in abundance were supplied from the Moscow stores.

'Les comédiens Français en tirèrent des robes et des habits de velours, qu'ils arrangèrent à leur taille, et sur lesquels ils appliquèrent de larges galons d'or qui étaient en abondance dans ces magasins. Réellement ils étaient vêtus avec une grande magnificence, mais leur détresse était telle que quelques-unes de nos actrices sous ces belles

robes

robes de velours avaient à peine le linge nécessaire ; du moins c'est ce que me disait Madame Bursay.'

But from this comic interlude (as Madame Bursay herself might have called it) we now revert to more serious scenes. It was found by Napoleon, after long and anxious suspense, that from Petersburg there came no acceptance of his overtures. The conqueror, disappointed in his hopes of peace, wavered yet for some time in his military plans. Finally his army, then still 100,000 strong, marched from Moscow on the 19th of October, and Napoleon set out to rejoin it the next day. Even then, however, he did not relinquish his hold of the city. He left Marshal Mortier with 10,000 men to garrison the Kremlin, and the secret instructions which the head of his staff wrote to the *Intendant Général* (they bear date the 18th of October, and have been published by M. Thiers) contain these remarkable words :— 'It being the Emperor's intention to return here, we shall keep the principal magazines of flour, of oats, and of brandy.'

But Napoleon did not long persevere in this rash design. On the evening of the 20th, only a few hours after leaving Moscow, he sent orders to Marshal Mortier of a directly opposite tenour. The Marshal was now directed to blow up the Kremlin by means of mines already prepared, to evacuate the city, and to retire with his troops and with the column of sick and wounded along the Smolensk road. On the night of the 23rd, accordingly, the Kremlin was shattered, though not destroyed, by the desired explosion, and on the next morning the Marshal began his retrograde march. Thus instead of the 4th it was the 24th of October, at the verge of the Russian winter, when the last of the French troops took their departure from the Russian capital.

Meanwhile *la Grande Armée*, under Napoleon himself, was by no means marching straight to Smolensk on its way to Poland. On the contrary, it was directing its course towards Kalouga, with a view to the occupation of the southern provinces. Kutusof, however, was in its front. On the 24th one of the French *corps d'armée* gained a victory over a corresponding Russian division at Malo-Jaroslavetz. But the French had lost 4000 killed in that hard-fought combat, and it was little compensation to them to boast or to believe that the Russians had lost 6000. The Russians in the heart of their own country were daily receiving reinforcements, while on the invaders, at that enormous distance even from the Polish frontier, the loss of every soldier told.

This last consideration could not fail to weigh heavy on Napoleon, when next day he found the whole army of Kutusof before him placed in a strong position, and saw that he could
only

only press forward to Kalouga by first giving battle. He might probably win that battle, but it would be, as at La Moskowa, after a desperate resistance and with a grievous loss of slain. Worse still, it might leave him with some 8000 or 10,000 wounded whom he had no means of transporting, and whom when he moved onward he must leave to perish where they fell.

More than ever perplexed, Napoleon in the course of the 25th entered a barn in the little village of Gorodnia, and there held a council of his chiefs. All of them concurred in thinking an advance upon Kalouga inexpedient. Davoust alone advised an intermediate course through a not yet exhausted country. The others were for rejoining the main road from Moscow to Smolensk, and marching back to Poland by the shortest route.

The reason of Napoleon was convinced, but his pride rebelled. Retreat was a new word to him, ever since at least he raised the siege of Acre. Still undecided, he turned round, and with one of his familiar gestures seized by the ear one of his bravest officers, General Mouton Comte de Lobau, the same who subsequently rose to political distinction in the reign of Louis Philippe. M. Thiers, who had sat with him in council and who knew him well, describes him as *soldat rude et fin, ayant l'adresse de se taire et de ne parler qu'à propos*. Napoleon, still with the General's ear in hand, asked him what he thought. The other chiefs, according to the custom at that period of the Imperial sway, had given their opinions with abundance of courtly phrases and deferential circumlocution. But Lobau, seeing the moment opportune, answered *en termes incisifs*, 'I think that we ought to leave at once, and by the shortest route, a country where we have remained too long!'

This reply, and the tone of it, produced a strong effect on Napoleon. Nevertheless, as though enough of time had not been lost already, he put off his decision till the morrow. On the ensuing day, therefore, he consulted his officers again, and, finding them as decided as ever for the Smolensk road, he issued orders that the troops should next morning, the 27th, begin their march in that direction. Thus it was not till that day, the 27th of October, that at the *Grande Armée* a movement of decided retreat commenced.

It is at this point that we begin to derive many particulars from the book which we have named at the beginning of this article. M. de Fezensac, many years subsequently raised to the rank of Duke, was, in 1812, a young officer of great spirit and skill. He was also son-in-law of Clarke, Duke de Feltre, at that time Minister of War. Both these circumstances may be thought to have contributed in equal degrees to his rapid

advancement. When the Colonel of his regiment (the 4th of the line) fell in the bloody battle of La Moskowa, Fezensac was named to the vacant post. His regiment, as we shall see, was in the rear-guard—the post of by far the greatest danger and the greatest suffering—in the worst days of the disastrous retreat; and the journal which he has written of that period is no less striking than authentic. It first appeared at Paris in a separate form, but is now embodied in the author's '*Souvenirs Militaires*'—the whole of which we commend, as they well deserve, to the attention of our readers.

Mojaisk—a small town on the direct road from Moscow to Smolensk—was the point to which the *Grande Armée* was directing its course from Malo-Jaroslawetz. That point would be reached in three days, which, with the eight already passed since Moscow, made eleven. But it might have been reached in four by the straight line from Moscow. Thus, then, an entire week would have been employed in unavailing marches. Nor was it merely the loss of time—time trebly precious at that season. The consumption of provisions had also to be considered. When the *Grande Armée* had left Moscow, several of its chiefs, even Napoleon himself, stood aghast at the large amount of its *impedimenta belli*. Cars and carriages, droskis and *berlines*, and every other kind of vehicle, bore along, besides the sick and wounded and the numerous officers' servants, a train of women and young children—French residents or visitors at Moscow who were escaping from the apprehended vengeance of the Russians—and among them that company of actors and actresses of which we have already given some account. Piled on the cars were seen the munitions of war and the spoils of plunder, extending even to articles of furniture, and together with them huge bags filled with divers kinds of food. There was also an immense train, wholly out of proportion to the diminished army, of 600 pieces of artillery. All this had to be drawn along by exhausted horses—horses already more than half worn out with hard marches and insufficient food. And to this vast convoy, as it had come from Moscow, there were now to be added, as best they might, some two thousand wounded, the result of the action at Malo-Jaroslawetz.

The country around them was so poor, and so thinly-peopled, as to afford little in the way of fresh supplies. Thus of the provisions brought from Moscow great part had been consumed in the week already passed, and it was calculated that scarce any would remain by the time the army reached Mojaisk. Moreover, no sooner had the army commenced its retreat than clouds of Cossacks began to hover round it with loud huzzas.

They

They cut off all stragglers; they intercepted all supplies. By these means the French, of the rear-guard especially, were reduced to a terrible strait. If they kept close to their ranks, they could obtain no food for themselves, no forage for their horses. If, on the other hand, they wandered far to the right or left, unless in large bands, each single soldier was sure to have the lance of a Cossack at his breast.

Even while the provisions brought from Moscow lasted, much suffering prevailed. They were most unequally distributed, says M. de Fezensac, like all things which proceed from pillage. One regiment had still some oxen for slaughter, but no bread; another regiment had flour, but wanted meat. Even in the same regiment there were similar diversities. Some companies were half-starved and others lived in abundance. The chiefs enjoined an equal partition, but they were no match for individual selfishness; all means were used to blind their vigilance and elude their commands.

As if to add to the difficulties of this retreat, Napoleon, in his irritation against the Russians, issued a cruel order, which the French writers themselves have been forward to condemn. He directed that all the houses on the line of march should be burned down. Marshal Davoust, who commanded the rear-guard, and who on this occasion, as on every other, showed himself a consummate general, carried out these instructions with pitiless rigour. Detachments sent out to the right and left, as far as the pursuit of the enemy allowed them, set on fire the *chateaux* and the villages. The result was mainly to drive the Russian peasants to despair, and to aggravate the fate of the wounded and the prisoners who fell into their hands.

'The sight of this destruction,' so writes M. de Fezensac, 'was by no means the most painful of those which met our eyes. There was marching in front of us a column of Russian prisoners guarded by troops from the Confederation of the Rhine. Nothing was given out to these poor men for food except a little horseflesh; and the soldiers of the guard dashed out the brains of those who could march no further. We found their corpses lying on our route, and all with shattered heads. In justice to the soldiers of my regiment I must declare that the sight filled them with indignation. Moreover, they saw to what cruel reprisals this barbarous system might expose them.'

Under these adverse circumstances we need not be surprised to find M. de Fezensac assuring us that, even in the first days, this retreat bore many symptoms of a rout. The divisions in the front pressed forward every morning, leaving their baggage to follow as it could; and thus the rear-guard had to protect and defend the whole of an enormous convoy. Bridges, which broke

down under the weight, had to be repaired; obstacles, as they gathered on a narrow road, had to be cleared away. It had been designed that the cavalry, under General Grouchy, should support this covering body, but its horses were so weak for want of forage, and its numbers dwindled so fast, that it could render no active service, and Marshal Davoust sent it forward, maintaining the rear with his infantry alone. He had reason to remember the retort which General Nansouty had made to the King of Naples (Murat), when, even in the advance upon Moscow, Murat complained of some remissness in a cavalry charge—‘Our horses have no patriotism. The soldiers fight without bread, but the horses insist on oats!’

Nor was it the cavalry only. Since the draught-horses also began to fail, it became necessary, hour by hour, to blow up tumbrils of artillery, or to abandon carts piled with baggage and with wounded. The soldiers of the rear-guard, who were themselves struck down, had a grievous fate before them, since in their position a wound was almost equivalent to death. It was heartrending to hear these poor men, with loud cries, entreat their comrades at least to despatch them as they fell, rather than leave them to linger and perish, without aid, or until run through by a Cossack lance.

Napoleon himself took no heed of their calamities. Profoundly mortified at the compelled retreat, which there was no longer any side-march to conceal, he journeyed in front surrounded by his guard, and shut up in his *landau*, with the chief of his Staff, Marshal Berthier. He gave no personal impulse nor direction to the march, and contented himself with blaming Davoust, who, he said, was over-methodical and moved too slowly.

Amidst these growing difficulties three toilsome marches brought the *Grande Armée* to Mojnisk. Thus far the days had continued fine, though the nights had begun to be frosty; and on their way the troops were rejoined by Mortier’s division from Moscow. Mojaisk itself could yield them no resources. That ill-fated little town had been burned, and its inhabitants had fled. The troops, therefore, bivouacked in the open air, skirting, as they passed, the plain of Borodino. Several officers rode over to revisit the field of battle; they found it, indeed, a ghastly scene. In that thinly-peopled region, laid waste alternately by friend and foe, scarce any peasants had remained to fulfil the duty of interment, and the slain of both armies were still lying where they had fallen, half-decomposed by the lapse of time, or half-devoured by the birds and beasts of prey. Not less dismal than the scene itself were the reflections which it could

could not fail to inspire. Here then the French army, by its own account, had lost thirty thousand men in killed and wounded. Here, then, they had perished—and all for what result? Only that their surviving comrades, after a few weeks at Moscow, should march back as they came! Only for present grief and impending ruin!

At Krasnoi, where one *corps d'armée* encamped the same night, the spectacle was still more afflicting. It was a large monastic establishment, which the French had converted into a hospital after their Borodino battle. But such was the improvidence of their chiefs as they marched onwards to Moscow, that, as M. de Fezensac assures us, they had left the sick without medicines, nay, even without food. It was with great difficulty that some scanty supplies were from time to time gleaned in the neighbourhood, and that several convoys of convalescents were despatched to Smolensk. But many more had perished, and many yet remained. 'I rescued three men belonging to my own regiment,' says Fezensac, 'but I found it very hard to make my way to them in their neglected state, since not only the staircases and the corridors, but even the centre of the rooms, were piled up with every kind of ordure.'

Energetic orders were now issued by Napoleon for the transport of all among those who could bear removal, being about fifteen hundred in number. It was directed that every baggage-cart, and even every private carriage from Moscow, should take up one at least of these disabled men. By such means their removal was in the first instance secured, but the conveyances in question were already overloaded, while the strength of the draught-horses had rapidly declined.

Smolensk was now looked to by the troops as the term of all their sufferings and losses. There it was thought they would find ample supplies; there they might expect to take up winter-quarters. But from Smolensk they were still divided by eight or nine laborious marches, through a country almost destitute of resources, as having been laid waste by themselves in their advance. Nor was the Russian army at this time inactive. Marshal Kutusof had in the first instance been deceived as to the direction of the French retreat, but he was now hanging on the flank of the invaders by a side-march of his own to Medouin; and he had, besides the Cossacks, despatched a strong division under one of his best officers, General Miloradowitch, which was well provided with artillery, and was prepared to engage the French rear-guard day by day.

It was under such adverse circumstances that the first *corps d'armée*, which still formed the French rear, resumed its harassing

ing duties. On the 31st of October it marched half way to Ghjat, on the 1st of November to Ghjat itself. Next morning it was again in motion towards Smolensk. Marshal Davoust, destitute of cavalry, but confiding in his veteran foot-soldiers, continued to show, as they did, a truly heroic firmness. Each day they had to repel the impetuous charges of Miloradowitz, each evening to endure the privation of rest and of food. On the 1st there was a more especial accumulation at the passage of a small but slimy river and morass, where the bridge had broken down. It was necessary for the troops to maintain the conflict while the sappers re-established the bridge. All that night Marshal Davoust, with his generals and the soldiers of Gerard's Division, remained on foot, without eating or sleeping, to protect the rear of the retreating army.

Next day there was a more general engagement, in which the *corps d'armée* of Prince Eugene and of Marshal Ney also took part. The French remained victorious, but with the loss of fifteen or eighteen hundred of their best veterans. And on the evening of that well-fought day what refreshment was in store for them after all their toils and dangers? Let M. Thiers here reply. 'When they entered the town of Wiasma they found no means of subsistence. The guard and the corps which passed first had devoured everything. Of the provisions brought from Moscow, there was nothing left. In a cold and dark night these exhausted men cast themselves down at the edge of the fir forests; they lit large fires, and they roasted some horse-flesh in the blaze.'

Moreover, there had now begun to be in the midst of themselves—and it continued to increase through the retreat—a mingled mass of disbanded men; cavalry soldiers who had lost their horses, infantry soldiers who had flung away their muskets, men from almost every service and almost every country, now rendered desperate and callous by famine. Their sole remaining care was to provide by any means for their personal safety, and, far from continuing to protect the rear-guard, they had themselves to be protected by it.

Thus beset and close pressed, the first corps, which had 72,000 men under arms when it crossed the Niemen, which had still 28,000 when it left Moscow, had dwindled to 15,000. The other corps were also much reduced, though not as yet in the same proportion. It was obvious that the army was now drawing along three or four times more cannon than, with its diminished numbers, it could ever use in action; and Marshal Davoust applied to the Emperor for permission to leave behind the superfluous pieces of artillery, in proportion as the horses failed. But this

this the pride of Napoleon forbade—by no means the only instance in which his indomitable spirit proved injurious to the welfare, nay, even to the preservation of his troops. Instead of cannon, therefore, the baggage-carts with the sick and wounded had to be relinquished hour after hour, while the tumbrils of ammunition more and more frequently had to be blown into the air.

Napoleon himself saw nothing at this time of the real difficulties of the retreat. Remaining a day's march in advance, in the midst of his guard, he was there for the most part, as M. Thiers describes him, seated in his carriage, *entre Berthier consterné et Murat éteint*. Sometimes he passed whole hours without uttering a word, absorbed in his own painful thoughts; and he commonly replied to the various representations of Marshal Davoust by a general order to march more rapidly. He persisted, says M. Thiers, in finding fault with the rear-guard instead of going himself to direct its operations.

It was partly, then, as dissatisfied, however unreasonably, with the conduct of the first corps, and partly as taking into account its exhausted state, that the Emperor now determined to withdraw it into the main body of his forces, committing the defence of the rear in its place to the third corps, under Marshal Ney. In that corps the fourth regiment of the line, commanded by Fezensac, came to occupy the post of the greatest danger and difficulty as the very last of the rear-guard.

This was on the 4th of November.

'Before the break of day next morning,' says Fezensac, 'the third corps was called to arms, and prepared to march. At that time all the soldiers who had disbanded left their bivouacs, and came to join us. Those among them who were sick or wounded lingered near the fires, imploring us not to leave them in the enemy's hands. We had no means of transport for them, and we were obliged to pretend not to hear the wailings of those we were unable to relieve. As for the troop of wretches who had deserted their standards, although still able to bear arms, I ordered them to be repulsed with the butt-ends of our muskets; and I forewarned them that, in the event of the enemy's attack, I would have them fired upon if they caused us the smallest obstruction.'

On that same day, the 5th, Napoleon, with the vanguard, reached the small town of Dorogobuje. There he was assailed by cares of a different kind. He received despatches from Paris announcing the strange conspiracy of Malet—how an officer in prison could escape one night from his place of detention, could succeed in all the preliminary steps of revolution, could seize in their beds both General Savary, the Minister of Police, and General Hulin, the *commandant* of the city, and could

seem on the point of raising the flag of a new republic. '*Mais quoi !*' exclaimed Napoleon several times after he had heard these news ; '*on ne songeait donc pas à mon fils, à ma femme, aux institutions de l'Empire !*' And after each exclamation he relapsed again, says M. Thiers, into his painful thoughts, reflected and declared in his moody countenance.

The receipt of the same intelligence a few days later by some of the Emperor's suite is very graphically told by M. de Bausset. His memoirs, indeed, display a curious contrast to all others of the same place or period, coming forth with flashes of merriment in the midst of the darkest gloom. He informs us that on the morning of the 8th, still two marches from Smolensk, he found that during the night three of his carriage-horses had been stolen, and, as he supposed, already eaten by the soldiers. He bought some others to supply their place, but this operation delayed him, and he did not rejoin head-quarters till the most interesting moments of the day were passed.

'Les officiers de la Maison Impériale achevaient de dîner. Je m'étais assis, et me disposais à réparer le temps perdu, lorsque le Grand Maréchal (Duroc, Duc de Frioul), qui m'avait fait placer près de lui, me parla des nouvelles que l'estafette venait d'apporter. Mais la politique ne m'occupait guère. Il était question de la conspiration de Malet, de l'arrestation du Ministre de la Police et du Préfet de Police. Je croyais que le Grand Maréchal inventait ces nouvelles pour donner le change à la faim qui me consumait, car j'étais encore à jeun à sept heures du soir. Je lui répondis en riant que le tonnerre tombât-il à côté de moi, je ne perdrais pas un seul instant pour me dédommager de la diète que j'avais subie toute la journée.'

M. de Bausset owns, however, that when the newspapers from Paris were brought, and he saw the true state of the case, the mouthfuls began to stick in his throat.

We may add that M. de Bausset, as (in every sense) a prominent member of the Imperial household, appears to have been well cared for, even in the worst days of the retreat. Scarcely ever did he fail to find a corner at some Imperial table, or a seat at some Imperial *traineau*. By such means he could resist even a fit of the gout, which at this period most inopportunistly assailed him. Thus he was enabled to return to the Tuileries in good case ; and when two days afterwards he appeared at the Imperial levée—

'L'Empereur me fit beaucoup de questions sur la manière dont j'avais quitté l'armée, et me dit, en souriant avec amertume, que j'étais probablement le seul qui n'eût pas maigri dans cette longue retraite.'

Meanwhile, the French *corps d'armée*, front and rear, were cagerly

eagerly pressing forward to Smolensk. They had, as we have seen, suffered much from privations of food and of rest, from the burned-out peasantry, and the ever-vigilant Cossacks. But the worst of their enemies was still to come. On the 4th of November there fell the first flakes of snow. On the 5th their quantity augmented. On the 6th they grew to a storm, and the ground assumed for the season its winter robe of white. Sir Robert Wilson, then at the Russian head-quarters, describes as having first arisen on the 6th 'that razor-cutting wind which hardened the snow, and made it sparkle as it fell like small diamonds, whilst the air, under the effect of its contracting action, was filled with a continual ringing sound; and the atmosphere seemed to be rarefied till it became quite brisk and brittle.'

The sufferings of the French soldiers, long-tried and exhausted as they were, now became wellnigh unendurable.

* 'At a late hour of the 7th,' says M. de Fezensac, 'we reached the open plain in front of Dorogobuje. It was by far the coldest night that we had felt as yet; the snow was falling thickly, and the violence of the wind was such that no light could be kindled: besides that, the heather amidst which we lay would have afforded us but scanty materials for bivouac fires.'

In this march, as in every other during this part of the retreat, Marshal Ney had set his troops the most gallant example: always among the hindmost, here the post of danger; often with a soldier's musket in his hand; and not only, like Marshal Davoust, unshaken in firmness, but unlike him, ever cheerful, light-hearted, and serene. Next morning, with the aid of another *corps d'armée*, he endeavoured to hold Dorogobuje for the day with the rear-guard, so as to allow the corps in advance some time to save their artillery and baggage. But he found himself sharply assailed by the infantry of Miloradowitch. The enemy took the bridge across the Dnieper, and forced another post of Ney in front of the church. The French, after their night without food or fire, had to maintain the conflict knee-deep in the snow. By a bold charge they recovered the lost posts, but could not maintain them, and found it necessary to continue their retreat before it was cut off by the Russians.

With all this, the long-enduring soldiers of Napoleon, for the most part, did not fail in firmness, did not fail in patience, did not fail in attachment to their chief. Sir Robert Wilson says of the French, whom he saw as captives, that they could not be induced by any temptations, by any threats, by any privations, to cast reproach on their Emperor as the cause of their misfortunes and sufferings. It was 'the chance of war,' 'unavoidable difficulties,'

difficulties,' and 'destiny,' but 'not the fault of Napoleon.' 'The famished,' adds Sir Robert, 'dying of hunger, refused food rather than utter an injurious word against their chief to indulge and humour vindictive inquirers.'

But how terrible the fate of these brave captives, as Sir Robert Wilson proceeds to relate it!

'All prisoners were immediately and invariably stripped stark naked and marched in columns in that state, or turned adrift to be the sport and the victims of the peasantry, who would not always let them, as they sought to do, point and hold the muzzles of the guns against their own heads or hearts to terminate their sufferings in the most certain and expeditious manner; for the peasantry thought that this mitigation of torture would be an offence against the avenging God of Russia, and deprive them of His further protection.'

Sir Robert Wilson proceeds to give some particular instances, more life-like and appalling perhaps than can be any general description, however clear and precise. One day, as he was riding forward with General Miloradowitch and his staff on the high road, about a mile from Wiasma, they found a crowd of peasant-women with sticks in their hands, hopping round a felled pine-tree, on each side of which lay about sixty naked prisoners prostrate, but with their heads on the tree, which these furies were striking in accompaniment to a national air or song, yelled by them in concert, while several hundred armed peasants were quietly looking on as guardians of the direful orgies. When the cavalcade approached, the sufferers uttered piercing shrieks, and kept incessantly crying, '*La mort, la mort, la mort!*'

Another afternoon, when Sir Robert was on the march with General Beningsen, they fell in with a column of 700 naked prisoners under a Cossack escort. This column, according to the certificate given on starting, had consisted of 1250 men, and the commandant stated that he had twice renewed it, as the original party dropped off, from the prisoners he collected *en route*, and that he was then about completing his number again.

The meeting with this last miserable convoy was marked by one strange act of cold-blooded ferocity which Sir Robert has related. He tells it of a Russian officer 'of high titular rank,' without mentioning the name, but from a note preserved among his papers we learn that it was no other than the heir presumptive to the Crown, the Grand Duke Constantine. Sir Robert says that in this group of naked prisoners was a young man who kept a little aloof from the main band, and who attracted notice by his superior appearance. The Grand Duke, after entering into some conversation with him about his country, rank, and capture,

capture, asked him if he did not, under present circumstances, wish for death? 'Yes,' said the unhappy man, 'I do, if I cannot be rescued, for I know I must in a few hours perish by hunger or by the Cossack lance, as I have seen so many hundreds of my comrades do before me. There are those in France who will lament my fate; and for their sake I should wish to return. But if that be impossible, the sooner this ignominy and suffering are over the better.' To this the Grand Duke calmly answered that from the bottom of his heart he pitied the other's fate, but that aid for his preservation was impossible; if, however, he really wished to die at once and would lie down on his back, he, the Grand Duke, to give proof of the interest he took in him, would himself inflict the death-blow on his throat!

General Beningsen was then at some little distance in front, but Sir Robert Wilson, who had stopped to hear the conversation, ventured to remonstrate with his Imperial Highness on the very peculiar proof of interest which he offered to give, urging the absolute necessity of saving the unfortunate French officer, after having excited hopes by engaging in a discourse with him. Sir Robert found, however, that the Grand Duke had no inclination to relinquish his first idea; upon which he eagerly spurred forward to overtake and bring back General Beningsen. But, happening to turn round before he could reach the General, he saw his Imperial Highness, who had dismounted, strike with his sabre a blow at the French officer that nearly severed the head from the body. Nor, adds Sir Robert, could the Grand Duke ever afterwards be made to understand that he had done a reprehensible thing. He defended it by the motive and by the relief which he had afforded to the sufferer, there being no means to save him, and, if there had been, no man daring to employ them.

Such was an early and no doubt sufficient token of that in-born ferocity of temper which many years afterwards Constantine more clearly brought to light as Governor of Poland, and which rendered necessary even to his own perception his resignation of his hereditary rights as eventual successor to the throne.

Far different, nay, directly opposite, were the sentiments of Alexander. When he received accounts from General Wilson and others of the frequent atrocities and various modes of torture practised by the peasantry, the Emperor at once by an express courier transmitted an order forbidding all such acts under the severest threats of his displeasure and punishment. At the same time he directed that a ducat in gold should be paid for every prisoner delivered up by peasant or soldier to any civil authority for safe custody. The decree was most humane and well worthy Alexander's just renown; yet in too many cases it remained only
a dead

a dead letter. The conductors, as Sir Robert informs us, were frequently offered a higher price to surrender their charge as victims to private vengeance. Nor could the rage of the peasantry be at once restrained. How, indeed, expect mercy from men whose wives and children were at that time wandering helpless on the snow, their houses burned down perhaps by these very soldiers in consequence of Napoleon's command? Then it was that the utter impolicy of that command to set on fire all the villages in the line of retreat, its impolicy as well as its signal cruelty, grew manifest to all.

In this tremendous retreat more compassion was occasionally shown by dogs than by men:—

'Innumerable dogs,' thus writes Sir Robert Wilson, 'crouched on the bodies of their former masters, looking in their faces, and howling their hunger and loss. Others, on the contrary, were tearing the still living flesh from the feet, hands, and limbs of still living wretches who could not defend themselves, and whose torment was still greater as in many cases their consciousness and senses remained unimpaired.'

One particular instance is added. At the commencement of the retreat, at a village near Selino, a detachment of fifty French had been surprised. The peasants resolved to bury them alive in a pit; a drummer-boy bravely led the devoted party and sprang into the grave. A dog belonging to one of the victims could not be secured. Every day this dog went to the neighbouring camp and came back with a bit of food in his mouth to sit and moan over the newly-turned earth. It was a fortnight before he could be killed by the peasants, who were afraid of discovery. 'They showed me the spot,' adds Wilson, 'and related the occurrence with exultation, as though they had performed a meritorious deed.'

Ghastly, most ghastly, must have been the line of the French retreat, as the notes of Sir Robert describe it:—

'From that time the road was strewed with guns, tumbrils, equipages, men, and horses; for no foraging parties could quit the high-road in search of provisions; and consequently the debility hourly increased. Thousands of horses soon lay groaning on the route, with great pieces of flesh cut off their necks and most fleshy parts by the passing soldiery for food; whilst thousands of naked wretches were wandering like spectres who seemed to have no sight or sense, and who only kept reeling on till frost, famine, or the Cossack lance put an end to their power of motion. In that wretched state no nourishment could have saved them. There were continual instances, even amongst the Russians, of their lying down, dozing, and dying within a quarter of an hour after a little bread had been supplied.'

We should observe that it was not only from want of forage or
from

from fatigue that such numbers of French horses fell. There was also another cause pointed out with exultation by their enemy. Thus, on the morning of the 5th, on coming to the first bivouac which the French had left, some Cossacks in attendance on Sir Robert Wilson, seeing a gun and several tumbrils at the bottom of a ravine with the horses lying on the ground, dismounted, and, taking up the feet of several, hallooed, and ran to kiss Sir Robert's knees and horse, making all the while fantastic gestures like crazy men. When their ecstasy had a little subsided, they pointed to the horses' shoes, and said, 'God has made Napoleon forget that there is a winter in our country. In spite of Kutusof the enemy's bones shall remain in Russia.'

It was soon ascertained that the needful precaution of *roughing* had been neglected with all the horses of the Imperial army, except only those of the Polish corps and also the Emperor's own, which Coulaincourt (Duke de Vicence), under whom was that department, had, with due foresight, always kept rough-shod according to the Russian usage.

Such is the positive statement of Sir Robert Wilson, who was upon the spot at the time. But it is only just to observe that there are some remarks of the Duke of Wellington which point to an exactly opposite conclusion :—

'Then we are told that the loss was occasioned because the French horses were not rough-shod. . . . But the excuse is not founded in fact. Those who have followed a French army well know that their horses are always rough-shod. It is the common mode of shoeing horses in France; and in this respect a French army ought to, and would have, suffered less inconvenience than any army that ever was assembled.'

As though these manifold causes of distress did not suffice, the French soldiers at this period also suffered severely from the want of warm clothes. When they had marched forward in the months of July and August the weather was extremely hot. They were glad to leave stored up in Poland their heavy capotes and their woollen trowsers. They expected that the care of their chiefs would provide them with winter necessaries before the winter came. In that expectation they found themselves deceived. No stores of comfortable clothing met them on their homeward march. They had found, indeed, fur-dresses among the spoils of the burning capital, but had for the most part sold them to their officers. Either therefore they had to wrap themselves in any garments, sometimes even female garments, which they happened to have brought from Moscow, or else to endure as best they might the growing severity of the cold. On the 9th of November Réaumur's thermometer fell in that region to 12° below

below zero, equivalent to 5° of Fahrenheit, and on the 12th to 17°, or according to Fahrenheit 6°, below zero. 'Many men,' adds Sir Robert Wilson, 'were frozen to death, and great numbers had their limbs, noses, and cheeks frozen.'

With two such facts before us—the neglect to rough-shoe the horses except those for the Emperor's use, and the omission of effective measures for the despatch in due time of the winter clothing—we must own ourselves unable to concur in the panegyrics on the Emperor's far-sighted policy, his close attention to details, and his provident care for his army, which are poured forth by his indiscriminate admirers even as to this campaign. That Napoleon possessed these qualities in a most eminent degree, we should be among the last persons to deny. But we must be allowed to think that he by no means evinced these qualities in the orders for his Moscow retreat. It would seem as if a long period of splendid successes and of uncontrolled authority had a tendency to perplex and unsettle even the highest faculties of mind. How else explain that Napoleon showed so little prescience of the coming Russian winter, as though by *ignoring* its approach that approach would be really delayed?

We may observe that the French eye-witnesses describe the horrors of this retreat in quite as vivid terms as either the Russians or the English. Thus speaks M. de Fezensac of the period between Dorogobuje and Smolensk:—

'Since we were at the rearguard, all the men who left the road in quest of food fell into the hands of the enemy, whose pursuit grew day by day more active. The severity of the cold came to augment our difficulties and sufferings. Many soldiers, exhausted with fatigue, flung away their muskets to walk singly. They halted wherever they found a piece of wood for burning, by which they could cook a morsel of horse-flesh or a handful of flour, if, indeed, none of their comrades came and snatched from them these their sole remaining resources. For our soldiers, dying of hunger, took by force from all the disbanded men whatever provisions they bore, and the latter might deem themselves fortunate if they were not also despoiled of their clothes. Thus, after having laid waste this entire region, we were now reduced to destroy each other; and this extreme course had become a necessity of war. It was requisite at all hazards to preserve those soldiers who had continued true to their standard, and who alone at the rearguard sustained the enemy's assaults. As for those disbanded men who no longer belonged to any regiment, and could no longer render any service, they had no claim at all on our pity. Under these circumstances the road along which we journeyed bore the likeness of a field of battle. Soldiers who had resisted cold and fatigue succumbed to the torments of hunger; others who had kept a few provisions found themselves too much enfeebled to follow the march, and remained in the enemy's power. Some had their limbs frozen, and expired where they

they had dropped down on the snow; others fell asleep in villages and perished in the flames which their own companions had kindled. I saw at Dorogobuje a soldier of my regiment upon whom destitution had produced the same effects as drunkenness; he was close to us without knowing us again; he asked us where was his regiment; he mentioned by name other soldiers, and spoke to them as though to strangers; his gait was tottering, and his looks were wild. He disappeared at the beginning of the action, and I never saw him again. Several *cantinières* and soldiers' wives belonging to the regiments which preceded us in the line of march were in our midst. Several of these poor women had a young child to carry; and notwithstanding the egotism then so prevalent among us, every one was eager in rendering them his aid. Our drum-major bore for a long time an infant in his arms. I also during several days gave places to a woman and her baby in a small cart that I still had; but what could such feeble succour avail against so many sufferings, or could we alleviate the calamities which we were condemned to share?

Instances like these of tenderness and kindly feeling appear, we think, doubly touching, doubly admirable, in the midst of such wide-spread and terrible woe. In a later passage of his journal, Fezensac commemorates the fate of an officer of his regiment who had married in France before the commencement of this fatal campaign. Worn out with fatigue, he was found dead one morning by the side of a bivouac-fire, still holding the miniature of his wife close-pressed upon his heart.

Such, then, was the march to Smolensk. Of that city, as it appeared in 1778 and continued till 1812, a full description may be found in Coxe's Travels. He says that, though by no means the most magnificent, it was by far the most singular town he had ever seen. But to the French, in November 1812, the name bore a fanciful charm as Eldorado in old times to the Spaniards, Smolensk! Smolensk! was now the general cry. Smolensk was to supply all their wants; Smolensk was to be the term of their retreat. Every eye was eagerly strained to catch the first glimpse of its antique towers, crowning its two irregular hills, and emerging from the vast plains of wintry snow.

But alas for these too sanguine hopes! From the difficulties which had been found of transport, and the want of precise orders as to the line of homeward march, the magazines of this city were by no means such as had been expected and announced. They would afford resources for a halt of days, but not for a sojourn of months.

Napoleon, at the head of the foremost *corps*, reached Smolensk on the 9th of November. He gave orders that ample distributions should be made to his Guards, and that the gates should be shut against the other divisions of his army as they came. But
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it was found impossible to maintain that exclusion. The late comers—some of whom had so recently fought and bled and endured every extremity of hardship for the protection of their vanguard—would not bear to be shut out. They burst through the gates, and, finding no progress made in the distributions of food that were promised them, they next broke open the magazines. '*On pille les magasins !*' was the cry that now arose in the French ranks. Every soldier rushed to the scene to secure his own part in the plunder. It was some time ere order could be restored, and the remnant of provisions be saved for the corps of Davoust and Prince Eugene. The rear under Ney was even less fortunate. Having had on the 11th another fierce conflict to sustain against the Russians, it did not appear before Smolensk till the 14th. By that time everything had been wasted or devoured. 'When I went into the city,' says Fezensac, 'I could find nothing at all for my regiment or myself. We had to resign ourselves to our dismal prospect of continuing our march without any distribution of food.'

At Smolensk, however, Napoleon roused himself from the lethargy which, as M. Thiers admits, seems to have benumbed him during the first days of the retreat. He made strenuous efforts to re-organise his army, but found the main causes of its dissolution beyond his control. The division of Prince Eugene, marching a little to the northward, had lost nearly all its artillery at the encumbered and disastrous passage of a small river, the Vop. Altogether 380 pieces of cannon had been taken or left behind. The fighting men in rank and file were now less than one-half of what they had been when the army left Moscow. On the other hand, some reinforcements appeared at Smolensk, both of horse and foot, belonging to the division of General Baraguay d'Hilliers, and these Napoleon distributed among the several corps so as in some degree to recruit their far-diminished numbers.

Besides the argument to be derived from the failing magazines, there were other strong reasons against a continued sojourn at Smolensk. Napoleon had received unfavourable accounts from both his flanks. On his right, as it became in his homeward movement, the Russian General Wittgenstein had repulsed St. Cyr, had retaken Polotsk, and was marching south. On the left the Russians had succeeded in concluding a peace with Turkey, so that Admiral Tchitchakof, who commanded their army in that quarter, had become free of his movements, and was marching north. It was not difficult to conjecture whither these two chiefs were separately tending. About half-way between Smolensk and Wilna rolls a wide river, the Beresina, so rapid in its stream

as not to be readily congealed by the first frosts. The bridge across that river, in the line of the French retreat, lay at the little town of Borisow. If, then, either Wittgenstein or Tchitchakof could reach this position and seize it before Napoleon—still more if both could be combined—the French retreat would be intercepted, and the French army, including its Emperor, might be compelled to lay down its arms.

Conscious that there was no time to lose in continuing the retreat, Napoleon set out from Smolensk on the 14th at the head of his Guards. But seeing how much the other divisions which had arrived after him stood in need of rest, he gave orders that they should depart successively on the 15th and 16th, while Ney, who commanded the last, and had to complete the evacuation of the city, should remain till the morning of the 17th. By this system three days' march would intervene between the front of the army and its rear. It was a wise course so far as the refreshment of the troops was concerned, but not judicious inasmuch as it overlooked the fact that, by the recent enormous losses of the French army, the Russians had come to exceed it in numbers. It was not hard to foresee that Kutusof, if he found his enemies thus disseminated, would endeavour to cut off their divisions in detail.

This is precisely what in fact occurred. The Russian army, moving forward while the French was taking rest, had advanced to Krasnoi, two marches beyond Smolensk, and occupied a strong position on the side of a steep ravine through which the French would have to pass. When Napoleon appeared at that defile, on the afternoon of the 15th, the Russians had not yet completed their preparations, and allowed the French to go through. But when, on the 16th, there came up the division of Prince Eugene, it was confronted by an iron wall of soldiers and by ranges of cannon ready to play. Eugene charged these obstacles with his usual gallantry, but without success; and he saw in a short time the ground strewn with two thousand of his men; dead or wounded, it was much the same, since none of the latter could be moved. He found it requisite at night to attempt a side-march to the right, avoiding the ravine by the plain along the Dnieper, and thus (his men treading softly on the snow) he was enabled, after heavy loss, to rejoin the Emperor at Krasnoi.

The difficulties of this day appear to have convinced Napoleon of the error he had committed in the dissemination of his army. Early on the 17th he marched back from Krasnoi to the ravine, and drew out the Guards in battle-order ready to support the division of Davoust. By such aid Davoust, though sharply beset, was enabled to effect his junction. But both he, and

Prince Eugene the day before, lost in that perilous pass the greater part of their remaining artillery and baggage.

There was no further time to lose. On the 14th the Réaumur thermometer had fallen to 20 degrees below zero, that is to 13 below zero of Fahrenheit. Since then, however, there had been some remission of the cold, and even some commencement of a thaw. It was doubtful whether the ice upon the Dnieper would be firm enough to bear the weight of cannon and baggage, or even of horses and men. It became therefore of primary importance to secure the bridge across that river at the little town of Orcha, and in the due line of the retreat. Orcha was two marches from Krasnoi, and the Russians, of whom a large body was already in movement towards that post, would undoubtedly seize and hold it unless they were anticipated by the French.

In this exigency, Napoleon set forth in all haste at the head of his Guards, and he did succeed in reaching Orcha in sufficient time. He left to Marshal Davoust two orders; the one to keep close to Mortier, who commanded the hindmost division of the Guards; the other to support and sustain the advance of Marshal Ney. These orders were in fact contradictory, and Napoleon must have felt that they were so, but he was unwilling to take upon himself in explicit terms the terrible responsibility of leaving to their fate Marshal Ney and the whole rearguard. Davoust, in this choice of difficulties, deemed it—and he probably was right—the superior duty to rejoin the main body, and he accordingly marched onward to Orcha. Worse still, he was prevented, by the want of safe communication, from sending any notice to Ney of his intended departure.

Ney therefore remained entirely ignorant of the extreme peril to which he was exposed. He marched forward on the morning of the 17th, having first, according to his orders, blown up the defences of Smolensk and set the buildings on fire—orders that certainly had not in any measure consulted the welfare of the numerous French, sick and wounded, who in this very town were left in the enemy's hands. Next day he came up with the Russian army at the defile in front of Krasnoi. He made a most gallant charge, and trusted to force his way, but his division was only of six thousand men with six pieces of cannon, while the Russians had wellnigh fifty thousand men with large well-appointed batteries. Notwithstanding the intrepidity of his veterans, the result could not be doubtful. He was repulsed with heavy loss; and in the evening he received a flag of truce from General Miloradowitch, offering him a capitulation on most honourable terms. He now learnt that the other French divisions

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were already at or near Orcha, and that he was separated from them by the Russian army intervening, by the river Dnieper, and by more than fifteen leagues of distance. How many commanders in his place would have utterly despaired!

But the constancy of Ney was unshaken. He vouchsafed no answer at all to the flag of truce; only he retained the officer lest Miloradowitch should gather any news of his design. Towards sunset he set his troops in movement through the open fields to his right. In these critical moments, says Fezensac, his countenance showed neither irresolution nor uneasiness; all eyes were turned to him, but no one for a long time presumed to put him any question. At length, seeing near him one of his officers—perhaps Fezensac himself—the following dialogue passed, which Fezensac relates:—

‘Le Maréchal lui dit à demi-voix: “*Nous ne sommes pas bien.*” “*Qu’allez vous faire?*” répondit l’officier.—“*Passer le Dnieper.*”—“*Où est le chemin?*”—“*Nous le trouverons.*”—“*Et s’il n’est pas gelé?*”—“*Il le sera.*”—“*A la bonne heure!*” dit l’officier. Ce singulier dialogue, que je rapporte textuellement, révéla le projet du Maréchal de gagner Orcha par la rive gauche du fleuve, et assez rapidement pour y trouver encore l’armée qui faisait son mouvement par la rive gauche.’

To carry out this daring design, the first object—marching in the dark and across fields—was to find the river. Marshal Ney, with the ready instinct of a good commander, that knows how to derive aid even from the most trifling circumstances, seeing some ice before him, ordered it to be broken, and observed the direction of the water that ran beneath, rightly concluding that the streamlet must be one of the Dnieper confluent. Guided by this indication he reached the river’s bank, and found there a small village. Happily for his object the river was found to be frozen—sufficiently at least to bear men, and even with great precaution some horses, though not artillery or baggage. It was also judged impossible to convey any further the wounded made in the action of that morning, who were accordingly left behind in spite of their entreaties and cries. In that manner, towards midnight, the Dnieper was successfully passed, and the troops without further respite resumed their march. Before daylight they came to another village, where they found a party of Cossacks fast asleep; these were taken prisoners or put to the sword.

Weary as were the soldiers, their safety—and they knew it—was entirely dependent on their pushing on. They met some parties of Cossacks, who however retired before them. At mid-day they came to two more villages, upon a height, where

they were happy in finding some provisions. But in the afternoon it was no longer an outpost or two of the enemy with which they had to deal; Platof and all his Cossacks were upon them. Exhausted as they were by fatigue, and inferior in numbers, it became necessary for them to quit the track, so as to avoid the risk of a cavalry charge, and to move along the pine-woods that bordered the Dnieper on that side. Darkness came, and still they struggled on beneath the trees, often separated from each other, and under circumstances when a wound might be deemed equivalent to death. M. de Fezensac has described the scene as only an eye-witness could :—

‘Les Cosaques nous criaient de nous rendre, et tiraient à bout-portant au milieu de nous ; ceux qui étaient frappés restaient abandonnés. Un sergent eut la jambe fracassée d’un coup de carabine. Il tomba à côté de moi, en disant froidement à ses camarades : *Voilà un homme perdu ; prenez mon sac ; vous en profiterez.* On prit son sac, et nous l’abandonnâmes en silence. Deux officiers blessés eurent le même sort. . . . Tel qui avait été un héros sur le champ de bataille paraissait alors inquiet et troublé.’

Still more evil was their plight when the pine-woods ended, and they had to stagger onwards through the open country, painfully climbing several steep ravines, and exposed not only to the enemy’s horsemen, but to his field artillery. For the greater part of the next day, Marshal Ney took position on a height and stood on the defensive. It was not till the return of darkness that he resumed his toilsome march. Meanwhile he had sent forward a Polish officer to make his way if possible to Orcha, and announce to the French chiefs his approach.

During this time, at the French head-quarters, Napoleon, having secured his passage of the Dnieper, looked back with extreme anxiety to his gallant and forsaken rearguard. He took up his own quarters some leagues onward on the Borisow road, but instructed Prince Eugene and Davoust to remain one or two days longer at Orcha, ready, if there were still any possibility of aid, to succour Ney. Under these circumstances the two chiefs welcomed with most heartfelt delight the news which the Polish officer brought them. Prince Eugene at once led forth a part of his division to receive and welcome *le brave des braves*. Thus when, at one league from Orcha, the first men of Ney’s feeble column saw close before them a body of troops, they found with inexpressible joy their cry of *Qui vive ?* answered in French. Another moment and Ney and Eugene were locked in each other’s arms. One must have passed, says De Fezensac, as we had, three days between life and death, to judge in full measure of the ecstasy which this meeting gave us.

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Nor was Napoleon himself less elated. M. de Bausset was then in attendance upon him at the country house of Baranoui, some leagues beyond Orcha, and he bears witness to the pangs of suspense which the Emperor endured. At length the good news of Ney's safety came. They were brought by General Gourgaud—the same who subsequently shared the captivity of St. Helena. Napoleon, who was then sitting at breakfast, showed the most lively satisfaction. '*J'ai plus de quatre cent millions dans les caves des Tuileries; je les aurais donnés avec reconnaissance pour la rançon de mon fidèle compagnon d'armes.*' Such were the words he spoke; or as M. de Bausset puts it more in a Lord Chamberlain's style, '*Tels sont les mots que j'entendis sortir de la bouche de l'Empereur.*'

The triumph of Ney, however, was dearly bought. Of the six thousand men with whom he had marched out of Smolensk he brought less than one thousand to Orcha. But he had maintained the glory of his eagles; he had spared a French Marshal and a French *corps d'armée* the dishonour of capitulation.

The losses sustained by the divers French corps at Krasnoi, and in the two marches beyond it, are computed by the French writers at ten or twelve thousand men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Of the whole *Grande Armée* there remained at Orcha no more than 24,000 men in rank and line, and about an equal number of disbanded soldiers partly without arms. The cavalry was almost extinct. In this extremity, Napoleon formed the greater number of the officers who still retained a horse into a body-guard, which he called *l'Escadron Sacré*. Here the Captains took the part of privates and the Colonels of subalterns, while the Generals served as regimental chiefs.

Thus far diminished, and still diminishing, the mass pursued its dismal movement to the Beresina. There was now a thaw, and the soldiers, with worn-out shoes, and with the trees dripping down upon them, toiled painfully along through the mire. Every day was marked with some new incident, evincing, more than could any general description, the extremities that they endured. At Liady, for instance—but this was even before Orcha—some three hundred men of the First Corps, clustering together, had lain down in a barn for their night's rest. But the barn caught fire, and these poor men had become so linked and entangled one with the other that none could escape. Only one was found half dead, but still breathing, and he in mercy was despatched with two musket-balls.

Another day upon the march the troops observed some combs of honey near the summit of a lofty tree. There were no side-branches,

branches, and to climb seemed a perilous venture; nevertheless some soldiers, thinking they might as well die of a fall as of famine, made the attempt and reached the place. Then they threw down the combs by morsels, on which their comrades below ravenously pounced, 'like so many famished hounds,' says Fezensac, who was present at this painful scene.

The Emperor was now looking forward to a junction on the Beresina with two of his *corps d'armée*—those of Marshal Oudinot and Marshal Victor—coming from the flank army on his north. The two Marshals had sustained some heavy losses, but could still bring him, together, at least 25,000 excellent soldiers. On the other hand, he could no longer indulge the hope of securing without obstacle the passage of the river. The Russians under Tchitchakof had reached Borisow, routed the Polish garrison, and burnt the Beresina bridge. It would be requisite to span the river at some other point by a new bridge as rapidly as possible, and unperceived by the Russians. And here the improvidence of the arrangements for this retreat became once more apparent. There was with the army an excellent veteran officer of engineers, General Eblé. There were under his command some scores of experienced pontoniers. There was a double pontoon train (sixty in number) which was left at Orcha in the advance to Moscow, and which was found still at Orcha on the return. General Eblé earnestly pressed Napoleon to take forward at least fifteen of these pontoons, so as to secure within two or three hours the construction of a bridge, should any be found needful. But this the pride of the Emperor forbade. He preferred that the fresh draught-horses ready at Orcha for this service should be employed in dragging onward some more pieces of artillery. All that could be obtained by General Eblé was authority to transport materials for the far less expeditious *pont de chevaux*. It was almost surreptitiously that he added six tumbrils, containing the necessary tools and implements.

Yet, as it proved, it was solely on these *chevalets*—on these tools and implements—that the safety of the whole depended. There is no exaggeration in saying that but for them every man of the *Grand Armée* must have laid down his arms. For on the 24th the weather changed and the frost returned, though not in its full severity; consequently during the next few days the Beresina proved to be in the state of all others most unfavourable for a passage—not bound fast by frost, and on the other hand not free from floating ice. When with great difficulty and some good fortune a ford was discovered at Studianka, several leagues to the north of Borisow, it appeared that only men on horseback could

could pass, and that with extreme risk, since the huge blocks whirled along by the current would often strike down and overwhelm both horse and man.

Studianka was seized by a French detachment, while the Russians were amused by a feint of Napoleon at Borisow. Some cavalry soldiers, each taking another man behind him, rode boldly through the ford and secured the opposite bank. Then on the 25th General Eblé commenced the construction of a double bridge—the one for the artillery and baggage, the other for the horse or men on foot. The brave pontoniers, faithful to the voice of their admirable chief, plunged into the icy stream and continued at their work through the night. It was not merely the icy stream and the winter season—it was not merely the toil by night and day—but these much-enduring men had no nourishing food, no fermented drinks, to sustain them—not one ounce of bread, not one spoonful of brandy. There was only some hot broth made of horseflesh, and without salt, which was served out to them from time to time.

By unremitting exertions on the part of these devoted soldiers the bridges were completed in the course of the 26th, and the passage began. Meanwhile the Russians, at length apprised of Napoleon's real design, made some furious onsets on his rear, which, however, was well supported by the newly-arrived corps of Oudinot and Victor. These two Marshals here sustained a heavy loss of men, which the diminished army could ill spare. Nor could the passage be effected without further hindrance and delay. Several of the *chevalets* sank beneath the weight and were submerged. It became necessary again and again to send back into the water the heroic pontoniers, quivering as they were with cold, and faint with unsatisfied hunger. The icicles which gathered round their shoulders as they worked and which tore their flesh caused them cruel pain, and many were struck and maimed by the floating blocks; but still the survivors persevered.

General Eblé, in spite of his advanced years, had by no means spared himself, but plunged like his men into the fatal stream. He paid the penalty of his noble conduct a few weeks afterwards, dying in the military hospital at Königsberg of a *fièvre de congélation*—a dreadful malady, not confined to those who had suffered from frost or cold, but contagious as the plague, and in which, after grievous suffering, the limbs seem to lose their vital power and to rot away. Many of his pontoniers underwent the like or even an earlier doom. Of about one hundred who had wrought in these waters at his call, it is stated by M. Thiers that ultimately no more than twelve survived.

Such of our readers as are conversant with the lighter literature
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of modern France, will no doubt remember the great skill with which M. de Balzac, in his '*Médecin de Campagne*,' has portrayed *Gondrin*, whom he describes as the last of these Beresina pontoniers. How true to nature the complaint of the untaught man against those who have obtained promotion over his head, *les intrigans qui savent lire et écrire!* and how graphic his account of the clerks at the War Office, '*ces gens qui passent leur vie à se chauffer dans les bureaux! Ils m'ont demandé mes papiers!* "*Mes papiers?*" *leur ai-je dit, mais c'est le vingt-neuvième bulletin.*'

We return to the Beresina. Although two days, the 27th and 28th, were devoted to the passage, it was but imperfectly effected; for, besides the occasional breaking down of the bridges and the necessity for fresh repairs, the access to them was constantly impeded by the tangled mass of carts and carriages. Many of these were upset—many others crushed together, or pushed forward into the river. It was a scene of indescribable confusion, evincing that fierce selfishness which long suffering produces. There was the explosion of tumbrils carelessly ignited—there was the stamp of horses rushing wildly through the crowd—there was the wail of women and children—there was the crash of the artillery pressed onward by the cannoniers over the living and the dead. On that last day, moreover, the French troops had to sustain, not on one bank only of the river but on both, the repeated and desperate onsets of the Russians.

The French positions however were, as usual, most gallantly maintained. Only one division, that of General Partouneaux, missing its route and surrounded by twenty times its numbers, was compelled to lay down its arms. But Marshal Victor, who had held the effective rearguard covering the bridges, was enabled to cross the Beresina unmolested after nightfall. Then, the whole army having passed, it became of urgent importance to destroy the bridges on the morning of the 29th, so as to prevent, or at all events delay, the Russian pursuit. There then still remained upon the eastern side a confused multitude, comprising the weakest and most helpless of the camp-followers, and numbering it was thought between 6000 and 8000. Napoleon had sent directions to fire the trains at seven in the morning; but the kind-hearted Eblé, anxious to save some more from that multitude beyond, who with eager efforts were now feebly struggling across the encumbered bridges, delayed the order on his own responsibility until nearly nine: then, seeing the enemy advancing and ready to pass, he—turning aside his head not to view the grievous scene—gave the fatal word. Instantly the two bridges blew up, with all the poor wretches upon them. Then, even amidst the roar of the explosion, there arose from the opposite shore the wild and despairing

despairing shriek of the people left behind. Wounded men and helpless women, and half-unconscious little children, were seen with bitter tears to stretch forth their arms in last farewell towards their countrymen, compelled by a dire necessity to leave them to their doom. Many flung themselves madly upon the fragments of the flaming bridges—others as madly dashed into the river. As to the main mass their fate was soon decided. The hovering Cossacks, seeing them forsaken, darted down at full gallop upon them. They speared as though in playful mood the first of the crowd they came upon, and the rest they drove before them at their lance's point, like a flock of sheep. How many may have lived through the miseries of that captivity is known to God alone; but it is believed that scarce any of the number ever again beheld their native land.

Meanwhile the French army, or rather the sad remains of it, pursued its dreary route to Wilna, still fifty-four leagues distant. It was, as usual, harassed and beset by swarms of Cossacks, but was faintly pursued on the part of the Russian Generals, who must have felt reluctant to suffer further losses of their men while the elements were warring on their side. The frost had become more rigorous than ever, the thermometer of Réaumur having fallen on some occasions so low as thirty degrees below zero, equivalent to thirty-five below zero of Fahrenheit. Such extremity of cold can be ill endured by men from a milder clime, even when provided with warm beds and nourishing food. What agony, then, must it have inflicted on that famishing crowd, compelled in many cases to make their pillows of mounds of snow!

Sir Robert Wilson, who was present in the Russian camp, has well described the scene. 'The sky,' he says, 'was generally clear, and there was a subtle, keen, razor-cutting, creeping wind, that penetrated skin, muscle, and bone to the very marrow, rendering the surface as white and the whole limb affected as fragile as alabaster. Sometimes there was a *foudroyant* seizure that benumbed at once the whole frame.' It is no wonder, then, that Sir Robert should proceed to state of the French troops, 'A general recklessness confounded all ranks, command ceased, and it became a *saute qui peut* at a funeral pace.'

Not at all more favourable is the account of the French themselves. M. de Fezensac declares that this period was the most disastrous of the whole retreat:—

'Let any one,' he says, 'conceive the sight of plains as far as the eye could extend, all covered with snow—long forests of pine-trees—villages half burned down and deserted—and in the midst of these dismal scenes an immense column of suffering wretches, nearly all without arms, marching pell-mell, and falling again and again upon the

the ice by the side of their dead horses and dead comrades. Their faces bore the impress of extreme dejection, nay, despair; their eyes were quenched, their features decomposed and quite black with grime and smoke. Strips of sheepskin or pieces of cloth served them instead of shoes; their heads were swathed round with tatters; and their shoulders covered with horse-cloths, women's petticoats, or half-scorched hides. All such means of warmth had their value, for, whenever any man fell from fatigue, his comrades, at once, and without waiting for his death, despoiled him of his rags for themselves to wear. Each nightly bivouac came to resemble a battle-field the next morning, and one was wont to find dead at one's side the men next to whom one had lain down the evening before.'

Even the Imperial *cortège* had a share in these terrible sufferings. M. de Fezensac, who came up with it on the 3rd of December, between Ilia and Molodetschno, declares that no one who remembered its splendour at the beginning of the campaign would have known it again. The Guard was marching with disordered ranks and with sorrowing and reproachful faces. The Emperor was shut up in a carriage with the Prince de Neufchatel (Berthier). Behind him followed a small number of equipages, of led horses, and of mules—the scanty remnant from such great disasters. The aides-de-camp of Napoleon, as well as those of Berthier, walked on foot, holding by the bridle their horses, which could scarcely keep upright. Sometimes, to obtain a little rest, they sat behind the Emperor's carriage. In the midst of this sad procession, feebly tottered a crowd of disabled men pell-mell from all the regiments, while the gloomy forest of pines through which it was wending appeared like a black frame around the dismal picture.

Even here the gaiety of M. de Bausset does not quite forsake him. He states that the civilians in the Emperor's train were exposed to the enemy's attack about this time, when having once by accident outstripped their ordinary escort they found themselves surrounded by Cossacks. But they called for aid to the brave Belliard, *Colonel-Général des Dragons*, who, though wounded, sprang from his carriage, and, gathering some soldiers round him, put 'the birds of prey' to flight. The *costume* of the General, as he had assumed it for warmth, is here described. He wore over his uniform a lady's spencer of pink satin, well lined inside with fur. Before their flight the Cossacks had, however, some time for plunder; they bore away *les papiers de la Chancellerie*, and also *les provisions de bouche* secured for that day to the auditors: *C'était faire la plus grande perte possible dans la position où nous étions*. This terrible loss of his expected meal appears to have roused the Lord Chamberlain to a most unusual frenzy.

frenzy. '*C'est la seule fois dans ma vie que je me sois senti saisis de l'envie d'atteindre un ennemi !*'

A more amiable feature in M. de Bausset's character was his constant kindness to the unfortunate actors and actresses who had been under his direction at Moscow. Many of them dropped off during the retreat, and M. de Bausset never heard of them again. Madame Bursay, the *directrice*, evinced a lofty courage. She was intent on saving two things—first, a young lady and friend of her troop, Madame André; and secondly, a manuscript poem of her own '*De la Médiocrité*,' from which she expected future fame. M. de Bausset relates how beyond Krasnoi the wheels of the carriage that conveyed them were dashed to pieces by the enemy's cannon-balls, upon which Madame Bursay made her way on foot to the head-quarters at Liady, supporting in her arms and almost carrying her companion, who had swooned and was half dead with fear. They arrived before the bivouac fire at one in the morning, Madame Bursay still firmly clutching her poem '*De la Médiocrité*,' *qu'elle tenait roulé dans sa main comme un Maréchal d'Empire aurait tenu son bâton de commandement*. The influence of De Bausset obtained for these ladies two remaining places in a *fourgon impérial*, and they succeeded, amidst many other dangers, in passing the Beresina and in reaching France. But the health of Madame André had failed from so much hardship, and she died within two months of her return.

Other escapes there were, as Fezensac reports them, truly marvellous amidst such scenes, and evincing in many cases the utmost sympathy and kindness from the poor perishing soldiers. One man, a drummer in the 7th, led his sick wife, a *cantinière* of the same regiment, in a small horse-car from Moscow to Smolensk. There the horse died, and the man yoked himself to the car in the horse's place. Incredible as the effort seems, he drew on his wife all the way to Wilna, and, her sickness having then increased so as to prevent any further removal, he chose, rather than proceed alone, to become a joint prisoner with her. Another poor woman, a *cantinière* of the 33rd, had set out from Moscow with her little daughter only six months old. This child, wrapped in a fur cloak taken at Moscow, she bore safely through all that famished march, feeding her only with a paste made of horse's blood. Twice she was lost by her mother, and twice was she recovered—the first time lying in a field, and the second time in a burned-down village with a mattress for her couch. At the Beresina her mother, finding both bridges at the time obstructed, passed the river on horseback with the water up to her neck, grasping with one hand the bridle, and with the other holding the child upon her head. Thus by a succession of

marvels

marvels—it might almost be said of miracles—the little girl completed the entire retreat without any accident, and did not even catch cold.

Cases of such tender care amidst such terrible sufferings—cases which do honour to the French character, and even, it may be said, to human nature itself—may, however, be contrasted with others, unavoidable we fear when human nature is so sorely tried, and when sufferings like these produce on the contrary a cruel selfishness. Once a General Officer, worn out with fatigue, had fallen down on the road, and a soldier passing by began to pull off his boots. The General faintly gasped forth the request to wait at least till he was dead before he was despoiled. '*Mon Général,*' answered the soldier, 'I would with all my heart, but if I do not take your boots, the next comer will, and therefore they may as well be mine.' And so he continued to pull!

Another day an officer of the Engineers was also lying prostrate and exhausted. Seeing some soldiers pass, he called out to them for aid and told them who he was. 'And are you really an officer of the Engineers?' said the soldiers stopping. 'I am, indeed, my friends,' answered the officer, hopeful of their succour from their words. 'Well, then, go on with your plans!' rejoined one of the soldiers in mockery, and they all marched on.

Amidst such scenes and sights of woe the retreat proceeded. The Emperor reached Molodetschno on the 3rd of December. There he dictated and despatched that famous bulletin—the 29th in number since the commencement of the campaign—which lifted at least in some degree the veil from the horrors of the retreat, and which, as published in the '*Moniteur*' of the 17th of December, diffused deep gloom in almost every family of France, since there was scarcely one perhaps unconnected in kindred or in friendship with some soldier, now most probably perished, of the *Grande Armée*. But besides this general grief, another and as strong a feeling was excited by the following words with which the bulletin concludes: '*La santé de Sa Majesté n'a jamais été meilleure.*' This phrase was introduced, as we believe, without any ill-feeling and in defiance as it were to the strokes of adverse fortune; but it was commonly taken as evincing the insensibility of the writer to the sufferings which he beheld on every side around him, and which he in fact had caused.

This touch of the national feeling has not been left unnoticed by those Siamese twins of authorship, or rather, according to Colman's line—

'Like two single gentlemen rolled into one,'—

Erckmann and Chatrian. In their justly popular '*Conscrit*' they describe

describe the talk as it may have passed among the peasants in the market-place at Phalsburg, when the 29th bulletin was read :—

‘Les cris et les gémissemens se firent entendre. . . . Il est vrai que l’affiche ajoutait : *La santé de Sa Majesté n’a jamais été meilleure ; et c’était une grande consolation. Malheureusement cela ne pouvait pas rendre la vie aux trois cent mille hommes enterrés dans la neige.*’

Another phrase in this bulletin was understood in a similar sense. It says that in this retreat the men whom Nature had endowed with superior powers still preserved their gaiety. Gaiety amidst such scenes! M. de Narbonne, who had attended the Emperor from Moscow to Smorgoni, and held the rank of his senior aide-de-camp, was thought to be foremost among the very few for whom this singular compliment was designed. When some weeks afterwards M. de Narbonne returned to Paris, one of his young friends (M. Villemain) addressed to him a question on the subject. ‘Were I to live thirty years longer,’ so writes M. Villemain in 1854, ‘I should never forget his keen look of displeasure as he answered, *Ah, l’Empereur peut tout dire ; mais gaieté est bien fort !* And he turned aside, shedding some tears at the horrors he remembered but too well.’

From Molodetschno, where this far-famed bulletin was written, the Emperor proceeded on the second day to Smorgoni, a small town still three marches from Wilna. Arriving on the afternoon of the 5th of December, he immediately summoned a council of war, which comprised Murat, Eugene, and the Marshals. To these he imparted the design, upon which his mind had brooded for some days past, to quit the army and to proceed with the utmost secrecy and also with the utmost despatch to Paris. His return to his capital almost simultaneously with the news of his disaster would strike a salutary awe into his ill-wishers both at home and abroad, and above all would maintain the—perhaps already wavering—alliance of the German Princes. At Paris also he could direct the new levies which would be requisite with the greatest promptitude and vigour, and might return in three months at the head of 300,000 men.

These were certainly, as M. Thiers admits, very powerful reasons ; and yet, as the same historian proceeds to urge, there were also considerations of much weight to adduce on the opposite side. It is true that the *Grande Armée*—a term that now, alas ! had become almost an irony—had dwindled, even including the Guard, to 12,000 soldiers able to bear arms, and to a mass of some 40,000 straggling and disbanded men. But if Napoleon had determined to hold fast by this ruin and to make a stand at Wilna, he would there have received some considerable reinforcements already on their march, and near at hand to join him. He might

might have strengthened himself with his two wings, the corps of Macdonald from the north, and of Regnier from the south; and he might further have called to his aid from the same quarters the Prussians, under York, and the Austrians, under Schwarzenberg; both of whom would certainly at that period have obeyed his call. Thus, as M. Thiers proceeds to show in some detail, he might have mustered a force fully equal to any the Russians could at the juncture in question have brought against him. There was also the proud feeling of adhering, as the commander, to an army which, under his command, had suffered the direst extremities of woe.

It is remarkable that the only two familiars whose advice was sought by Napoleon before the Council at Smorgoni—namely, the Duke de Bassano and Count Daru, the former being consulted by letter, and the second by word of mouth—both strongly urged the Emperor to remain. They alleged that the ruin of the army would become complete and irretrievable in the event of his departure; that, on the other hand, the conspiracy of Malet had left no traces in France, and that the Emperor's orders for the new armaments which he needed would be obeyed as implicitly from Wilna as from the Tuileries.

These arguments, however, did not move the Emperor from his settled design. Of the chiefs assembled at Smorgoni, Napoleon asked no counsel; he merely apprised them of his will. He had resolved to name as Vicegerent in his absence Murat, King of Naples, the highest among them in rank, though certainly not in knowledge and ability. Having announced to them his intentions, and explained his motives, he exhorted them to unity and concord; then embracing them one by one, he bade them farewell, and set out on his journey the same evening.

The suite selected by the Emperor on this occasion consisted only of Caulaincourt (with whom he sat alone in the first carriage), Duroc, Lobau, and Lefebvre Desmouettes, the Mamluke Roustan, a *valet de chambre*, two *valets de pied*, and one *piqueur*. Beside these, there was also a young Polish officer, Count Wonsowicz, who would be of special service as interpreter during the first part of the journey. And here we would direct attention to a small booklet, '*Itinéraire de Napoléon de Smorgoni à Paris*,' which was published at Paris in 1862, but which, as we imagine, has scarcely, if at all, reached England. It is edited by a veteran French diplomatist, Baron Paul de Bourgoing, but in fact consists of the notes which M. de Bourgoing received from Wonsowicz. This interesting little volume supplies us with some facts not hitherto known.

In commencing this journey, Count Wonsowicz and the
piqueur

piqueur went first, as explorers, in a *traineau*; at a little distance the Emperor and his remaining suite followed in three carriages. Up to the first stage, the little town of Oszmiana, they were escorted by thirty *Chasseurs à cheval de la Garde*. It was known from the outset that the expedition would be dangerous, from the swarms of Cossacks and detachments of the enemy's troops who might be in advance. But the peril proved to be much greater than had been foreseen. When the rapid *traineau* dashed into Oszmiana at past midnight, Wonsowicz was surprised to see the small French garrison, comprising three squadrons of Polish lancers, drawn up in battle order on the public square; there was, they said, a Russian force in front of them, and almost in sight; they had been attacked the day before, and expected to be attacked again. The General in command declared that there would be the greatest rashness in proceeding.

In about an hour's time Napoleon in his turn drove up, and was found to be fast asleep in his carriage; he was awakened by Wonsowicz and told the unwelcome news. He then got down and eagerly unfolded his map of Lithuania. All the chiefs in attendance pressed him to pause in the face of such imminent hazards, and wait at least till daybreak. But Napoleon, with truer wisdom, saw that promptitude alone could save him. Even a short delay might reveal the secret of his journey and quicken his enemy's pursuit. He found, moreover, that his small party need not proceed without some protection. He might take with him as an escort to the next relay, or so long as their horses' strength endured, the three squadrons of Polish lancers, amounting to 266 men. Therefore, after a few minutes' reflection, he beckoned Count Wonsowicz to his side, and spoke to him as follows:—

“Les Lanciers Polonais sont-ils prêts?”

“Oui, Sire; ils étaient tous là avant notre arrivée.”

“Qu'ils montent à cheval. Il faut disposer l'escorte autour des voitures. Nous allons partir sur-le-champ; la nuit est suffisamment obscure pour que les Russes ne nous voient pas. D'ailleurs il faut toujours compter sur sa fortune; sur le bonheur: sans cela on n'arrive jamais à rien.”

As a further measure called for by this terrible crisis, Napoleon ordered Count Wonsowicz and General Lefebvre to mount the box of his own carriage; and confiding to them a pair of pistols which he drew forth ready loaded, he addressed to them these words,—

‘Dans le cas d'un danger certain, tuez moi plutôt que de me laisser prendre.’

Deeply

Deeply moved, Count Wonsowicz, having first asked the Emperor's permission, translated these words aloud to the Polish lancers. He was answered by a cry of enthusiasm. These gallant men declared that they would let themselves be cut to pieces sooner than allow the Emperor to be taken, or even approached.

In this guise, at two in the morning, the journey was resumed. Scarce were they out of Oszmiana when there shone forth, and above all to the left of the road, the watchfires of the Russian troops. The call of their sentinels was also distinctly heard. But the night was most intensely cold, the thermometer at twenty-eight degrees of Réaumur below zero, and, as Napoleon had foreseen, the Cossacks, couched close to their blazing logs, were reluctant to leave them in quest of an uncertain prey. Moreover, though their watchfires were seen from afar, they might themselves not distinctly see the long dark line of the carriages and horsemen which without light was wending along. In this manner the convoy, bearing Cæsar and his fortunes, passed without being assailed.

But that night of almost Siberian cold proved fatal to many of the Polish lancers. In attempting to keep pace with the carriages, their horses would slip and come down on the icy ground, frequently with broken limbs or severe wounds to the riders. Too many of these gallant men are thought to have evinced their devotion to their chief by the forfeit of their lives. When in the morning the convoy reached the relay of Rownopol, it was found that of 266 lancers who had started from Oszmiana, no more than thirty-six remained. At Rownopol, their place as escort was supplied by some fifty cavalry of the Neapolitan Royal Guard. These also suffered severely from the frost; their commander, the Duke de Rocca Romana, losing some fingers of both hands.

On arriving at Wilna, Napoleon did not enter the city, but remained for concealment in a small house of the suburb. He was thus enabled to confer for some hours with his trusted Minister, the Duke de Bassano, before he resumed his journey. At Wilna his danger from the Russians had much diminished; at Kowno and beyond the Niemen it altogether ceased. By day and night, over snow and ice, the journey was still pursued. There was only now and then a halt for meals. Such was the speed, and so frequent on the other hand the break-down of the rickety vehicles, that Napoleon left behind the greater part of his suite, which did not rejoin him till at Paris. Thus he dashed into Warsaw one afternoon with only a single carriage. Great was the amazement of the Abbé de Pradt, the French Ambassador in
the

the Polish capital, at suddenly seeing Caulaincourt appear before him and summon him to the presence of his sovereign at *l'Hôtel d'Angleterre*. There he found Napoleon just arrived, pacing up and down a narrow room, while a servant-girl on her knees before the fire was trying in vain to blow up a flame from the damp and half-green wood. In a book published but two or three years later, M. de Pradt has given, perhaps with some exaggeration, a full account of this remarkable interview. According to him, Napoleon at each interval of the conversation repeated over and again the following phrase, since become so familiar to France: '*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas !*'

At Dresden also there was a like scene, when at three in the morning Count Wonsowicz roused the good old King from his slumbers and invited him to pay a visit to the Emperor in the *Pirna Strasse*. The whole of that little Court, as Count Wonsowicz assures us, was not a little flurried at this strange event.

'Le Roi se levant au milieu de la nuit à la requête d'un inconnu, armé et vêtu d'un costume singulier; le Roi disparaissant en chaise de louage sans dire à aucune des personnes de sa Cour où il allait; c'en était assez pour donner lieu à tous les commentaires, aux plus vives inquiétudes. La Reine de Saxe, sœur du Roi Maximilien de Bavière, princesse déjà avancée en âge, fut effrayée au point d'avoir une attaque de nerfs.'

Much to the same effect was the surprise in the first town within the French territory, namely, Mayence. Count Wonsowicz was again despatched with a like message to Marshal Kellerman, Duke de Valmy; and we will leave him to relate in his own words the curious conversation that ensued:—

'Lorsque l'officier Polonais arriva chez le Maréchal, il trouva ses appartements splendidement éclairés; toute la société de Mayence y était rassemblée pour un grand bal. Le Maréchal Kellerman fut appelé; mais il reçut très durement celui qui se disait envoyé par l'Empereur. Il le prit d'abord pour un porteur de fausses nouvelles.

"Je ne vous connais pas," lui dit-il; "et je vais vous faire fusiller comme un imposteur."

"Vous en aurez toujours le temps, Monsieur le Maréchal," répondit sans s'émouvoir l'officier Polonais; "mais avant d'en venir là, veuillez vous assurer de la vérité de ce que je vous annonce."

"Comment," reprit le Maréchal, "comment est-il possible que l'Empereur soit à Mayence, et que je n'ai pas été prévenu de son arrivée?"

"Veuillez aller le lui demander, Monsieur le Maréchal; moi je ne suis chargé que de vous annoncer son passage."

'Le costume très en désordre de l'envoyé Impérial avait au premier abord indisposé le Gouverneur. Il n'y voyait qu'un déguisement pour le tromper. Il se rendit enfin, et partit pour aller trouver l'Empereur,

tout en faisant garder à vue le Comte Wonsowicz, ne lui permettant de communiquer avec personne, et l'emmenant avec lui, flanqué de deux gendarmes. Mais cet incident et cette méprise furent de courte durée.

'L'Empereur, voyant arriver le Duc de Valmy, lui dit, après quelques phrases très affectueuses :

"Mon armée est perdue en grande partie ; mais soyez tranquille, d'ici à quelques mois j'aurai sous mes ordres huit cent mille baïonnettes, et je prouverai à mes ennemis que les éléments seuls pouvaient nous vaincre. J'ai eu tort, je l'avoue, d'exposer mes pauvres soldats à un climat pareil. Mais qui ne fait pas de fautes en ce monde ? Quand on les reconnaît il faut tâcher de les réparer."

In proceeding onwards, even through his own dominions, the Emperor maintained the same incognito. On the 18th, when he expected to reach Paris, he stopped to dine at Château Thierry ; and there also *il fit une grande toilette afin de se présenter convenablement à l'Impératrice*. But his mischances were not yet at an end. Some miles further his carriage broke down, and Napoleon had to enter *une de ces disgracieuses voitures de voyage à deux immenses roues et à brancard, qu'on nommait alors une chaise de poste*. At Meaux it was found that the sum assigned for the travelling expenses had come to an end. The Emperor, the Duke de Vicence, the Count Wonsowicz, and the Mameluke Roustan, who since Warsaw had formed the entire party, gave what money they had about them, but the total amounted to less than eighty francs. The Duke de Vicence could only apply to the post-master for an advance, which fortunately was not refused him.

At half-past eleven the same night the rustic vehicle—*cet affreux équipage*, as Count Wonsowicz terms it—appeared at the *Grille du Carrousel*. Naturally enough it was denied admittance. But Count Wonsowicz, dismounting, led the officer on guard close to the carriage-window.

'L'officier de garde reconnut son Souverain, et s'inclina avec une profonde émotion. La grille s'ouvrit alors. On peut se figurer quelle sensation produisit dans le palais des Tuileries cette arrivée inespérée. L'Empereur, une fois entré dans le château, défendit expressément qu'on fit aucun bruit qui pût éveiller l'Impératrice ; il se rendit sur-le-champ à son appartement.'

In this guise then did he, so lately the conqueror and arbiter of Europe, re-enter his palace, and resume the government of his empire. The account of his disasters, as comprised in the 29th bulletin, had been published by the 'Moniteur' only the day before.

If we ask the effects produced by the departure of Napoleon on the melancholy remnant of his troops, which continued its retreat

retreat from Smorgoni to Wilna, we shall find them described by M. de Fezensac in few but expressive words :—

‘ Dans la situation de l’armée ce départ était pour elle une nouvelle calamité. L’opinion que l’on avait du génie de l’Empereur donnait de la confiance; la crainte qu’il inspirait retenait dans le devoir. Après son départ chacun fit à sa tête; et les ordres que donna le Roi de Naples ne servirent qu’à compromettre son autorité.’

Murat, indeed, could not direct; and under such a chief the Marshals would not obey. The large and rich city of Wilna, the ancient capital of Lithuania, had been looked to by the suffering soldiers as the probable term of their calamities. They counted every step, says M. de Fezensac, that brought them nearer to this long-desired haven of rest. But, alas, how empty the hope, how evanescent the dream! How sharply were they roused from their illusion, the last to which they clung, when they appeared before Wilna, in part on the 8th, and in part on the 9th of December! Expected though they were, no due measures had been taken for their reception and relief. Rushing up pell-mell as they came to the narrow gateway, there was soon an amount of obstruction and confusion comparable to that on the Beresina bridges. Yet while the multitudes were thus pressing on each other with cries and yells, with bruises and with blows, while, in fact, great numbers had to remain the whole night without the city—there were all the while, to the right and left, open gaps through the walls, which no one had been stationed to point out!

Within the city it was much the same. There were ample magazines, both of provisions and of clothing, but no order had been made for their right use. The perishing soldiers would not be denied, and thus, for lack of distribution, there was plunder. Moreover it was found that the city could not be maintained. Several divisions of the hostile army were close at hand, and the sound of their artillery boomed nearer and nearer. Under these circumstances Murat made a precipitate retreat, at four in the morning, with the remains of the Old Guard. In his hurry he appears to have given no directions for the guidance of the rest. Marshal Mortier heard of his departure only by chance, and then followed with the Young Guard, or what was left of it. Marshal Ney, with a handful of heroic men, again forming the rear, undertook to maintain the city a few hours more. Immediately on his departure the Russian troops poured in. Of the French, several Generals, a great number of officers, and more than twenty thousand soldiers, nearly all sick or wounded, remained at Wilna, utterly exhausted and unable to

move farther. They became, therefore, prisoners in the enemy's hands.

The ruin of the army, however, was completed a few miles from Wilna, at a steep hill forming the left bank of the Wilna valley. That hill had become one slippery sheet of ice. The horses—for there were still some horses undevoured—were urged to drag up the remaining cannon or carriages, but they were urged in vain. Not one piece of artillery, and scarce any of the lighter vehicles, could be saved. Here, then, were relinquished the last resources of the army, its military chests, carried from Wilna, and containing ten millions of francs in gold and silver coin. The soldiers passing by were permitted to take what they could, and it was a strange spectacle, writes De Fezensac, to see men heavily laden with gold, and yet half-dead with hunger. Here, too, were left 'the trophies of Moscow' as they were termed, which had been conveyed safely thus far amidst so many dangers and disasters—above all, the great cross of Ivan, taken down from the highest spire of Moscow, and designed in memorial of the conquest, for the ornament of the Invalides at Paris.

At Kowno, as at Wilna, no stand could be made. The French army, now reduced to scattered bands, fled, band by band, across the Niemen. There were now only hundreds of armed and effective men upon the same ground where there had been hundreds of thousands the summer before. At Königsberg they found a short respite, but no permanent halting-place until on the line of the Vistula—behind the ramparts of Dantzick and Elbing.

The aspect of Wilna and Kowno, just before they were thronged with the mass of the retreating French, is well portrayed in a book which has had but little circulation in Germany, and none at all, we believe, in England. We allude to M. Droysen's biography of General York, published at Berlin in 1851. York, as is well known, was, at the close of 1812, commander of the Prussian force in Courland, which acted as an auxiliary to France, and had Marshal Macdonald as immediate chief. Perplexed at the ominous rumours which began to prevail as to the fate of the *Grande Armée*, York secretly despatched one of his young officers, Baron Canitz, on an exploring mission to Wilna. The memoir of the Baron, as drawn up on his return, now lies before us in its native German, being given by M. Droysen in the appendix to his first volume; and we are here tempted to translate, and sometimes abridge, several of its graphic details:—

'On the afternoon of the 4th of December I reached Kowno. Till then

then I had met scarce any one upon my route, and seen no traces of the war. But at Kowno the ruins of demolished houses, the remains of bivouac fires, and the dead horses on the roadside, spoke but too plainly of an army's line of march. The town was full of scattered soldiers, many sick or wounded, derived from every possible corps, and decked with all varieties of uniform. The first of whom I asked my way to the post-station was a half-frozen Portuguese, who could speak of nothing but the cold. I found it almost impossible to obtain post-horses, but lighted, by good fortune, on a French courier charged with despatches, who offered to take me with him on my paying one half his expenses. I gladly accepted his proposal, and we were off in half an hour.

The places we passed through were half demolished, and the inhabitants had fled, so that besides the French soldiery there was no creature to be seen. A few miles from Kowno we overtook a body of some hundred cavalry—Cuirassiers and Lancers—proceeding as a reinforcement to the *Grande Armée*. The horses not being rough-shod were constantly slipping and falling on the icy ground. So the men had for the most part to proceed on foot, leading their steeds by the bridle, and expressing their dislike of this mode of march by a myriad of execrations. My courier called out without ceasing, "*A gauche, mes camarades ; c'est un courier de l'Empereur qui doit passer ;*" and in this manner we went through the devoted band, which, as I compute it, must have arrived at Wilna just in time to share in the general destruction.

Wilna, like most cities in Poland, is a strange assemblage of splendid palaces and miserable huts mingled with each other. Its streets bore a most variegated aspect, as comprising samples and specimens of all the different corps which had formed the *Grande Armée*. Still there was a certain order preserved ; the Guards of the King of Naples, who stood sentinels at the principal doors, were not only trim but splendid in attire ; and there were only the ghastly figures of the *revenants des hôpitaux*, as they were termed, to remind us of the coming catastrophe. French ballets and comedies had been acted in the evening ; and French shops were open in every direction, several for jewelry or other *articles de luxe*, and all with huge French signs.

From General Knesemark I learnt the latest news. He told me that according to his reports the French cavalry and artillery were utterly destroyed—that there was little hope of a stand being made at or near Wilna—that the Emperor was on the point of taking his departure, and committing the command to the King of Naples. It was to be the General's last day at Kowno. He had been summoned by the Duke de Bassano, in common with his brethren of the *corps diplomatique*, to proceed at once to Warsaw, so that he would not be able to judge with his own eyes of the retreating army.

In company with a friend, Major Schenk, whom I found at Wilna, I repaired to a *restaurateur*, at the sign of the *Aigle Impérial*—a visit of which I stood greatly in need, since meals do not abound in a Polish journey. Never, perhaps, did any cook deserve more thoroughly this
name

name of *conscience*. How many men did I see come in who were feeble and diminished, and of all appearance craven-like and heartless, but who, after the long unvaried comfort of a good repast, could rally forth again with a firm step and a cheerful mien ! Of those I spoke with none made any secret of the enormous losses sustained on the retreat. But they expressed their belief that the Russian army was almost entirely ruined in their own, and that no serious resistance would be offered to the attempts of crossing the retreat, and making a rally at Wilna.

This was the 21st. On the morning of the 22d the agitation in the city was nearly universal, and all who could find a conveyance had set out. Our host of the *Hotel de l'Europe* was already gone. We went to another residence to breakfast at the sign of *La Couronne Impériale*. His son was packing up. Several officers represented to him that there was no sign of danger, and that he had better stay. - On a *question de la trêve conclue* he answered me : *je n'en doute pas, mais je pense qu'il vaut mieux se retirer.* Napoleon may perhaps have taken exactly the same view when he stepped into his carriage at Smorgoni, and bade the King of Naples lead his army into winter quarters.

All through the day I saw recruits from the army pour in. Forms so gaunt, so ghastly, that even the direst dream could scarcely image them, arrived in almost an unbroken line, some on sledges, and some on foot. Out of many hundreds hardly one carried a musket or a weapon of any kind. Many fell down exhausted in the streets, and lay helpless, while the rest passed them heedlessly by. To see a man dying, after so many other scenes of woe, seemed to produce no more impression than to see a man drunk in a Polish fair.

I was assured that the Guard was expected on the morrow—reduced to a mere handful, and marching in utter disarray ; and I should have wished to judge with my own eyes the actual state of that proud band which I had beheld last June, in all its splendour, passing through my native land. But the officer at the post-station told me that he could give me no horses if I lingered ; and so I set out on my return that very night.

In concluding the slight sketch of these terrible disasters it seems natural to inquire the total loss which the French sustained. M. Thiers computes that, of the soldiers who had crossed the Niemen, about 100,000 became prisoners of war, and about 300,000 were either slain in action or died of their wounds, or perished from famine and cold. Vast as are these numbers, they appear to be fully borne out by specific details. Thus M. de Fezensac gives us the particulars of his own regiment. It had 2150 men when it passed the Rhine, it received a reinforcement of 400 men at Moscow, one more to the same amount at Smolensk, and another of only 50 men at Wilna, making 3000 in all. 'Now of these 3000 men,' adds De Fezensac, 'only

200 returned with me to the Vistula, and about 100 subsequently came back from captivity, so that our loss was 2700 out of 3000, that is nine-tenths.' And even of these 200 who remained in arms upon the Vistula, how many may have belonged to the detachments that joined at Smolensk or at Wilna, and that never saw Moscow!

The causes of this great catastrophe are by no means difficult to trace. Of course the rigour of the season forms the first. But the closer we inquire, the more fully shall we find confirmed the opinion of the Duke of Wellington, which we quoted at the commencement of this article, that the arrangements of Napoleon were short-sighted and defective. That opinion will be found developed with more details, and fortified by numerous instances, in another essay or rather series of remarks by the Duke—some notes which he drew up in 1826 on M. de Ségur's recently published history of the Russian campaign. Those notes have hitherto remained in MS., but they will appear in the forthcoming volume of the 'Wellington Papers,' and meanwhile we have been enabled by the favour of the present Duke to peruse them in the *proofs*.

The Duke here observes:—

'This chapter (the second) affords another proof of Napoleon's extraordinary character. He had taken the utmost pains to ascertain the difficulty and danger of the enterprise which he was about to undertake; these difficulties and dangers are represented to him from all quarters and in all forms. He is sensible of them, yet he is determined to persevere. He wants a military success, and he must seek for it; he is blind to every difficulty, or rather will not see any; and will take no measures to ensure his success (excepting to collect a large French army), and most particularly none which can check for a moment the gratification of his hatred of Bernadotte.

'It is certainly true that this young empire had all the disorders of old age. Here are officers making false reports, and a Minister concealing the truth, lest the truth should displease the Emperor!'

On the whole then, in discussing the events of 1812, we may presume to say that Napoleon had made no preparations for a military retreat. In his other campaigns, both before and after, that extraordinary man evinced a genius for the organisation of an army, little inferior to his genius in the field. It was far otherwise in the Moscow episode. There the Emperor appears to have confided in his star—to have supposed that his former course of uninterrupted triumphs must be uninterrupted still, even though he should neglect the provident care by which, among other qualities, these triumphs were achieved.

We would observe, however, as a fact that may explain—and
not

not only explain but in a great measure excuse—his deficiency of arrangements at this time, that all through the advance from Witepsk to Moscow, and probably at Moscow also, Napoleon appears to have been in a state of feverish excitement and great mental disquietude. Of this curious fact there has recently appeared some remarkable testimony. Duroc, who during so long a period was admitted to his daily intercourse and familiar conversation, and who beyond all other men deserved the title of his personal friend, dotted down at the time, in great secrecy, and only for himself, some notes upon the subject. Forty years later these notes, having come into the hands of M. Villemain, were published by him in the first part of his '*Souvenirs Contemporains*.' We shall conclude this essay by transcribing them, thinking that they form perhaps a key to no small part of what ensued:—

'4 Août, deux heures du matin. A pris le bain : grande agitation. Il faut marcher, réparer vite le temps perdu ; nous ne pouvons pas bivouaquer éternellement dans cette bicoque du palais du Duc de Wittemberg.

'5 Août, une heure du matin. Dictée sur les mouvemens des corps. . . . Que servirait de prendre Riga ? Il faut une immense victoire, une bataille devant Moscou, une prise de Moscou, qui étonne le monde.

'L'Empereur a dormi deux heures ; il m'a montré le jour déjà clair à l'horizon. "Nous avons encore," m'a-t-il dit, "du beau temps pour près de trois mois ; il m'en a fallu moins pour Austerlitz et Tilsit."

'7 Août. L'Empereur a été physiquement très souffrant ; il a pris de l'opium préparé par Methivier. Duroc, il faut marcher ou mourir. Un Empereur meurt debout ; et alors il ne meurt point. Vous avez peur des Prussiens entre Moscou et la France ; souvenez-vous d'Iéna, et croyez encore plus à leur crainte qu'à leur haine ; mais pour cela il faut marcher ; il faut agir. L'Empereur a souffert encore. Il faut finir cette fièvre du doute.'

We may sum up the whole perhaps with a forcible exclamation of the Duke of Wellington, as we find it in his Ségur notes :—'It is that which strikes one as most extraordinary in the history of the transaction of our times—how much of the fate of the world depends upon the temper and passions of one man!'

- ART. III.—1. *First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Organization and Rules of Trades' Unions and other Associations: together with Minutes of Evidence.* London, 1867.
2. *Strikes and Lock-Outs, or the Law of Combination.* By a Barrister. London, 1867.
3. *Report of the various proceedings taken by the London Trades' Council and the Conference of Amalgamated Trades, in reference to the Royal Commission on Trades' Unions, and other subjects in connection therewith.* London, 1867.

THE question of Trades' Unions, since the Reform Bill has been carried, and perhaps on that very account, is the most momentous to which any writer can address himself. There is, indeed, a prevalent opinion that, while the Bill of Mr. Gladstone would have enfranchised exactly those very persons who constitute the members of Trades' Unions, the Bill of Mr. Disraeli has gone so much lower in the scale of property and intelligence, that the aristocracy of labour will be entirely swamped, and the power of Trades' Unions, like all other existing powers, will dwindle into insignificance in presence of the new democratic element. Those who reason in this way forget that Trades' Unions, vast as is their extension, and enormous as is their power, are yet comparatively in their infancy, that they are spreading every day wider and wider over the area occupied by skilled labour, and that they are rapidly taking possession of the mind of the unskilled assistants of the higher class of operatives. It would be wonderful were it not so. These men are the heaviest sufferers by industrial wars, in the waging of which they are allowed no voice and no opinion. If the bricklayers strike, they throw not only themselves but their labourers out of employment. It is very natural that these labourers should wish to have a voice in what may be called the politics of labour, and the only way to obtain that voice is to make for themselves an organisation similar to that of those Trades' Unions, which now dispose of the welfare of hundreds of poor families without a thought of the injury they inflict upon persons who are just as much placed under their protection as any class that is dependent on another. Indeed, a Trades' Union is in this respect similar to a great military power. It not only possesses great offensive force itself, but is the cause of the creation of great offensive force by others. Every trade can collaterally exercise so much influence on other kindred trades, and directly so much influence on the employers of labour, that it drives all those with whom it comes in contact to imitation. The more the Union spirit spreads,

spreads, the more is it likely to spread. It is a machine excellently qualified for political action, and we cannot doubt that the new Reform Bill will give an additional impulse to this species of association. It is therefore quite safe to conclude that the present Reform Bill, wide as it is, will not overthrow, nay, will probably give new force to, the political action of Trades' Unions. It may be said that, pending the researches of the Royal Commission, it would be well to abstain from discussion; but in the first place, the Commission, by publishing their evidence periodically, have put it in the power of the public to form a judgment, without waiting for their own. In the next place, the subject is one upon which there is not so much dispute about facts as about principles. The evidence taken in London has given a pretty clear insight into the nature and tendencies of these bodies. The evidence taken at Sheffield and Manchester has shown the extreme development of principles, which at the first sight appear harmless, or at worst speculatively wrong; and though the subsequent labours of the Commission may amplify and expand these details, they can hardly alter the landmarks of thought which they have laid down for us. We believe that a great service can be rendered to the cause of truth and justice by reinvestigating this subject with the additional light that has been thrown upon it by recent inquiries, and seeking, if possible, to deduce some practical conclusion as to a state of things in which nobody seems able to suggest an alteration, and yet which nobody considers ought to be left as it is.

The Sawgrinders' Union of Sheffield justify the conduct of Mr. Broadhead, and their own indisposition to part with him, on the ground that he was betrayed into the indiscretion of retaining and employing hired assassins by the defective state of the law, which obliged the Trades' Union to punish with death persons who seceded from it or refused to join it, because legislation had failed to arm them with sufficient power for that purpose. The Trades' Unions throughout the country consider themselves much aggrieved because they are deprived, by their rules in restraint of trade, of the summary jurisdiction for enforcing claims against fraudulent trustees and treasurers given by the Friendly Societies' Acts, and claim an alteration of the law; and the operative tailors, at the recent trial for picketing, at the Old Bailey, through their counsel, inveighed bitterly against the existing law of conspiracy as intolerably harsh and oppressive. Alterations of the law are claimed on all sides, and before we can determine what those alterations should be, we must ascertain what is the constitution of, and what are the practices allowed, tolerated, or approved in Trades' Unions; what is their effect in an
economical

economical point of view, and whether the ends that they seek and the means that they employ are consistent with the principles of good government, and a due respect for the rights and liberties of individuals. It will then remain to be ascertained what the law is at the present moment, and in what respects it ought to be modified so as to do justice to all parties concerned.

Perhaps the fairest way to arrive at the notion of a Trades' Union is to take the description given of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners by Mr. Applegarth, their secretary. The society consists of an executive council and branches. The executive is elected by the branches in London; each branch consists of seven or more members in any town where they think proper to establish themselves. The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters has one hundred and ninety branches. Its income for 1865 was 10,487*l.*; its expenditure, 6733*l.* The object of the society is mutual support of its members in case of sickness, accident, superannuation, burial, emigration, loss of tools, being out of work, and extreme distress. A candidate for membership must be in good health, of good character, a good workman, have worked five years at the trade, and be under forty-five years of age. He is entitled to fifteen shillings a week, if he leaves his employment on terms satisfactory to the branch or executive council. The executive council never originates strikes, but gives its opinion as to the propriety of strikes, and, if it approves of them, affords assistance when needed. It receives reports every month of the rate of wages and state of trade all over the country, and is guided by the general state of the whole society in giving or withholding its assent to a strike. The secretary disclaims on behalf of the society any persecution or annoyance to non-Union men, or any compulsion as to the number of apprentices employed. This may probably be considered, at least as described by its secretary, one of the most reasonable and moderate of these societies. But it will not allow any workman to take work offered by a customer of any employer after his day's work. 'Having an efficient organisation, they think it right to use it for their advantage.' When a man has done his day's work he has done sufficient. They believe the man to be thoroughly selfish who does more. 'If every man is to be left to do as he likes, the sooner the society is dissolved the better.' 'They do not know the effect of the society upon the employers. In this selfish world the employers look out for their own interests as well as we do for ours.' One third of their income is spent in supporting strikes. When a man disobeys the rules, he ceases to be a member of the society. The subscription is one shilling a week,
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but an extraordinary levy may be made, and, as we understand, must be paid. At any rate, this is undoubtedly the case in other societies, and, if it is not paid, the defaulter ceases to be a member, that is, loses altogether the whole benefit of his subscriptions. We believe this to be one of the most moderate, best regulated, and best conducted of existing Trades' Unions. At any rate, it presents a most favourable contrast to the painters', the bricklayers', and masons' Unions, as we shall presently see. It is for this reason we have selected it as a case by which to test the soundness or unsoundness of the Union principle in an economical point of view. If this Union cannot stand the application of ordinary economical principles, we are convinced there is no other that will. It is fairer and more just to test the effects and tendencies of such combinations by such a case than to introduce topics which can only serve to prejudice the judgment. We shall see hereafter how far the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters is from being an average type of the rules under which Trades' Unions are conducted, or of the spirit in which they are worked.

Is such a combination as this economically beneficial to its members? Does it yield them an equivalent for the sacrifices which it demands from them, and for the absence of personal liberty upon which it is founded, and without which it is admitted that it had better not exist? We will try it by the very test that its own members and advocates would propose: are the members of a Trades' Union better off than if no such institution existed? Does this organisation really offer to the working man any equivalent for what it demands of him? Let us first see what the sacrifices are. In the first place there is the shilling a week, no inconsiderable sum to pay, and for which he ought, it should seem, to be entitled to some certain benefit. The association, it will be observed, has two objects, it is both an ordinary charitable or benefit club, and it is also a trade society. It is reckoned a great advantage that these two concerns can be managed by the same executive, and there is no doubt a saving in the consolidation. But it is very dearly bought. A man who has for years been a subscriber, with a view to relief in old age or sickness, may, by failing to pay a single instalment, lose all that he has previously subscribed. So harsh a rule would hardly be suffered to exist in an association in which a provident care for old age or sickness was the principal object to be attained. But non-payment is not the only cause of forfeiture. The crime of taking piece-work or working overtime, or disobedience, as we understand it, to any rule the Union or the Branch may choose to make, will equally deprive him of the fruits of his savings and sacrifices. He binds himself to obey not only fixed rules, but
whatever

whatever the majority may choose to declare to be rules, under the penalty, in case he is unwilling or unable to obey the majority, of forfeiting the economies of a life. He sells himself into slavery, not to law, but to human will, and undertakes beforehand to submit to and ratify whatever a majority may decide; and, be it observed, a majority of a great part of which he can know nothing. A levy may be made for a strike of which he does not approve, for a strike made by one trade, not for any grievance of its own, but to help another trade which may feel itself aggrieved. He is responsible to an unlimited extent for whatever may be decided on in his behalf. The Trades' Union is not like an ordinary joint-stock company, whose power is limited to the object for which it is founded, and in which any act of the majority beyond the scope of the undertaking is *ultra vires* and void. The majority in the Trades' Union can assist a strike for any object it thinks proper; there is no limitation to its power, no legal means of controlling its abuse of power. The advocates of Trades' Unions complain in unmeasured language that they are unable to prosecute their fraudulent officers, because, their rules being in restraint of trade, they are not treated as Benefit or Friendly Societies. But this question has another side. If a Trades' Union ever so grievously oppress one of its members, he is without remedy for exactly the same reason. He cannot use the summary jurisdiction given by the statute for and against Friendly Societies to obtain his demand from them, and his only remedy is a bill in equity, which is of course utterly out of the question.

One-third of the expenditure of this orderly and well-managed association is devoted to payment for strikes, that is, 4*d.* out of every shilling is deducted from beneficial and provident purposes. The expenses of management vary from 20 to 40 per cent., and there is moreover the risk of a special levy. The prospect does not seem encouraging, and we turn with some curiosity to the other side of the question, and ask, What are the advantages which can counterbalance such deductions, and so great a loss of personal freedom?

The advantage which the working man is taught to believe that he gains in exchange for all these sacrifices of money, of liberty, and independence, is that by the agency of this costly machinery he will secure to himself an income larger than the income he would otherwise have obtained, by a sum sufficient to cover all these expenses, and to leave him a handsome surplus. He makes these sacrifices for power, power to control the action of his master and his fellow workmen, and by such control to extort for himself a larger share in the division of the gross proceeds of manufacture than would be awarded to him without such organisation. He avowedly wholly disregards the interest of his

master.

master. It is a selfish world, and master and man must each look out for themselves. The notion of community of interests between master and workman, of their being in fact involved in the same adventure, never enters into his mind. His object is to get as much out of the fund as possible. Everything he so gets he counts as gain, everything he fails to get he reckons as loss. It is one of the advantages of narrow and short-sighted views that they simplify matters extremely. The workman never troubles himself to think whence this fund comes, or what are the conditions necessary to its continuance. He regards it, as mathematicians say, as a given quantity, and concerns himself solely with its division between him and his master. He looks at himself and the other members of his Union in the same way. They also are a given and constant quantity. He never considers whether they may not be diminished in number by a fall, or increased in number by a rise in wages. In most societies, though not in the one of which we are speaking, an effort is made to limit numbers by forbidding apprenticeship. In like manner the workman never troubles himself to think about the capital of employers, or reflects for a moment as to the causes which may increase or diminish it, or may reduce the numbers who wish to employ him. He regards their number as fixed, and their capital as infinite.

In perfect consistency with these views, he regards the rate of wages obtained as a matter of organisation and agitation. As the amount of the spoil of the master depends upon the united efforts of all, he logically infers that it should be divided equally among all. He does his best to fix a minimum of wages, and to fix it so high that it becomes practically the maximum. It seems just to him that, as wages are more in the nature of the spoils of a civil war than of remuneration adapted to skill and industry, the better workman should be paid less than he deserves, in order that the inferior workman may be paid more. In this spirit it is that piece-work and overtime are proscribed. The pretence put forward that it is done in justice to the employer, and that by the very persons who tell us that in this selfish world employer and workmen must each take care of themselves, is too manifestly hollow and insincere to deserve attention. The real cause of the objection to piece-work and overtime is the one we have mentioned, the view that wages being determined in their amount by importunity and combination, they form a fund for the general benefit of all, and that the fund gained by the contributions and exertions of all ought not to be encroached upon by the superior strength and dexterity of a few.

To any one accustomed to even the most elementary principles of political economy, to state these views is to refute them. We
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have touched the fallacy which lies at the bottom of this whole system. It is, if we may borrow the term from mechanics, the taking a statical instead of a dynamical view of the subject. Nothing is more fixed and unchangeable than the ultimate conditions which regulate the relations of capital to labour. They rest upon laws of nature, unless we are to exclude the human mind from the domain of that nature which is only known to us by its means. But while these conditions are firm and stable, the actual state of the relations of labour and capital is above all things mobile and transient. To isolate one part from the rest, and to assume its permanence, is the certain way to the most fatal error. The first step towards knowledge is to understand the action and reaction that is perpetually going on between employer and employed. The question for those who wish to raise the wages of labour is, not how to divide the existing wages-fund in a manner more favourable to the working man, but how to increase competition for his labour among employers. In this single proposition is contained the emphatic condemnation of the policy of Trades' Unions, and the justification of the policy of *laissez faire*. Is then this proposition true? No, says common sense, which is in this case pretty much the same as common ignorance—the only true gain is what we can exact from our masters. A rise in wages is a clear and intelligible advantage which any one can understand, all the rest is mere abstractions and sophisms. This might be so, if two things could be established; first, that the advance of wages obtained by pressure on the master by means of organised strikes is attended by no concomitant evil to the workman; and next, that the advantages sought are sure to be retained when once acquired. Unhappily neither of these propositions can be maintained. The manner in which the Trades' Unions obtain a rise in wages puts into operation a set of causes which have a direct tendency to lower them. The price of labour must depend, like the price of everything else, on the demand for it. The demand for labour depends on the rate of profit. If profits are high, fresh capital flows into the trade, either by the establishment of new firms, or by the increase, by loan or otherwise, of the capital of old ones. The real cause, therefore, of a high rate of wages is a high rate of profit. Conversely—if profits are low, capital is withdrawn from the trade and seeks investment elsewhere; the demand for labour slackens, and wages fall. Now the policy of Trades' Unions may be fairly described, as it is by their advocates, as a selfish policy. It looks only to the increase of wages, and ostentatiously disregards the state of profits, of which indeed a Trades' Union has no means of accurately informing itself. It is perpetually tormented by the apprehension

sion that the employer is making a large fortune out of the business from which his workmen draw but a moderate share; forgetting that those large profits are sure, if they exist, to attract competitors, and thus indirectly to benefit the working man, while, if they do not, no one has so strong an interest as the working man himself in not forcing profits down to a point which will drive capital out of the trade, and so diminish the demand for labour. Now the whole efforts of the Trades' Unions are uniformly directed towards reducing the demand for that very labour, the value of which it is their avowed object to enhance. They strike for an advance. If the strike be resisted, they waste a large portion of their own money, and of that of the society to which they must look in sickness and old age. Every week that the strike lasts, they and their supporters become poorer and poorer, and therefore more urgently demanding employment, the excess of the demand for which over the supply is one of the causes of a lowering of wages. If they reduce, as they must do in case of success, the profits of their employers, they so far diminish the inducement to enter the trade, and, therefore, the demand for their labour. If the strike actually take place, they waste the interest on fixed capital which lies idle, they throw the whole machinery of production out of gear, and most likely drive the whole or a portion of the trade to other spots, or perhaps to foreign countries. They think they are gaining a victory over their employers: in reality their triumph is over themselves. They are involved in this dilemma, from which there is no possibility of extrication—if the profits are large their efforts are superfluous. All their sacrifices, all their agitation are thrown away. There are causes already at work which will secure a rise of wages exactly commensurate to the rise of profits. If profits are low, and will not bear the extra weight—and yet, from being entangled by a contract without a strike-clause, or from some other reason, the employer is compelled to yield—their success only leads to failure, capital is driven out of the trade, and a fall of wages inevitably follows. This success is in the one case only nominal and apparent, not real; it is merely the attempt to give additional effect to causes that are of themselves all-efficient; in the other case success is the most disastrous failure, and goes directly to injure those who obtain it. Of the first kind of success an instance is afforded by what has happened in England during the last few years. From different causes, which it is unnecessary here to enumerate, the demand for the commodities produced by English labour has enormously extended both in the home and foreign market. Profits have been high, and of course wages have risen, from the competition of new capital thus brought into trade and manufacture. There are causes enough to account for the rise of wages,
even

even if not a single Trades' Union had ever existed. What the Trades' Unions have done is, to extract large sums from the working classes to maintain an expensive machinery, to create infinite mischief and ill feeling, in pretending to do that which other causes were doing for them without their aid. The Unions were the fly on the wheel, and they have come to believe that their might caused its revolution. Of the second case Ireland furnishes a perfect illustration. With the national aptitude for combination, the Irish workmen formed societies against their masters. Success crowned their efforts, and the result was the utter destruction of Irish manufactures, and their transfer to other lands, where, then at any rate, the workmen were not so skilled in the art of combination. Failure is of course disastrous, success is either futile or mischievous. We do not find fault with the policy of Trades' Unions for being selfish; what we object to is that, meaning to be selfish, it is actually suicidal. We do not plead on behalf of the employers, we ask the men to have a little pity on themselves. Selfishness is not only a moral obliquity, it is also a very serious cause of error intellectually. In their greediness to grasp at a larger portion of the profits than the laws of supply and demand allow, the Trades' Unionists are sapping the foundation on which their edifice rests, and counteracting to the utmost of their power the indispensable conditions of their prosperity. We hear much of co-operation. The relation between master and workman, in order to be mutually beneficial, must be one of co-operation. Each must respect the other's interest; the moment they lose sight of the interest of their neighbour, they also lose sight of their own. The interest of the employer must be considered, if for no other and better reason than because upon his interest depend the interests of the workman. He cannot be forced to continue in a trade that is made unprofitable or irksome to him, and the workman ought to view his retirement as a misfortune, because it diminishes the competition of the employers, which alone sustains the rate of his wages.

It must be observed also that the period of a strike is in the present day extremely dangerous to any trade, and to those whom it supports. Competition is so keen, information so rapidly and evenly diffused, that, the moment a stoppage of business takes place in one place, there are persons elsewhere ever ready to avail themselves of the opportunity. The wants of mankind will not wait the convenience of persons engaged in trade quarrels, and, while the men are struggling for a little more, the whole revenue in dispute not unfrequently vanishes, to return no more, or only after a long period and in diminished amount.

Trades' Unions, one and all, seem utterly reckless of the degree in which they increase the expenses of production. It is a selfish world, and they do not care in what degree they enhance the cost of living to their fellow-citizens, and, strange to say, to themselves. Every obstacle thrown in the way of free action increases the expense of production. Every rule imposed by the Union on the employer is a sort of tax levied by them for their own assumed benefit upon the rest of the community. They strive, let them disguise it by whatever name they will, to prevent competition among each other. When they prohibit overtime and piece-work ; when they forbid the admission of more than a certain number of apprentices ; when they object to work with non-Union men ; when they forbid a particular workman to do a particular kind of work ; when they institute a fine for men who chase, that is who compete in speed and excellence successfully with their fellows ; when they require a workman to labour in a manner less efficient than it is in his power to do ; they are striving to lower the standard of industry and the efficiency of production, and are needlessly and artificially raising the price of commodities upon the whole community. If these things really were for the advantage of the employer, there would be no occasion to urge them upon him by strikes and threats. We do not expect to be listened to when we speak on behalf of the employer or the public. We put the matter, as before, on the interest of the working man himself. Is it the interest of those who labour at any particular trade to make the thing on which their labour is employed, and from the sale of which their wages are to be paid, artificially dear ? If so, let us return at once to Protection. Let us adopt, as there is no little danger of our adopting, the practice and doctrines of America, where the working man stipulates for high wages, and gives his employer indemnity in the shape of a vote for protective or prohibitive duties, to indemnify him for his additional payment to his operatives ; where, in fact, Capital and Labour have entered into a sort of conspiracy against the rest of the community. Or let us go back to the doctrine of fifty years ago, and proclaim that those much injured men, the Luddites, were, after all, in the right, and that it is expedient to destroy all machinery which may interfere with the employment of labour and cheapen its products. But, if even the members of Trades' Unions have come to see that the interests of the working man have been immensely promoted by the two things that have most cheapened production, if the introduction of machinery and the abolition of Protection have been also most beneficial to the working classes, how can they fail to see that the rules for artificially raising the price

price of the things they make are really levelled at themselves, and will do them more injury than even the rest of the community, without counting what they may suffer in the character of consumers? Of the injustice of such rules we shall have something to say hereafter; we are now only treating of their economical aspect and their influence on the interest of those who impose them. For the purpose of this consideration workmen may be divided into two classes—those who are, and those who are not, exposed to foreign competition. Among the first are builders, masons, plasterers, bricklayers, and, in some measure, carpenters. With the honourable exception of the last, these trades have made themselves remarkable for the number and vexatiousness of their interferences with the liberty of their employers, of their fellow-workmen, and even of themselves. It cannot be doubted that by increasing the cost of building they have greatly discouraged it, that they have raised the amount of rent to all classes, including themselves, that in the same way the colliers have raised the price of fuel, and have thus limited consumption and the development of the very branches of industry on which they rely for support. The workmen whose labour is exposed to the competition of foreign countries, have done the same thing in a less degree; but if the course now entered upon be persevered in, they will infallibly hand over the manufacture of many articles to foreign rivals, to the great injury of the country, but to the absolute ruin of themselves. Their error is similar to that of the Protectionists, who, in order to exclude the foreign competitor, limited the home market by prices artificially enhanced, and, in their anxiety to exclude competitors in the production of corn, destroyed the competition for labour that would have otherwise existed, and raised the price of everything consumed, while they lowered the rate of wages. It is now as clearly established as any abstract principle can possibly be, that the true way to prosperity lies, not in excluding the competition of producers, but in stimulating by every means in our power the competition of consumers. All attempts to regulate production or interchange have always gone on the contrary supposition. The fallacy which limits the amount of importation has long outlived the fallacy which limits the amount of production, and it is not a little disheartening, after having emancipated trade with such brilliant results, that we should be called upon once more to take up the question of the emancipation of labour. In these Trades' Unions we are confronted again by the spirit of the Guilds of the Middle Ages, that narrow and exclusive spirit which refused admission to a trade, except after a long and painful novitiate, which made

labour a privilege instead of a right, and sought by every kind of oppression to monopolise the exercise of the handicraft trades for the benefit of inhabitants of particular localities. Before the French Revolution, before the work of Adam Smith appeared, Turgot, to his immortal honour, set himself to deal with this giant evil. As these privileges were in France given by the State, it was in the power of the State to withdraw them. In England the Trades' Unions, the modern form of the Guild, have grown up without the aid, and indeed under the ban, of the law. The doctrines of Free Trade, or we ought rather to say free labour, have penetrated the minds of statesmen, but they are now rudely assailed and trampled under foot by the labouring class; that is, by the very class most deeply interested in their assertion and propagation.

We have shown that the real interest of the workman lies in encouraging to the utmost the competition of employers. Let the advocates of Trades' Unions consider what effect all these things must have on the minds of capitalists, and how much they must limit competition among them. The profits of a trade, it is often remarked, are in an inverse ratio to its attractiveness in other respects. Those who look for high wages, which can only be secured by high profits, have the greatest possible interest in making trade as agreeable as possible to their employers, not for the sake of those employers, but for their own. Let us see the sort of life that Trades' Unions provide for the manufacturer. In case a strike is thought advisable, there is a machinery always ready to support it. Orders may come from a distance for his men to make a demand upon him which they have no wish to make, and they have no choice but to obey. He may have taken the utmost pains to be on the best terms with them, but that will avail him nothing. Or if his men do not strike, they may be pursuing the ordinary policy of taking the masters in detail, and supporting strikes by the wages earned by the men not on strike; a policy which really leaves the masters no choice—unless they are content, like the companions of Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclops, to be swallowed up one by one—but to cut off the funds by which the strike is maintained by a general lock-out. It must be remembered, too, that while the advocates of Trades' Unions always justify strikes, on the ground that a workman has a right to fix the value he sets on his own labour, and therefore to refuse work unless that price be given him, this question of wages is not the only, nor perhaps in many trades the most frequent, cause of strikes. A strike has become the means of controlling and terrorising the master, not only as to wages, but as to anything else that the men may choose to impose on him. If he

he employs non-Union men, a strike, even though they be his own sons. If more than the number of apprentices permitted by the rules of the Union or its branches are bound, a strike. If a bricklayer does the work of a plasterer, or vice versâ, if a carpenter does the work of a bricklayer, if a foreman does the work of a painter, if a hodman carries more than eight bricks, if sawn stone or stone chiselled or ground smooth by machinery is used, in all these cases the remedy is a strike, unless the employer will submit to the degradation of buying off the penalty by paying a fine imposed upon him by his own workmen. It is the business of employers of labour to obtain contracts. These occasions are eagerly watched for. Once involved in a contract without a strike clause in it, the unhappy employer is at the mercy of his men. Their demands must be obeyed at whatever sacrifice, and he is often compelled to surrender all, or more than all, the profits of the undertaking, to obtain its completion, for which he is bound in heavy penalties. Much more might be said on this subject, but we have said enough to show what manner of life the man must lead whose very existence depends on the occurrence or non-occurrence of such circumstances as we have mentioned. Racked by unremitting anxiety, feeling himself opposed to a perpetually recurring danger, against which no prudence can guard, no conciliation can secure him, watched continually by a sleepless and unscrupulous enemy, feeling every day the control over his own business gradually passing from him into the hands of his tormentors, degraded in his own eyes and those of his workmen by the necessity of perpetually submitting to the most irritating interference and dictation, how often must such a man curse the day when he placed himself thus in the power of others, and long for any escape, however disastrous, from a position so anomalous and so cruel! We are not arguing on behalf of the employer. We are only pointing out what his state of mind must be under the perpetual interference and dictation of Trades' Unions, and putting it to their advocates whether such a state of mind is not the thing of all others most unfavourable to that competition of employers, upon which, as we have so often insisted, the rate of wages must mainly depend.

We think, then, that we are justified in inferring, from the above examination of the economical effects of Trades' Unions, that the subscriptions and sacrifices which they demand from the working classes are worse than thrown away, that all this labour, and trouble, and expense, is employed either in doing, or rather pretending to do, that which the laws of demand and supply are already doing, or in ruining that very fund out of which the support

support of the contributors must come. We do not denounce these Unions as wrong or selfish, but as an enormous blunder, a gigantic miscalculation, based on fallacies the most obvious and mistakes the most easily detected. We admit that, in order to give to the workman that freedom which is, by law at least, every man's right, he must fix the rate of his own wages. What one may do more may do, and we have nothing, therefore, to say against the legality of strikes. What we say is, that a strike must be judged of by the particular circumstances under which it is made, but that to provide funds and machinery for strikes that may be made hereafter, and to organise the whole world of labour into Societies for this purpose, is a great economical mistake. The property these institutions attack is in a great measure the property of their own members. Part of it is in fixed capital, which is just as necessary for the business of the workman as for the business of the master; part will be paid in wages, part will provide raw material, and the rest is the inducement to the master to keep up that fixed capital, to provide that raw material, and to pay those wages. To organise a machine for periodical attacks on that capital is like bombarding an enemy's warehouse when full of English manufactures, with this difference, that the master is not an enemy but an indispensable co-operator, whose money alone makes the labour of the workman possible.

But clear as the case against Trades' Unions is on economical principles, we admit at once that the mere fact that these Societies, so far as they go beyond the functions of Benefit and Friendly Societies, must be exceedingly detrimental to the interests of their members, is no ground for a legal prohibition. In this free country every man has a right to spend his money his own way, even in his own ruin; and the evils, that would attend on any attempt to save him from the effects of his own folly, would be infinitely greater than any good that could possibly result from interference. We have hitherto argued the question entirely from the point of view of the working man, as if there were no one else in the world worth a thought, and have found that, even on this narrow basis, the utility of Trades' Unions cannot be supported.

We now propose to take a wider view of the case, and to consider the position and relations of these Societies to the existing law, and to those principles which lie at the root of all laws and all legislation. We have examined Trades' Unions as machines for accomplishing a certain economical end, and found that their results must necessarily be the exact contrary of their intentions. How will they answer the question we now propose,

propose, that is, How far is the existence of such bodies reconcilable with any clear and fair idea of public policy? We must look at Trades' Unions not only in their principles but in their acts, not only in their acts but in their tendencies, in order to judge with what eyes the Legislature ought to regard this new and startling intrusion into our industrial system.

We may remark, in the first place, that the fact that these institutions are founded in direct defiance of economical principles is one that ought to weigh gravely against them on the ground of justice, fairness, and expediency. Political economy is not exactly the law of the land, but it is the ground of that law. It is assumed as its basis and foundation. In order to bring our finance into accordance with the teaching of this new science, every class of Englishman has been called on during the last 20 years to submit to heavy sacrifices. We have burdened ourselves with an Income Tax, agriculturists and manufacturers have surrendered a qualified monopoly of production, and have been content, without the least reserve, to meet the competition of the whole world. And now there is growing up in the midst of us a monopoly of labour far more oppressive and indefensible than the monopoly of trade which we have abolished. It is a very grave question, even supposing that the violated principles of political economy do not assert themselves, whether we can tolerate for long, and on a great scale, this monstrous exception, or rather contradiction, to the rest of our system. Either, it would seem, we must modify the freedom of trade, to suit the fettered and weakened state of production, or we must restore production to more liberty, to make it fit into a system founded on Free Trade. You cannot be all *laissez faire* on one side, and all regulation and interference on the other. We have our choice. We must either force the working classes to advance, or must retrograde ourselves. The present splendid position of the country has been gained by removing every hindrance to the most rapid accumulation of capital. We have removed all obstacles and all taxes, which stood in the way of this accumulation. Are we to permit irresponsible bodies, actuated avowedly by the most sordid motives of short-sighted and suicidal self-interest, to undo this good and great work, and draw us back again into that dreary morass from which we have so lately, and with so much difficulty and so many sacrifices, extricated ourselves?

There is something very oblique and indirect in the manner in which these Societies have for the most part been brought into existence. They come before the world as Friendly and Benefit Societies, offering to the working man a suitable provision

sion for his old age and sickness, for the burial of his wife or children, for the loss of his tools and other unavoidable accidents. A careless or cursory perusal of their rules would probably not reveal anything else to a casual reader. No one can doubt that, as is proved by the evidence taken before the Commission, large numbers of persons are induced to join these Societies by the hope of laying up a provision for their future wants. The experience of Insurance Offices shows how liable the calculations of Societies which undertake to give a future benefit in exchange for annual payments are to error. The Legislature has guarded against this in the case of the Benefit and Provident Societies of the poor by a series of careful and well-considered enactments. These acts give to Provident and Benefit Societies, whose rules are certified by a competent officer, remission from Income Tax, and certain summary means of recovering debts, together with many other minor privileges. The officer, Mr. Tidd Pratt, to whom the working of this Act is confided, will not certify the rules of a Society unless the rules afford a reasonable prospect, according to the best knowledge which we possess, of providing a fund adequate to discharge the obligations incurred. If he refuse to certify the rules, no prudent person should invest his money in the Society. But in the case of a Society embracing within itself the two objects of a Provident Club and a Trades' Union, the rules, however good they may be, cannot be certified, because the powers of the Act extend to Provident Clubs alone. The absence of a certificate, therefore, conveys no censure on the rules of a Trades' Union, considered in the light of a Benefit Club, for it would obviously be unfair to discredit the association for the want of a certificate which, for other reasons, it could not possibly obtain. And yet never was the safeguard of a certificate of the sufficiency of the rules more needed than in the case of these very Trades' Unions. We will take, as an instance, the rules of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, and the criticism upon them of Mr. Mault, a highly intelligent and competent witness. This Society has 8261 members. Its operations are on a very large scale. The benefits it holds out are, lost tools replaced; donation when out of employment, 10s. a week for 12 weeks; when out on strike, 15s. a week; when sick, 12s. a week for 26 weeks, and afterwards 6s.; accident benefit, 100l.; emigration, 6l.; superannuation for life, over 25 years a member 8s. per week, over 18 years 7s. per week, over 12 years 5s. per week; funeral benefit, 12l. To find funds for these purposes there is an entrance fee, varying according to age from 7s. 6d. to 25s., and a contribution, from all members not receiving relief,

relief, of 1s. per week! We regret to say that, in the circular from which the above figures are taken, it is stated that the rules are deposited with Mr. Tidd Pratt, thus giving the Society the full protection of the law. From this any one would suppose that these rules had been certified as sufficient by Mr. Tidd Pratt, the truth being that he is obliged to receive whatever rules are sent to him, but that he has not certified them, which alone would give the protection of the law, and that it is quite impossible he should do so.

One need not be an actuary to see how manifestly insufficient a consideration the payments required of the members are for the payments promised by the Society. Persons under 40 are admitted, and, though there is a difference in the entrance-fee, there is none in the weekly payment between 25 and 40. It seems, on the authority of the Registrar-General, that a man of 20, paying a shilling a week for 30 years, can purchase an annuity for the rest of his life of 11*l.* per annum, or nearly 4*s.* 3*d.* a week. In a Friendly Society, the expenses of management would reduce this sum to 9*l.*, or a little more than 3*s.* a week. When it is considered that a person may begin his payments at 40 instead of 20, or at any intermediate age—and, when we think that one-third of the income goes in strikes, besides all the collateral benefits that are promised, we see quite clearly how utterly impossible it is that this Society should keep faith with its members, when the time of trial arrives, when the present members grow old and begin to draw heavily on the sick, the superannuation, and the burial funds. The Society is at present receiving; it has no member on superannuation; but it is transparently evident that a time will come, when it will be unable to meet the demands upon it, and when its members will find too late that they have thrown away the savings of a life in the pursuit of two chimeras—the artificial raising of their wages by means of combination, and the provision for sickness and old age by payments ludicrously inadequate to secure the benefits promised.

Not only are the promises given by Trades' Unions utterly deceptive, the tenure of the good things they promise is in the highest degree precarious. A man may have subscribed for 30 years, and lose all the benefit of his subscriptions by an offence, not against the rules of the Benefit Society, but of the Trades' Union. If he commits any one of a great number of offences, he ceases to be a member of the Union. By striving to make a provision for old age, he has not only been seduced into making payments for which, in the nature of things, he can receive no adequate equivalent, but he has made himself a slave.

'When men,' says Mr. Mault, 'have found themselves involved in

in a strike, perhaps against myself, their own feeling to me has been one of friendliness and respect; and, as far as the question at issue was concerned, they would take my side, rather than that of the Union. But they have said, 'We have paid into this Union for so many years; if we go against the Union we shall be struck off the books, and have no superannuation, no sick benefit; in fact, we shall lose the savings of years, the only savings we have made.' The fact is, these Societies are trying to perform the feat which may be done with two boards, of making two things stand together, neither of which could stand by itself. If the Benefit Society were separated from the Trades' Union, both must break down from an overpowering conviction of their common worthlessness. The Benefit Society, separated from any question of wages, would be tried by the ordinary principles of calculation, and, if it could not obtain the certificate of the presiding official, would fall into merited contempt. The Trades' Union, apart from the Benefit Society, would fail to attract members in the first instance, and would lose all control over them in the second. Without the power of confiscating the promised benefits, the power of the majority over the minority would be gone. It is only by the union of these two things—the promise of benefits impossible to realise, and the fear of losing the result of years of economy and self-denial—that the thing can be worked. Put either part on its true footing, and separate it from the aid it derives from the other, and the whole organisation must inevitably collapse: the Benefit Club, from want of confidence in its calculations, the Trades' Union from want of power to enforce unanimity among its members. Only imagine what would be thought of any one in the upper or middle classes of society, who should purchase an annuity without taking the trouble to ascertain what its real price ought to be, or insure against an event without knowing the value of the risk; and who then, after having made this blind bargain, should agree that his annuity should be withheld or his policy forfeited, in case he did not conform himself to such rules as the granter of the annuity or the insurer of the risk had laid down, or might lay down, for his guidance in some of the most difficult, and, to him, the most momentous affairs of life—in the management of his business, in the selection of his agents or servants, in the remuneration they were to receive, for instance—and you have some measure of the preposterous and incredible folly which thousands of the working classes, of the future rulers and governors of this country, are every day committing, and that in the fullest confidence that they are promoting to the utmost of their power their prosperity, their well-being, and their independence. These things border very closely on fraud;

fraud; whether the cause be deliberate intention to deceive, or a criminal recklessness and negligence in dealing with the interests of others, matters little. Enough for our present purpose, that they are of such a nature as to give the Legislature good cause to look with dislike and displeasure upon institutions which are connected with such vast abuses, such cruel deceptions, and such arbitrary confiscations.

We have shown how admirably the wants and interests of mankind provide for the division of the surplus, which remains after defraying the cost of production, into profits and wages; how a self-acting machinery, by the temptation of high profits, tends to raise wages when trade is good, and to lower them when it is bad; how vain it is to interfere with these laws, and how unfailing are the causes which make all such attempts either superfluous or mischievous. But this is the task which Trades' Unions undertake. They are not content to leave the matter to adjust itself by the individual interests of workman and employer. They have persuaded themselves that a man who has an enormous capital, which must stand idle if he cannot find labour, and which cannot be removed, is in a matter of bargain independent of the labourer; while the labourer, who can carry his labour where he will, and has the means, if he chooses, of providing amply for the loss arising from change of employment, is absolutely at his mercy; and so they have come to the conclusion that this is a matter for collective, not for individual, action. This, of course, demands on all sides a heavy surrender of liberty. The master is to deal no longer on the footing of what each individual is worth, but he is to hire the men in gangs; and the question he has to settle is no longer *How much is this individual workman worth to me?* but *What is it worth my while to give, to prevent the stoppage of my works by the simultaneous withdrawal from my employment of all my workmen?* It is evident that we have got here into an element of which political economy knows nothing. It is conceded that it is the right of each workman to fix his own remuneration, and that, as they may individually settle the rate at which they are willing to sell their services, any number of workmen may withdraw their services on such terms as they think proper; but when they do so, they are introducing a new element, that of force. They are acting in ostentatious disregard of the interests or feelings of others. They are like a landlord or a creditor, who uses the power he has over his tenant or his debtor for purposes foreign from the business of the lease or the debt. There are few people so humbly placed that they cannot, without violation of the law of the land, though assuredly not without violation of a higher law, exercise

exercise a similar influence on some one else. The notion of a strike involves the idea of the substitution of force for reason, of men's fears for their interests. It is a measure of coercion, and subject to all the drawbacks incident to coercion. One of these is, that the employment of force creates the desire in the person attacked to meet force with other force. If the question of wages, for instance, is made a collective question by the men, it can also be made so by the masters. The natural answer to a strike is a lock-out. If the men seek to take the masters in detail, the masters naturally require the men to bear as a whole what they inflict, and not to make one master the means of coercing another. If strikes have been the means of suddenly raising wages, they have also, by engendering lock-outs, been the means of preventing a rise that would otherwise have taken place. They have in them this further evil, that, being a mere weapon of offence, they may be used to support the most unreasonable as well as the most reasonable demand; they are a sword that may be drawn in the worst cause as well as the best. The possession of this power has a direct tendency to stimulate its use on slight and unworthy occasions. It may be questioned whether it be excellent to have a giant's strength, if the possession of that strength makes it certain that the strong man shall use it like a giant. Hence arises, from the consciousness of this power, a degree of wanton and fruitless tyranny and annoyance, which would be hardly credible but for the authentic and public manner in which it has been proved. But, besides the wanton and gratuitous cruelty and dictation exercised by Trades' Unions on all that come within their reach, there are certain kinds of coercion, which, however much we may reprobate them, cannot be fairly called wanton and gratuitous. The whole force of a Trades' Union rests in the power of striking, and whatever is necessary to that power must be obtained at whatever cost. Now a strike being a continuous act, it is necessary that it should not only be declared, but maintained, that is, that the majority should have a permanent power over the minority, so as to force them to carry out to its full extent the policy which they deprecate. A machinery for that purpose is provided, as shown above, by the arbitrary confiscation of the benefits which the member is entitled to in return for his weekly subscription. Then, the demand for wages being a collective one, it follows necessarily from the very nature of the transaction that it must be for an average—that is, that the inferior workman should be paid too much, and the superior too little—and to this the superior workman is forced to agree by the same motives as are found effectual in coercing the dissentient minority. But a still greater difficulty remains. A strike is powerful

powerful in proportion to the embarrassment which it causes the employer, and that embarrassment is pretty fairly measured by numbers. If, then, the non-Union men are very numerous, they place a very serious obstacle in the way of the coercion by the Union men, and the Unions are most powerful and most tyrannical where their numbers bear the largest proportion to the whole of the trade. Hence arises the necessity of making war by all means on non-Union men, of forcing them into the Unions by every species of tyranny and annoyance. They are not merely the obstacles to complete success in strikes. If any benefit be derived from the strike, they all seem to share it without having borne the burden and heat of the day. The fierce spirit of dictation, fostered in Unionists by the habit of coercing their employers and the minority of their own body by violent measures, chafes against this obstacle. It must be removed, and everything that spite and malevolence can suggest is used to remove it. The majority have become habituated to trample on the feelings, convictions, and liberties of others, and they will not allow this obstacle to stop them in their career. It thus appears that from the very nature of a Trades' Union are evolved those fierce and lawless passions to whose extreme development we have as yet made no allusion. These Unions rest upon force and coercion, upon a contempt and disregard of the liberties, the rights, and feelings of others. When men's minds once become habituated to such ideas, they are on the rapid slope which leads them down from what they may perhaps have once considered as a fair and reasonable vindication of their own rights to the lowest abyss of crime and infamy. We want to show what has now, we think, been sufficiently insisted on—that the outrages which have startled and amazed the country are not fortuitous results of accidental depravity, but the logical effects of the passions and convictions which Trade Unions necessarily excite, to which they appeal for their support, and which they undertake to gratify.

We beg the attention of the reader to the following instances, selected from the evidence taken before the Commission, begging him to consider the motives which must have prompted each act, and then whether it is likely that men embarked in such a career would stop short of whatever violence might be required to carry their points. A father must not employ his own children to work for him, without making them members of the Union. 'We, the operative plasterers of Bradford, do hereby give you notice that all your sons that are working as plasterers, which are above 21 years of age, are requested to join the Society; and, failing to do so, all our men will cease work on Monday morning, and not return again unless you pay

all

all expenses of the strike.' The strike actually took place. ('Evidence,' Q. 2971.)

The following letter was sent to Mr. Dixon, master plasterer, of Bradford: 'We wish to inform you that you have not complied with our request, therefore we wish you to do so to-night, or all our men will cease work on Monday morning. PS. Please send an answer by six o'clock.' The request was for 21s. entrance for Mr. Dixon's two brothers, who were working at the trade without belonging to the Union. Mr. Dixon, being under heavy contracts, sent back word that he would comply. He received an answer that he must pay down the money at once, or the threat of a strike would be carried out. He paid the money. How far is this offence from extorting money by threats, and by how wide an interval is it separated from actual violence?—2979. A master was requested by the Union to discharge two apprentices rather than two society men. He discharged the two men, and his work was picketed in consequence. Here we gain a step further. The Union takes out of the hands of the master the choice as to which of his workmen he shall discharge.—2957. A bookkeeper repainted the letters on a rod by which the work of Messrs. Worthington and Challinor, painters, was measured. They receive this note: 'Sirs,—It having been brought before the meeting on Monday night that your book-keeper has been doing some writing and painting, you are requested not to let him, he not being a painter. The Committee, Blackpool Operative House Painters' Association.'—3988. From the same committee: 'Mr. Foster. Sir,—You have three men in your employ that do not belong to any society. I am requested to inform you that if they do not become members of a society before the 11th of March next your shop will be called a Black Shop, and no society man will have to work in it.'—2991. During a bricklayers' strike, a Mr. Robinson, of Darlington, a master, set to work to lay his own bricks. The labourers said they must leave off work, as they were ordered by the Lodge not to carry any material to an employer so long as the strike continued. So Mr. Robinson had to give up doing his own work.—2997. Mr. Mault had seventy bricklayers drawn off his works at five minutes' notice because he would not discharge a non-society man of the name of Marsden. Marsden worked for a quarter of a day, and then said he had received an intimation which made it advisable for him to leave. If he had not left, how far are we off outrages like those of Sheffield?—3000. As might be expected, this utter disregard of the rights and feelings of others lead, also, to bads faith in the execution of agreements. We have seen in the recent instance of the Operative Tailors a
trial

trial put off on the application of the defendants, on the undertaking to remove the pickets placed over the masters' shops, and, when the object had been gained, the agreement deliberately broken. The Operative Brickmakers of Birmingham agreed with the masters to submit differences to arbitration, with power to appoint an umpire. The rule was recently acted upon, and the men by a resolution pledged themselves to abide by the decision. The umpire decided against the men, and they, instead of submitting, immediately struck.—3047. At Stoke-upon-Trent much the same thing happened, except that the men accused the masters, without the slightest foundation for the charge, of interpolating the arbitration rule into the code to which they agreed, and forging the signature of their secretary.—A strike followed.—3061. Here is a rule of the Bradford Lodge of the Labourers' Union: 'You are strictly cautioned not to overstep good rules by doing double the work you are required by the society, and causing others to do the same, in order to get a smile from the master. Such foolhardy and deceitful actions leave a great portion of good members out of employment all the year round. Certain individuals have been guilty, who will be expelled if they do not refrain.' We have many lamentations as to the superiority of foreign workmen. Can it well be otherwise, when wages are paid by the average, not by the worth of the individual, and any attempt to attract notice and win distinction is met by expulsion, that is, by the confiscation of the savings of a life?—3120. This is a rule of the Leeds Bricklayers' Labourers' Lodge. Remark the espionage: 'Any brother of the Union professing to carry more than the common number, which is eight bricks, shall be fined 1s. Any member knowing of the same shall be fined the same unless he gives the earliest information to the committee of management.'

The masons forbid the use of machinery for dressing stone, and consequently two valuable patents for obtaining a smooth surface, one by grinding, and one by sawing, remain almost useless.—3209. The Manchester and Sheffield brickmakers refuse to use machine-made bricks. It was intimated to Mr. Carr, a mason and bricklayer of Sheffield, that it was dangerous to use machine-made bricks. He paid no attention, and his work was injured by being squirted over with gas-tar.—3219. Masons have a rule against the introduction of wrought stone, even from neighbouring quarries. This causes a great loss, for the stone is softer and easier wrought when first quarried. Mr. James Lord, of Heywood, allowed his masons, as work was scarce, to work stone in the winter. These very men struck work in the spring against the using of this very stone in different buildings,

buildings, and thus inflicted great loss on their employer.—3216. The carpenters of Blackburn gave notice to the builders on the 16th of last November that they would not fix any machine-made work or mouldings that were worked outside Blackburn, on any job inside Blackburn, as they considered that there were plenty of machinists in Blackburn who could do the work just as well as people elsewhere.—3217. The Plasterers' Society wrote to Mr. Peacock, of Scarborough: 'The operative plasterers are bound not to work with any bricklayers, or to cover any work of any description that has been previously commenced by any person or persons but plasterers. If you wish to finish your job with plasterers, you must stop the bricklayers from plastering.'—3279. Some bricklayers passed by the works of Mr. Day, of Bolton, and found a carpenter enlarging the holes left for the posts in the brickwork. Mr. Day was fined 2*l.*, which he paid.—3280. The aperture for a door had to be altered. The carpenter, who was waiting till it was done to put in the frame, pulled out some loose bricks. The master, Mr. Colbeck, was fined 2*l.*, which he paid. Are we not rapidly tending to the institution of caste as found in India?—3280. A building at Powicke was being erected by bricklayers, some of whom lived on the spot, and some at Worcester, four miles off. The Worcester men asked for walking time, that is, that the walk should be counted in the day's work. This was granted. The same allowance was asked for the men on the spot who had no walk, and when this was refused a strike took place.—3263. The masons object to gaslight, and the brickmakers insist that all bricks shall be of the same size. If a town master goes out to do work, half the men must belong to the town, and, if the number be uneven, so must the odd man. Of the charitable feelings the Unions promote, take the following instance: Two men had refused to join in a strike at Glasgow. One was allowed to make his peace with the Union by a payment of 30*s.* From the other they would take no fine. The expression was, 'We shall wring the bowels out of him.' He was at last readmitted on a payment of 3*l.* His offence was that he had spoken against the strike. He owed his pardon to his employer, who refused to desert him.—3516. A Glasgow firm were erecting a building. The contractor for the plastering failed before his work was done, being in debt to his workmen for a week's wages. The Union would not allow the work to go on till the owner of the house, who owed the men nothing, not only paid the men for the work done, but for a week during which they had done no work. Thus is the machinery of Unions employed to make one pay another's debt.—3595.

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It is clear that if the Trades' Unions, in exercising these irresponsible powers, do guide themselves by the ordinary principles of justice and fair play, if they hear statements from both sides, for instance, consider the case as it affects not only themselves, but others, and eschew all secret and underhand proceedings, they will offer a striking contrast to all other depositaries of such powers. We have seen what their powers are. Let us see how they exercise them. The Union forms a court, but a court which acts only on *ex parte* information, and without local knowledge. Thus the masons of Carlisle and Exeter, for instance, decide on the wages that shall be demanded by the masons of Wolverhampton, guiding themselves not by the circumstances of the trade, but by the necessities of the employers. The object is to find a place where labour is in demand, to withdraw the labour by a strike, and to counteract the tendency of other labourers to flow thither by picketing, thus at once cutting off a source of employment, and depriving the whole trade of the benefit which the tendency of labour to go where it is most wanted must otherwise produce. Mr. Russell, of Bolton, was fined 5*l.*, which he paid, by the operative bricklayers of Bolton, for setting a mason to widen a window which he could not get finished because the bricklayers were drinking, and would not work. Of course he had no opportunity of being heard before the tribunal which imposed the fine, consisting, as in all probability it did, of the delinquents themselves.—3971.

Mr. Stone, of Newton-in-the-Willows, was fined 15*s.* because his foreman remonstrated with his men for talking and smoking when they should have been at work; and the foreman's son was fined 5*s.* for taking part with his father.—3973. Mr. Walter Scott is the largest builder in Newcastle. In the fortnightly return of a Trades' Union there appears an application from the Masons' Lodge of Newcastle, requesting that it be put to the vote whether Mr. Scott's country jobs should not be stopped by the withdrawal of masons, and the firm, if necessary, 'shelved for eighteen months.' This application is supported by assertions, utterly untrue, that Mr. Scott had busied himself in opposing the nine hour movement. The return is a secret document, and, while deliberations were being held concerning him which might have involved his ruin, Mr. Scott was entirely unaware of them, and only learnt them from the accident that this secret return fell into the hands of Mr. Mault, who published it in his newspaper, and thus for the first time apprised Mr. Scott of his danger. A trial is going on, and the first the accused hears of it is by the newspaper. We must go back, not to the Guilds, but to the secret tribunals of the middle ages to find a parallel to such proceedings.

ceedings.—4039. The machinery of strikes is used, as we have seen, to make one man pay another's debt; here is an instance where it was used to punish a successful competitor. Mr. Murdy, of Nottingham, made an estimate for plastering a row of houses, which was accepted. The trades had in contemplation a co-operative society, and competed for the work. When they found that they were not successful, they sent to the builder to say that they would not allow the work to be done by contract, and so the contract was taken away from Mr. Murdy. Not content with this, they sent a circular to every master builder in Nottingham to this effect: 'It has been resolved by the central committee of the building trades, that you do not accept any tender from Messrs. Hill and Murdy from this date until we come to more amicable terms than we are at present with them.'—4058.

Let any one read these instances, abridged from many more which were laid before the Royal Commission, and ask himself whether there is any principle of personal liberty, of fair play between man and man, of justice or of honesty, which these bodies in their self-constituted omnipotence do not infringe? Supposing we knew nothing of Trades' Unions except what is now told us, could we believe that their excesses were limited even to such cases as these? What reflecting man would doubt for a moment that the means of compulsion would grow in violence and atrocity just in proportion to the resistance encountered? People accustomed to gain their own way, and to gain it by such means, are not likely to suffer themselves to be defeated while anything was left untried which could strike terror into their intended victims. People who deliberately set themselves to starve a fellow-workman because he will not strike, or to ruin an employer because he prefers to manage his business himself, instead of carrying it on under the dictation of the Union, are not likely to stop there if that does not succeed. From such conduct to actual violence the step is short and certain. We feel sure that this, though true, is not the whole truth; that where there is so much there must be more. Of the Sheffield outrages it is unnecessary here to speak. They have been read and shuddered at in every corner of the kingdom. Robbery, fire-raising, and murder, glozed over by the most odious hypocrisy, have been the weapons with which more than one Trades' Union in Sheffield has fought its battles. But even this is not the worst of it. To understand how fearful an instrument a Trades' Union is for destroying all feeling of right and wrong in large bodies of men, we have only to consider the treatment of the loathsome miscreants Broadhead and Crookes. In October
last

last year Broadhead wrote a letter which must have satisfied any one who read it attentively that he had a hand in the Hereford Street outrage, for in it he speaks of the victim as almost as bad as the perpetrator. The press commented severely on this statement. Broadhead offered his resignation as Secretary of the Saw Grinders' Union. The subject was considered for six hours with closed doors. They passed a vote of confidence in him, and requested him to retain his office. Then came the disclosures of this year. It appeared that Broadhead retained in his service hired murderers, and that to pay them he embezzled the funds of the Society, and falsified the accounts. The Saw Grinders' Union refuse to expel Broadhead on two grounds: one, that he had risked his life on their behalf, the other, that the law afforded no remedy for the offences which he took upon himself to punish with death. The non-Union saw grinders, who were clear of his former crimes, requested him to assist them in forming an Union of their own. His public house is frequented by numerous admirers of murder, 'considered as one of the fine arts,' and he is much astonished that the magistrates have refused to renew his license, being apparently of opinion that the certificate of indemnity cancels the guilt and the infamy, as well as the penal consequences, of crime.

The support that opinion in Sheffield gives to crime is even more hideous than the crime itself; just as it has been always felt in Ireland that there is one thing worse than Irish agrarian outrage, and that is the shelter and sympathy which it receives from the peasantry. The one proves individual wickedness, the other the depravity of a whole community.

Perhaps from the weariness and disgust which the subject naturally inspires, the revelations of the doings of the brick-makers at Manchester have attracted less attention than the exploits of the saw-grinders of Sheffield. This is unfair. They are even more remarkable; and if they do not obtain as much notice, it should not be 'Carent quia vate sacro.' The principles of the brickmakers are absolutist; their means of enforcing obedience are gently graduated from pecuniary fines up to murder. When the lesser penalty is imposed, the heavier always lurks in the background. Their policy is not enlightened. They will have no employment of non-Union men—either with Union men or alone; no machine-made bricks; no transference of bricks from one district to another; no payment for labour except what they please. A master brickmaker, not a member of the Union, is forced to pay them 1*l.* a year, in order to be allowed to work at his own trade. They have an alliance with the bricklayers, so that no bricks can be laid of which they disapprove. They fine

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 A read of stabs with knives, of pistols
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 against the 'Trades' Unions. We have
 at is to be alleged against them, and the
 is utterly futile. We say that they
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 s of Lancashire or the Saw Grinders of Shef-
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field. But they all contain within them the germs and elements of crime, they are all founded on the right of the majority to coerce the minority, on the absolute subjugation of the one to the many, and the employment of such means as may be necessary in order to give effect to these false and dangerous principles. Is such a state of things as we have described to be tolerated in this country? Is everything which has hitherto been the pride of Englishmen to be sacrificed to the vain attempt to overthrow by brute force the most clearly established principles? Are we tamely to stand by and see these bodies ruin our trade and manufactures, and tolerate a 'progressive demoralisation of classes destined henceforth to have a potential voice in the government of this country, to which no limit can be assigned short of the worst and blackest of crimes? If not, what is the remedy?

The remedy depends of course upon the state of the law. If the law be adequate to punish such injuries and enormities, we should presume that, as these things nevertheless happen, the Trades' Unions are too strong for the law, and should feel disposed to abandon the attempt in despair. But if the law be found defective, there is yet hope in its amendment. At first sight the case seems almost hopeless. There is hardly a single act of oppression which we have enumerated which is not indictable under the law as it stands, and that law not a statute made by the rich to oppress the poor, but the common law of conspiracy, originating in the wish to protect the weak against the strong. It is quite clear that the common law will not allow conspiracies in restraint of trade, and that almost every act which has been given in evidence would support an indictment for this offence. The charge of Baron Bramwell, in the recent case of the Tailors' Strike, places this point beyond a doubt. The statute of the 6th George IV., c. 129, places acts of violence or molestation, or threats for the purposes of coercion in matters of work or wages, when proceeding from individuals, on the same footing as if they were proved to be the result of combination, giving besides a summary jurisdiction to magistrates instead of to a jury. We are not aware that a failure of justice has ever resulted from the insufficiency of the law. But this avails but little. The difficulty is not in the law but in the evidence. The same intimidation which enslaves the individual closes the mouth of the witness, and fines are openly imposed by the Unions on any one who may give evidence against their interest. The position of a prosecutor or a witness in these cases only too closely resembles the position of such persons in Ireland. They dare not speak, unless means are afforded them of removal from the vengeance of the powerful class they offend. Mr. Mault received

offers

offers of evidence, but only on condition that he would provide the means of emigration for those who gave it. Since these sheets were written, we have seen it proposed by more than one member of Parliament to leave Trades' Unions alone, placing them within the protection of the Friendly Societies Act, and to strengthen the law against outrages. This would be to give the pound of flesh, and forbid the effusion of blood. The Union is more dreaded than the law; just as maiming, burning, and murdering are more fearful than hard labour or imprisonment. If Trades' Unions are allowed to retain their present form and organization, they can stifle proof and secure impunity to crime. The real question, then, is not of a new law of pains and penalties, but of a careful consideration of the organization of these societies. It is here, if anywhere, that a remedy must be sought. The law cannot be strengthened so as to put down outrages, so long as we leave to their perpetrators a power stronger and more terrible than the law. We must ascend to causes, and not fix our attention exclusively on effects, if we would encounter this evil effectually. Now we have already shown that a Trades' Union is composed of two distinct and separate parts: a Friendly or Provident Society, and a Society for the purpose of raising wages and regulating trade. We have shown, moreover, that it is only by the union of these two that the Trades' Union in its full force and efficiency can exist. Let us consider the last first. The case of *Hilton v. Eckersley*, decided by the Queen's Bench, and affirmed in the Exchequer Chamber, laid down that a bond entered into by certain employers of labour, by which they bound themselves to submit, as to wages, hours of work, engagement of work-people, &c., each to the will of the majority, was void, as being in restraint of trade. Substitute the word association for the word bond, and the whole reasoning and force of the decision applies to a Trades' Union, the very essence of which is that the individual shall submit himself in all things relating to his trade to the will of the majority. The 4th section of the 6th Geo. IV., c. 129, relieves 'workmen who meet together for the sole purpose of consulting upon and determining the rate of wages,' and 'persons who enter into any agreement, verbal or written, among themselves for the purpose of fixing the rate of wages or prices,' from punishment; and the 5th section has the same protection, *mutatis mutandis*, for masters. The case of *Hilton v. Eckersley* shows that this protection does not apply to prospective agreements between masters to be bound by the will of the majority; and therefore the 4th section does not protect similar engagements between workmen. Being illegal at common law, and not within the protection of the statute, such

such societies are therefore illegal. Mr. Justice Crampton, an excellent lawyer, thought that the parties to the bond were indictable; but on this question, as not being involved in the merits of the case of *Hilton v. Eckersley*, the Court of Exchequer Chamber gave no opinion. As to a Trades' Union considered as a Friendly or Benefit Society, we have already forestalled an account of its legal position. It is excluded from the benefits of the Friendly Societies Acts. It is not allowed a remission of income-tax. It cannot avail itself of the summary jurisdiction given to magistrates as between Friendly Societies, their officers, and members. Its rules may be excellent, but the members cannot have the security given by the certificate of the Registrar of Friendly Societies. Its rules must be lodged with him; but that only gives an opportunity, of which we have given one instance, and could give more, of fraud and misrepresentation on the part of the Union, by treating the lodgment with as equivalent to the certificate of the Registrar. Yet no mark is set upon them. They are left to the common law. What would be the result of a bill in equity filed by or against them?—whether the illegal element which they contain, as shown above, would vitiate the whole society, or whether it would be considered as separable, we do not pretend to say. If the Union cannot sue summarily a defaulting treasurer, neither can a member, arbitrarily and unjustly deprived of the benefit of his subscriptions, summarily sue the Union for redress. It is this license of plundering their subscribers at will which gives the Unions that power of coercion over their own members on which their whole efficiency depends. The legal status of Trades' Unions is not tolerable. They are not prohibited, but looked coldly on and disapproved, by the law. They are not illegal, but are denied access to all legal tribunals, except perhaps the Court of Chancery, which is obviously quite out of their reach. They are somewhat in the same position as unregistered Joint Stock Companies before 1856, allowed to exist, but encumbered with difficulties which the law can remove but will not.

At present a Friendly Society may be founded on pecuniary principles so manifestly unsound, as to make its ruin and the spoliation of its contributors absolutely certain in a given number of years, and yet the Government allows it to go on, and contents itself with merely withholding its countenance from it. This surely ought not to be. If these societies are fit for the application of the ordinary principles of free trade, the Government ought not to interfere at all; if the working classes require protection, as they obviously do, the Government ought absolutely to prohibit that which they

they do not absolutely approve. A Friendly or Provident Society which cannot obtain registration for its rules should be absolutely prohibited, and the attempt to establish or carry on such a society should be treated as a fraud, and punished as a criminal act. By this simple means an effectual bar would be interposed to that conjunction out of which, as has already been abundantly shown, the power of Trades' Unions mainly arises—the union of a fraudulent Provident Society with a society formed for the purpose of restraining trade. A mere Trades' Union, stripped of the mask of providence and foresight, behind which it conceals its more repulsive features, might possibly be dealt with by the common law against conspiracy. If it existed at all, it would be obliged to show its true colours, and thus to furnish evidence against itself. It would no longer have the specious pretext to bring forward, that it invited working men to make provision for old age or illness, and it would lose the weapon which it wields so efficiently, the power of confiscating the contributions of its subscribers by expelling them for disobedience of its orders. Thus a benefit society would become what it professes to be, a mere aid to prudence and economy, and a Trades' Union would also be what it professes, a mere instrument for coercing masters and men, but forced to rely for support, even if allowed to exist at all, entirely on its own merits, and therefore we need not say stripped of its strength, and resting on a thoroughly unsound and treacherous foundation.

The alterations in the law which we would suggest, therefore, are these. Forbid absolutely, under pain of indictment—or, better still, summary punishment before two justices—the establishment of any Friendly or Provident Society without the certificate of its rules from the registrar of such societies. Give a reasonable time to all existing Benefit or Provident Societies to come in and register, and after that time has expired declare all such societies illegal and their members liable to punishment. Give to some suitable tribunal a power of arbitrating between the society and its members, whenever it is impossible for them to comply with the requirements of the Registrar of Friendly Societies. Declare, in affirmance of what we believe to be the common law, that all societies formed in restraint of trade (other than those combinations protected by the 4th and 5th sections of the 6th Geo. IV., c. 129) are illegal, and give to justices a summary jurisdiction against their members.

The law will then be adequate to the mischief. If it can be enforced, society will have freed itself from a great peril; dangers to our manufactures and commerce, the amount of which

no man can measure, will have been arrested, and a demoralization which threatens to lower the character of the English operative to the level of the Thug of India will have been stayed; if not, we must be prepared to see our prosperity wither and perish under the ruinous influence of persons as ignorant of their own true interests as they are careless of the feelings and reckless of the interests of others.

Art. IV.—*Historical Characters*. By the Right Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G.C.B. 2 vols. 8vo. 1867.

BACON, as we are aptly reminded by the author of the work before us, claims as the attribute of men of science and letters that when they do give themselves up to public affairs 'they carry thereunto a spirit more lofty and comprehensive than that which animates the mere politician.' They also bring back therefrom a spirit more practical, with an experience more varied and enlarged, than commonly appertain to the mere man of letters—a spirit and an experience of inestimable worth when they treat of public affairs. Clarendon, Sully, and de Retz are obvious examples. Gibbon, speaking of his service with the Hampshire militia, says, 'The discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion; and the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman empire.' And in another place of the autobiography: 'The eight sessions that I sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian.' Montaigne lays down that no one should write history who has not served the state in some civil or military capacity. Be this as it may, it is certainly a recommendation of no mean order to an author who undertakes a series of biographical studies on orators and statesmen, that he has himself sat in senates and been practically conversant with important transactions of diplomacy.

Sir Henry Bulwer has this recommendation. He was during many years a member of the House of Commons, and two or three of his later speeches, especially one on Spanish affairs, in 1836, gave high promise of his parliamentary career had he persevered in it. He vacated his seat for Marylebone on being appointed Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople in 1837; having already served a respectable apprenticeship to diplomacy in Berlin, Vienna, the Low Countries, and Brussels. He was transferred to Paris in 1839, and, the ambassador being absent,

was

was acting minister in 1840, when the Egyptian complications were in their most entangled state. He was also acting minister at critical periods in 1841 and 1842. In 1843 Lord Aberdeen, who had been favourably impressed by his despatches and reports, appointed him British minister in Spain; and he was there when the notorious Spanish marriages were brought about by French intrigue, which might have been counteracted had his advice been followed and his information acted on. We afterwards find him in the United States, concluding the 'Bulwer and Clayton Treaty'; then minister at Florence; then, after a short retirement, on a special mission to the Principalities; and, to crown all, ambassador at Constantinople from 1858 to 1865, where he carried out with signal ability the Palmerstonian policy of preserving the Turkish empire unimpaired. In the course of a debate (April 6th, 1863) in the House of Commons on the relative fitness of our diplomatic agents and representatives, Lord Palmerston instanced the Earl of Clarendon and Sir H. Bulwer as two who had attained distinction and success without having been regularly educated for diplomacy.

During two-thirds of his life, therefore, Sir Henry Bulwer has been going through the best sort of training for the class of composition which he has judiciously chosen, and the work before us is especially distinguished by the qualities which we should have anticipated from his career: sagacity, penetration, broad and liberal views of men and measures, keen analysis of motive, and perfect familiarity with the manner in which the springs of human action are brought into play by those who control or modify the current of events at momentous epochs. He has been in personal communication with many actors in the scenes he describes; his memory is richly stored with materials for illustration; he has appropriate images at command; and his style—clear, copious, and free—is essentially a good style, although the sentences are sometimes wanting in compactness, and a word or phrase may occasionally betray a foreign origin. Scrope Davies, Lord Byron's friend, who had resided twenty years at Paris without learning French, was wont to allege as his reason an unwillingness to spoil his English, of which he was justifiably proud; and an Englishman who has lived long abroad, and been in the constant habit of speaking and writing a foreign language, will find considerable difficulty in preserving the idiomatic purity of his own.

Sir H. Bulwer's selection and classification of subjects are of a nature to provoke critical comment at starting. His historical characters are—Talleyrand, the Politic Man; Mackintosh, the Man of Promise; Cobbett, the Contentious Man; Canning, the

the Brilliant Man; Peel, the Practical Man. They contrast sufficiently to place their several qualities in broad relief and produce the full attraction of variety. But is each a fair specimen of his class, and is each class correctly indicated or defined? To begin with Talleyrand, was he the best type of the 'politic' man, and what is the precise meaning of the term? Unfortunately it has three or four meanings or senses, and would be insufficiently rendered by *politique*. It is used in the most favourable sense by Shakespeare in the passage:—

‘This land was famously enriched
With politic grave counsel. Then the King
Had virtuous uncles.’

There was nothing virtuous about Talleyrand, and the epithet ‘politic’ would fit him better as applied by Pope:—

‘No less alike the politic and wise,
All sly slow things with circumspective eyes,
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take.’

After giving Richelieu and William III. as types of the race in which superior intelligence, energy, and judgment are equally united—Charles XII. of Sweden and the first Napoleon of that in which the judgment is comparatively weak—Sir H. Bulwer proceeds:

‘Thirdly, there are men in whom the judgment is stronger than either the energy, which is rather occasional than constant, or the intelligence which, though subtle and comprehensive, is not of the loftiest order. Shrewd and wary, these men rather take advantage of circumstances than make them. To turn an obstacle, to foresee an event, to seize an opportunity, is their peculiar talent. They are without passions, but their interest assumes the character of a passion. The success they attain in life is, for the most part, procured by efforts no greater than those of other candidates for public honours and renown, who with an appearance of equal talent vainly strive to be successful; but all their exertions are made at the most fitting moment, and in the happiest manner.

‘A nice tact is the essential and predominant quality of these “politic” persons. They think rarely of what is right in the abstract: they do usually what is best at the moment. They never play the greatest part amongst their contemporaries: they almost always play a great one; and, without arriving at those extraordinary positions to which a more adventurous race aspires, generally retain considerable importance, even during the most changeful circumstances, and most commonly preserve in retirement or disgrace much of the consideration they acquired in power.’

So far so good, correctly conceived and felicitously expressed.
But

But the English example which follows must be pronounced partially or imperfectly applicable :

‘During the intriguing and agitated years which preceded the fall of the Stuarts there was seen in England a remarkable statesman of the character I have just been describing ; and a comparison might not inappropriately be drawn between the plausible and trimming Halifax and the adroit and accomplished personage whose name is inscribed on these pages.

‘But although these two renowned advocates of expediency had many qualities in common—the amenity, the wit, the knowledge, the acuteness, which distinguished the one equally distinguishing the other—nevertheless, the Englishman, although a more dexterous debater in public assemblies, had not in action the calm courage, nor in council the prompt decision, for which the Frenchman was remarkable ; neither is his name stamped on the annals of his country in such indelible characters, nor connected with such great and marvellous events.’

We suspect that Sir H. Bulwer has been caught by the epithet ‘trimmer,’ for Halifax was not a politic man, and had nothing in common with Talleyrand beyond knowledge, intelligence, fine manners, and wit. He never took advantage of circumstances. He never turned an obstacle or seized an opportunity ; and if he foresaw an event, he made no attempt to profit by it. When Henry Sidney sounded him on the eve of the Revolution of 1688, he declined having anything to do with the affair, and retired to his country house. His mind was ‘sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought :’ it was pre-eminently one in which ‘enterprises of great pith and moment lose the name of action.’ Lord Macaulay, who has painted his portrait with the nicest discrimination, says that he was less successful in politics than many who enjoyed smaller advantages, because the intellectual peculiarities which make his writings valuable frequently impeded him in the contests of active life. ‘For he always saw passing events, not in the point of view in which they commonly appear to one who bears a part in them, but in the point of view in which, after the lapse of years, they appear to the philosophic historian. All the prejudices, all the exaggerations of both the great parties in the State, moved his scorn.’

Halifax trimmed on principle, from settled repugnance to extremes or from fastidiousness, not from interested motives, and his ambition was the opposite of self-seeking : its objects were glory and admiration, instead of wealth and personal aggrandizement, which were the lifelong aim of Talleyrand. At the same time it must be admitted that the Englishman was inferior to the Frenchman in the qualities by which great objects are achieved ; and we agree with Sir H. Bulwer that the popular esti-

mate

mate of Talleyrand is erroneous and unfair. The absence of high principle or elevated motive does not imply tergiversation or dishonesty. A man who, changing with the times, combines what is best for his country with what is best for himself, if not quite a patriot, cannot be called a renegade; and if he does not abandon a cause till it is utterly hopeless, till he can confessedly do no good by adhering to it, he is not justly open to the reproach of treachery or insincerity. When we come to investigate the charges brought against Talleyrand, they will almost always be found to resolve themselves into changes forced upon him by the weakness or violence of the party which he left; his grand offence being that he did not share the fate he was unable to avert.

M. Pozzo di Borgo, speaking of him to Sir H. Bulwer, said, 'Cet homme s'est fait grand en se rangeant toujours parmi les petits et en aidant ceux qui avaient le plus besoin de lui.' This, although meant to depreciate, is really tantamount to allowing him an extraordinary amount of prescience and self-reliance; for, it being assumed that he joined 'the little' from calculation, he must either have foreseen that they were about to become great, or have felt that he was able to make them so. That he joined those with whom he was likely to exercise most influence is true, and there can be no doubt that his birth, rank, and profession, gave him at once a position in the *tiers-état* which would not have been so readily conceded to him by the clergy or the *noblesse*. But if he turned against his order or his cloth, let it not be forgotten that he had been excluded from his birth-right, and that he entered the priesthood against his will.

His family claim descent from the sovereign counts of Périgord, and the name of Talleyrand (from *tailler les rangs*) was gained by the prowess of an ancestor. He was born in 1754, and was immediately put out to nurse in the country, where, either by chance or neglect, he met with a fall which occasioned lameness. So says Sir H. Bulwer, adopting the current version. But to quote the very words of our informant, an eminently distinguished diplomatist, 'His Vienna colleague, Baron Wessenberg, told me years ago that the state of his calves was owing to the carelessness of his nurse, who laid him down in a field whilst she flirted with her sweetheart, and on coming back to her charge found some pigs dining on the infant's legs. I am sure that Wessenberg told me this as an established fact, and I am all but sure that his authority was Talleyrand himself.'

The resulting lameness was pronounced incurable, and in a *conseil de famille* it was decided that the younger brother, the Count d'Archambaud, afterwards Duc de Périgord, should be deemed

deemed the elder, and brought up a soldier, whilst the crippled elder should be deemed the younger, and devoted to the Church. This arrangement was carried out when he was between thirteen and fourteen years of age, and thenceforward his entire character underwent a corresponding transformation. 'The lively, idle, and reckless boy became taciturn, studious, and calculating. The youth, who might easily and carelessly have accepted a prosperous fate, was ushered into the world with a determination to wrestle with an adverse one.' It was this determination, or the stirrings of nascent ambition, that compensated for the want of parental care; for, transferred directly from the nursery to the school, and entering the Collège d'Harcourt more ignorant than any boy of his years, he gained the first prizes and became one of its most distinguished pupils. At the Séminaire de St.-Sulpice, to which he was removed in 1770, his talent for disputation was remarked, and some of his compositions were much admired. At the Sorbonne, where he completed his studies, continues the biographer, he was often pointed out as a remarkably clever, silent, and profligate young man; who made no secret that he disliked the profession chosen for him, but was certain to arrive at its highest honours. As that profession then imposed little or no self-denial or restraint, and its highest grades were invitingly thrown open to the high-born and well-connected, it was probably in a worldly point of view the best that could be chosen for one like him, who had no scruples of conscience to check his rise.

He entered the Gallican Church in 1773, and we are requested to picture to ourselves a M. de Périgord about twenty, very smart in his clerical attire, and with a countenance which, without being handsome, was singularly attractive from the triple expression of softness, impudence, and wit. He made no attempt to win his way by piety or learning, by preaching unctuous sermons, or publishing theological treatises. The noble road to preferment lay in another direction—through the minister's waiting-room, the king's closet, or the boudoir of the favourite; and it was there he went to look for it. A gay party was assembled at Madame Dubarry's, and the gallants of the Court were emulously boasting of their success with the fair. Talleyrand hung down his head and said nothing. 'And what makes you so sad and silent?' asked the hostess. 'Alas! Madame, I was making a most melancholy reflection. It is that Paris is a city where it is easier to gain women than abbey.' This reply was voted charming, and was repeated to the King, who rewarded it with the benefice at which it was aimed.

The next five years are left blank by his biographers, but the Abbé

Abbé de Périgord must have employed them to good effect in improving his talents, his reputation, and his influence; for in 1780 we find him, as Agent-General of the French clergy, directing the administration of their revenues, and taking the lead in the management of their affairs. A curious incident of this period is stated on the high authority of M. Mignet: that the Abbé and Agent-General fitted out a privateer, in partnership with M. Choiseul Gouffier, to serve against the English, the cannon being supplied by the Government. In 1785, having to give an account of his administration, he did so in a manner to show his mastery of finance; and this dry and repulsive subject, as it would have been deemed at almost any other period, happened to be the one on which public attention was fixed. The deficit in the French exchequer, and the means of replenishing it, were the absorbing topics of the hour, and a man who really understood them was eagerly listened to and sought after in all classes. He speedily attracted the notice of M. de Calonne, the chief of the Government, who, himself a man of pleasure, was not likely to withhold his patronage on the ground of immorality. The Abbé de Périgord, however, had so recklessly exceeded even the large license allowed by the habits of his contemporaries, that, when the bishopric of Autun fell vacant in 1788, Louis XVI. demurred to the proposed bestowal of it on the churchman who had contributed more than any layman, except Richelieu or Lauzun, to the scandalous chronicles of Paris and Versailles. The King held out for four months, and his reluctance was with difficulty overcome at last by the Abbé's father, who was visited by his royal master on his death-bed, and prayed his Majesty, as the last request of an old and faithful servant, to grant the bishopric to his son. The Abbé de Périgord was consecrated Bishop of Autun on the 17th of January, 1789, four months before the assembling of the States-General.

Some of the best parts of the work before us are those in which the author sketches or recapitulates the circumstances and conditions under which his personages are brought most prominently upon the scene. We know few things better in this line than his delineation of the manners, feelings, and opinions of the French metropolis during the ten years preceding the revolution; for which he apologises, although it needed no apology, on the ground that his hero was their child. 'To the latest hour of his existence he fondly cherished their memory: to them he owed many of those graces which his friends still delight to recall: to them most of those faults which his enemies have so frequently portrayed.' This was the period to which Burke alluded in his memorable maxim (of questionable soundness)

ness) that vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness. The reign of Louis Seize was a marked improvement on that of his predecessor. Power and patronage were no longer distributed by a profligate mistress, and the Parc aux Cerfs was broken up. The worst that can truly be said of the Queen's mode of amusing herself at *Le Petit Trianon* is that it transgressed the traditional decorum of the Court, and gave occasion for what are now all but demonstrated to have been unfounded suspicions of gallantry. The refinement of manners was perfect; the tone of good company fascinating in the extreme. But all below the gay smiling surface was troubled, wavering, anxious, and unfixed; a mixture of doubt and confidence, credulity and scepticism, a wild craving for novelty, contending with superstitious reverence for the past—

‘When wisdom’s lights in fanes fantastic shone,
And taste had principles and virtue none;
When schools disdained the morals understood,
And sceptics boasted of some better good.’

We agree with Sir H. Bulwer that, if Talleyrand was largely tainted with the immorality of his times, the great test of his understanding was that he totally escaped all their wilder delusions. On being named to represent his diocese in the States-General, he drew up an address to his constituents, in which he separates all the reforms which were practicable and expedient, from all the schemes which were visionary and dangerous.

One of his biographers says that he dressed like a coxcomb, thought like a deist, and preached like a saint; but we are not aware that any specimen of his preaching has been preserved; for we must not confound with sermons the discourses he delivered for political purposes, on ceremonial occasions, in his episcopal capacity. In the States-General he took the earliest and happiest opportunity of merging the prelate in the citizen. In fact, he was nearly as active and efficient as Mirabeau and Sieyès in bringing about the ascendancy of the popular element in the States, and converting them into a national assembly with unlimited powers. The share he had in their measures during the first months of their supremacy—and perhaps never before or since did a body of legislators get through so much work in so short a time—marked him as the fittest person to justify them; and in February, 1790, a manifesto to the French nation, composed by him, was published and circulated through France. It was the subject of general praise, and committed him irretrievably to the course which he must have seen by this time was not exactly what he had wished or intended to pursue. He would naturally have preferred a state
of

of things in which he might have looked for high office or lucrative preferment; and at one time he acted, or was disposed to act, with Mounier and Lally-Tollendal, although he did not, like them, withdraw from the scene when the cause of constitutional government was evidently hopeless. It is curious that the greatest shock to his popularity with the party of progress, as well as his crowning offence with the party of order, was his supporting a proposal (January 31, 1790) to confer the rights of citizenship upon a Jew.

When the civil constitution of the clergy was decreed, he at once took the required oath, which all his episcopal brethren (with two exceptions) declined, and he ultimately consented to consecrate the new bishops elected to supply the place of those whom the Assembly had deprived of their dioceses. The archbishopric of Paris having been vacated, it was supposed that he had an eye to it; and whilst a portion of the press advocated his claim, another and a larger portion set to work to recapitulate his manifold disqualifications for even the preferment which he was permitted to retain. Sir H. Bulwer says that Talleyrand was, up to the last hour of his life, almost indifferent to praise, but exquisitely sensitive to censure; and he gave a proof of his sensitiveness by addressing a letter to the editors of a newspaper, in which, after declaring his intention to refuse the archbishopric if placed at his disposal, and professing entire disinterestedness, he says:

'Owing, I presume, to the false alarm caused by my supposed pretensions to the see of Paris, stories have been circulated of my having lately won in gambling-houses the sum of sixty or seventy thousand francs. Now that all fear of seeing me elevated to the dignity in question is at an end, I shall doubtless be believed in what I am about to say. The truth is, that in the course of two months I gained the sum of about thirty thousand francs, not at gambling-houses, but in private society, or at the chess club, which has always been regarded, from the nature of its institution, as a private house.'

Thirty thousand francs (1200*l.*) in two months is pretty well for a bishop. This letter is dated September 9th, 1791, but on the 26th of the preceding April, the day after the consecration of the newly-elected Bishop of Finisterre, had arrived a Papal brief thus announced in the '*Moniteur*':

'Le bref du Pape est arrivé jeudi dernier. De Talleyrand-Périgord, ancien évêque d'Autun, y est suspendu de toutes fonctions et excommunié après quarante jours s'il ne revient pas à résipiscence.'

Talleyrand, we are told, had too much tact to think of continuing

tinuing his clerical office under the interdiction of the head of his Church, and he was still less disposed to abandon his political career. He, therefore, at once flung up his profession, and adopted the plain designation of M. de Talleyrand. If this were so, we are at a loss to understand how, four months afterwards, he could take credit for refusing the archbishopric.

He co-operated with Mirabeau in the endeavour to save the monarchy: had a confidential interview with him the day before his death; received from his hands the manuscript of an elaborate discourse on the law of inheritance; and being already a member of the department of Paris, was immediately nominated to succeed him in the directorship of that department. Taking good care not to break with the republicans, Talleyrand laboured assiduously to obtain a monarchical constitution of some sort. When Louis Seize was voted impracticable, the Duc d'Orléans (Egalité) was seriously thought of to play the part which was played thirty-eight years afterwards by his son. He was to have been the citizen-king or chief-magistrate, and Talleyrand never would admit the truth of the charges brought against this *pis-aller* of a selection, saying, '*Le Duc d'Orléans est la vase dans laquelle on a jeté toutes les ordures de la Révolution.*'

At the beginning of 1792, Paris was growing dangerous, and Talleyrand felt that the wisest thing was to repair to England, 'where he was sufficiently near not to be forgotten, and sufficiently distant not to be compromised.' The revolting excesses of the Revolution were yet to come, and, although his name was in bad odour with a large class of English society, he was well-received on the whole, and is said to have become particularly intimate at Lansdowne House. The third Marquis, honourably known by his association with intellectual eminence and his munificent patronage of art, told Sir H. Bulwer that he remembered the ex-bishop dining there frequently and being particularly silent and particularly pale. His style of wit and manner of conversation, about this period, are described and illustrated by Dumont, and the description would serve equally well for him at any subsequent period:

'His manner was cold, he spoke little, his countenance, which in early youth had been distinguished for its grace and delicacy, had become somewhat puffed and rounded, and to a certain degree effeminate, being in singular contrast with a deep and serious voice, which no one expected to accompany such a physiognomy. Rather avoiding than making advances, neither indiscreet, nor gay, nor familiar, but sententious, formal, and scrutinizing,—the English hardly knew what to make of a Frenchman who so little represented the national character.'

The

The accompanying specimens of his wit have been frequently reprinted, and are well known.

Seeing no immediate cause for apprehension, Talleyrand returned to Paris, and on the strength of the information which he brought, was attached to the mission of M. de Chauvelin in the capacity of counsellor. He arrived in London in his suite. The mission failed. Indeed negotiation was out of the question in the pending crisis of royalty in France. It went down with a crash on the 10th August, just previously to which Talleyrand had returned to Paris, but was off to London again as soon as the provisional government was formed, having obtained a passport from Danton by a timely smile at a pleasantry. Such was his explanation of a suspicious fact, which was afterwards used to throw doubt upon his veracity; for on arriving in England he wrote to Lord Grenville to state that he had absolutely no kind of mission, and came this time merely for safety and repose. On the supposition that he was more closely connected with the extreme party than he chose to avow, he received an order (January 28th, 1794), under the Alien Act, to quit England; and, after a vain appeal to the Foreign Secretary, he sailed for the United States, carrying letters of introduction from several members of the Whig Opposition, including one from Lord Lansdowne to Washington, who replies that, though considerations of a political nature were a check upon himself, 'I hear that the general reception he has met with is such as to console him, as far as the state of our society will permit, for what he has abandoned in Europe.'

It did not console him long, and, getting tired of America, he invested his remaining funds in the purchase of a ship, in which he was about to sail for the East Indies with M. de Beaumetz, an exile and ex-member of the National Assembly, when information reached him which induced him to alter his purpose. M. de Beaumetz set sail, and neither he nor the ship was ever heard of more.

During Talleyrand's absence from France an entire cycle of political experiments had been completed, and the lowest abysses of atrocity and absurdity had been reached. Religion had been represented by the goddess of Reason, justice by the revolutionary tribunal, foreign and domestic policy by the Committee of Public Safety. A demand of a hundred thousand heads had been received with acclamation, and the issue of milliards of assignats had been deemed a masterpiece of finance! The reaction was rapid and widespread. It embraced habits, manners, and dress, as well as doctrines of government. The refined and educated classes resumed their proper

places: the *jeunesse dorée* of the *salon* replaced the unwashed and uncombed patriots of the club; and the prescriptive influence of women in Parisian politics was re-established under the auspices of Madame Tallien and Madame de Staël. If ever there was a man fitted for playing a part on such a stage it was Talleyrand. This was the general feeling; and prompted (it is said) by Madame de Staël, Chénier moved and carried a motion for his recall. During his absence he had been elected a member of the Institute, to which soon after his return he read two memoirs, one on the commercial relations between England and the United States, and one on Colonies. Three weeks after this display, he accepted the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs under circumstances thus narrated by himself: 'I had gone to dine at a friend's on the banks of the Seine, with Madame de Staël, Barras, and a small party which frequently met. A young friend of Barras, who was with us, went out to bathe before dinner, and was drowned. The director, tenderly attached to him, was in the greatest affliction. I consoled him (I was used to that sort of thing in early life), and accompanied him in his carriage back to Paris. The ministry of foreign affairs immediately after this became vacant; Barras knew I wanted it, and through his interest I procured it.'

He got it because the Barras party wanted him, and he speedily justified their choice. It was by his advice that they disposed of their opponents by a *coup d'état*, but he was unable to bear up against the suspicions entertained of him personally by the genuine republicans; and, simultaneously attacked as a noble and an *émigré*, he resigned. No mention is made in this work of an incident which must have occurred during Talleyrand's brief tenure of office under the Directory, if it occurred at all. It is thus introduced in the 'Antijacobin':—

'Where at the blood-stained board expert he plies,
The lame artificer of fraud and lies:
He with the mitred head and cloven heel,
Doom'd the coarse edge of Rewbell's jests to feel,
To stand the playful buffet, and to hear
The frequent inkstand whizzing past his ear;
While all the five Directors laugh to see
The limping priest so deft at his new ministry.'

The story ran that Rewbell flung an inkstand at Talleyrand's head, exclaiming, '*Vil émigré, tu n'as pas le sens plus droit que le pied.*' With his faculty of turning everything to account, he may have utilised this insult in his reply to the squinting man, who asked him how matters were going on at an embarrassing time, '*à travers, Monsieur—comme vous voyez.*'

After

After largely contributing to the overthrow of the Directory, Talleyrand helped to concentrate authority in the hands of the First Consul, under the full conviction that such a course was good for the country as well as for himself. Pursuing to its consequences his striking remark that the Revolution had dis-boned (*désossé*) France, he argued, 'what principles cannot do, a man must. When society cannot create a government, a government must create society.' He had moreover a malicious pleasure in counteracting the pet project of Sieyès, who wanted to turn the First Consul into a nonentity or (to use the Napoleonic term) *cochon à l'engrais*. On some one saying that, after all, Sieyès had '*un esprit bien profond*,' he replied, '*Profond ! Hem ! Vous voulez dire creux.*'

For the same reasons he approved and supported the Consulship for Life, the establishment of the Legion of Honour, and the Concordat. He took advantage of the renewal of friendly relations with the Pope to procure a brief, which we give as a curiosity in Sir H. Bulwer's translation :

'To our very dear son, Charles Maurice Talleyrand.

'We were touched with joy at learning your ardent desire to be reconciled with us and the Catholic Church : loosening then on your account the bowels of our fatherly charity, we discharge you by the plenitude of our power from the effect of all excommunications. We impose on you, as the consequence of your reconciliation with us and the Church, the distribution of alms, more especially for the poor of the church of Autun, which you formerly governed : we grant you, moreover, the liberty to wear the secular costume, and to administer all civil affairs, whether in the office you now fill, or in others to which your government may call you.'

'This brief,' it is stated, 'in making M. de Talleyrand a layman, authorised him to take a wife, and he married an American lady—Mrs. Grant—with whom it was supposed he had been previously intimate, and who was as remarkable for being a beauty, as for not being a wit : the often-told story of her asking Sir George Robinson after his man Friday, is a fact pretty well authenticated. But M. de Talleyrand vindicated his choice, saying, 'A clever wife often compromises her husband ; a stupid one only compromises herself.'

Dating from this period, his public life is well known, and we shall touch only on the strongly marked passages. Sir H. Bulwer has laboured successfully to acquit him of any culpable complicity in the execution of the Duc d'Enghien ; in reference to which he uttered one of those cynical sentences which have grown into axioms : '*C'est pire qu'un crime, c'est une faute*'.

faute. It is, moreover, clear that he never hesitated to check the imprudence or violence of Napoleon, and eventually incurred suspicion and dislike because he persevered in pointing out the inevitable consequences of the inordinate ambition of his imperial master. On Savary's remarking, after the battle of Friedland, 'If peace is not signed in a fortnight, Napoleon will cross the Niemen'—'*Et à quoi bon passer le Niemen?*' replied Talleyrand.

As Minister for Foreign Affairs he was dragged along in the train of the conqueror; and partly from fatigue, partly from disgust at seeing the inefficiency of his counsels to avert a catastrophe, he about this time (1807) solicited and obtained permission to retire. Already Prince of Benevento, and immensely rich, he was still highly gratified at being made Vice-Grand Elector, and thereby raised to the rank of one of the great dignitaries of the empire. But, though frequently consulted, his position within a year after his retirement was becoming critical. Napoleon began to hate him. His imperturbability was even more irritating than his witticisms, which were sure to be repeated; and he fell into unequivocal disgrace. Fouché was dismissed next; and thus the two men who had done most in their several ways to build up the empire, and could do most to undermine it, were simultaneously compelled to regard its anticipated downfall with indifference or complacency.

In 1813, when the Russian campaign had fully justified their remonstrances, the Emperor made Talleyrand an offer of his former office, the ministry of foreign affairs, conditioned on his laying down the rank and emoluments of Vice-Grand Elector; which he refused to do, saying, 'If the Emperor trusts me, he should not degrade me; and if he does not trust me, he should not employ me.' The Emperor, who wished to make him dependent on his office, was extremely irritated; and although he refrained from acts, he was not sparing of angry words and menaces:

'A variety of scenes was the consequence. Savary relates one which happened in his presence and that of the arch-chancellor. I have also read of one in which Napoleon, having said that if he thought his own death likely he would take care that the vice-grand elector should not survive him, was answered by M. de Talleyrand rejoining quietly and respectfully that he did not require that reason for desiring that his Majesty's life might be long preserved. M. Molé recounted to me another, in the following terms:—"At the end of the council of state which took place just before the Emperor started for the campaign of 1814, he burst out into some violent exclamations of his being surrounded by treachery and traitors; and then turning to M. de Talleyrand, abused him for ten minutes in the most violent and outrageous manner.'

manner. Talleyrand was standing by the fire all this time, guarding himself from the heat of the flame by his hat; he never moved a limb or a feature; any one who had seen him would have supposed that he was the last man in the room to whom the Emperor could be speaking; and finally, when Napoleon, slamming the door violently, departed, Talleyrand quietly took the arm of M. Mollien, and limped with apparent unconsciousness down-stairs."

M. Thiers places this scene, or one strongly resembling it, in 1809, and makes Napoleon accuse Talleyrand of the murder of the Duc D'Enghien; but we agree with Sir H. Bulwer that M. Molé's version is the more probable; for there was no ground for accusing Talleyrand of treachery in 1809. In 1814 he had doubtless begun to provide against the pending downfall of the imperial dynasty:

'When the conferences took place at Chatillon, he told those whom the Emperor most trusted that he would be lost if he did not take peace on any terms; when, however, towards the end of these conferences, peace seemed impossible with Napoleon, he permitted the Duc d'Alberg to send M. de Vitrolles to the allied camp, with the information that if the allies did not make war against France, but simply with its present ruler, they would find friends in Paris ready to help them. M. de Vitrolles carried a slip of paper from the Duke in his boot as his credentials, and was allowed to name M. de Talleyrand; but had nothing from that personage himself which could compromise him irrevocably with this mission.'

M. de Vitrolles positively refused to carry anything that could compromise him, even the smallest slip of paper; and his credentials consisted of a password intelligible only to the Duc d'Alberg and Comte de Stadion. The story is told as follows by M. Louis Blanc in the Introduction to his '*History of Ten Years*':—

'The Duc d'Alberg had been intimately acquainted at Munich with the Comte de Stadion, representative of Austria at the Congress. Now, at Munich, these two personages had formed tender relations with two girls, whose names the Duc d'Alberg remembered. He wrote these names on a card, which served for letters of credence to the adventurous ambassador. The Baron de Vitrolles started without having seen M. de Talleyrand, without having received any mission from him, without having been able to obtain his avowal. He disguised himself, took at Auxerre the name of Saint-Vincent, and got recognised by the Comte de Stadion by means of two names, recollections of schooldays and love. Such is the manner in which it pleases God to dispose of the destinies of nations.'

As the story was related to us by Buchon (editor of the '*Chroniques*'), who had it from the Duc d'Alberg, the password alluded

alluded to a very curious, and not very delicate, affair of gallantry of Comte de Stadion with a great lady. The communication determined the march of the Allies (who were hesitating) on Paris, and thus may be correctly described as disposing of the destinies of nations.

Just when most desirous to remain in Paris, Talleyrand was ordered by Napoleon to join the regency at Blois; and openly to disobey would be to incur both risk and censure; for the game was still on foot, and desertion would sound bad in any case:—

‘The expedient he adopted was a singular and characteristic one. His state carriage was ordered and packed for the journey: he set out in it with great pomp and ceremony, and found, according to an arrangement with Madame de Rémusat, her husband, at the head of a body of the National Guard, at the barrier, who stopped him, declared he should remain in the capital, and conducted him back to his hotel, in the Rue St. Florentin, in which he had soon the honour of receiving the Emperor Alexander.’

His conduct at this juncture was prudent and patriotic. As he justly remarked ‘it does not suit every one to be crushed under the ruins of the edifice that is to be overthrown.’ It did not suit him; and after the treatment he had received, and the systematic neglect of his counsels, we are aware of no principle of honour or loyalty that bound him to Napoleon.

It was fortunate for the Bourbons, indeed for all parties, that he had the ear of the Emperor Alexander, to whom, hesitating between various plans of succession, he said: ‘Sire, you may depend upon it there are but two things possible, Bonaparte or Louis XVIII. I say Bonaparte; but here the choice will not depend wholly on your Majesty, for you are not alone. If we are to have a soldier, however, let it be Napoleon; he is the first in the world. I repeat it sire: Bonaparte or Louis XVIII.; each represents a party, any other merely an intrigue.’

Alexander declared subsequently: ‘When I arrived in Paris, I had no plan. I referred everything to Talleyrand; he had the family of Napoleon in one hand, and that of the Bourbons in the other; I took what he gave me.’

All Talleyrand had done for the restored dynasty failed to conciliate their favour: the *émigré* feeling against the ex-bishop was too strong; and Louis XVIII. was jealous of him on account of his intellectual distinction, his grand manner, and his wit. At their first meeting, at Compiègne, the King, becoming complimentary against the grain, asked him how he had contrived to overthrow first, the Directory, and finally, Bonaparte: ‘*Mon Dieu, Sire, je n’ai rien fait pour cela; c’est quelque chose d’explicable*’

d'inexplicable que j'ai en moi et qui porte malheur aux gouvernements qui me négligent.'

His conduct during the Hundred Days aggravated the royal dislike, but, after Waterloo, he was indispensable at the head of affairs till they settled down, and he saved France from more than one humiliation by his adroitness or influence with the Allies. On hearing that Blücher was preparing to blow up the Bridge of Jena, he desired Comte Beugnot to go to the Marshal, and represent the King's distress in the strongest language. 'Do you wish me to say that the King is about to have himself carried bodily on the bridge, to be blown up along with it, if the Marshal persists?' 'Not precisely; people do not believe us made for such an act of heroism; but something good and strong, you understand, something very strong.' When Beugnot reached the Prussian head-quarters, Blücher was at his favourite place of resort, a gambling-house (No. 113, in the Palais Royal): the chief of his staff showed considerable reluctance in sending for him, and he arrived very much out of temper at the unseasonable interruption. After a sharp colloquy, he consented to withdraw the order for the destruction of the bridge provided the name were changed. When all was satisfactorily arranged, Beugnot hurried back to Talleyrand, who said:—'Since things have gone off in this manner, something might be made out of your idea of this morning—that the King threatened to have himself placed on the bridge to be blown up along with it: there is in it matter for a good newspaper article. See to it.' 'I did see to it,' continued Beugnot, 'the article appeared the next day but one; Louis XVIII. must have been startled at such a burst on his part, but eventually he accepted the reputation of it with a good grace. I have heard him complimented on this admirable trait of courage, and he responded with perfect self-possession.'

This account is taken from the '*Mémoires du Comte Beugnot*,' published by his grandson in 1866; and we are indebted to the same valuable work for the true history of the *not* put into the mouth of the Comte d'Artois in 1814 and given by Lord Brougham to Talleyrand:—'*Rien n'y est changé, si ce n'est qu'il s'y trouve un Français de plus.*'

Talleyrand remained Premier only a few months. Finding the post untenable, he resigned on the alleged ground that he could not sign the projected treaty with the Allies, and received a pension of one hundred thousand francs, with the place of Grand-Chamberlain, 'the functions of which, the ex-minister, who might be seen coolly and impassively standing behind the King's chair on all state occasions, notwithstanding the cold
looks

looks of the sovereign and the sagacious sneers of his courtiers, always scrupulously fulfilled.'

During the next fifteen years he took no ostensible part in public affairs, with two exceptions. He attended the House of Peers to protest against the Spanish war of 1823, and he reappeared on the same arena to defend the liberty of the press. The revolution of July brought him forward again. On the third day (July 29), he called his private Secretary :

' "Go for me to Neuilly; get by some means or other to Madame Adelaide [the sister of Louis Philippe]; give her this piece of paper, and when she has read it, either see it burnt, or bring it back to me." The piece of paper contained merely these words: "*Madame peut avoir toute confiance dans le porteur, qui est mon secrétaire.*" "When Madame has read this, you will tell her that there is not a moment to lose. The Duc d'Orléans must be here to-morrow; he must take no other title than that of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, which has been accorded to him—'*le reste viendra.*'"

All was done as he advised, and all fell out as he anticipated. His well-timed hints were rewarded by the embassy to London, where, we are assured, he not only sustained his past reputation, but added very considerably to it. We are not quite so sure of this; and although Lord Palmerston (as Sir H. Bulwer states) may have praised his manner in diplomatic conferences for its absence of pretension, Lord Palmerston formed by no means a high estimate of him, so far as personal observation in official intercourse went. On one occasion, when the settlement of the new kingdom of Belgium was under discussion, he pressed a point which was conceded to him, and the conference broke up. Two or three hours afterwards he returned to the Foreign Office to entreat that the point might be reversed, as he had mistaken the instructions of his Government, which, it afterwards turned out, he had. His niece, the Duchesse de Dino, had pointed out their true tenour, and he ultimately gained great credit by her sagacity.

When Napoleon asked him how he managed to gain his immense wealth, he replied with more wit than truth, 'I bought stock the day before the 18th Brumaire, and sold it the day afterwards.' He received large sums in the shape of presents during his tenure of the portfolio of foreign affairs under Napoleon, when a word in season might dispose of a province or a principality; and he made an adroit use of his many opportunities for advantageous speculations throughout his whole life. Generally, when he called in Downing Street, Montrond, or some other confidential agent, accompanied him, and remained in the carriage whilst he had his audience. If anything was told him that

that could be turned to account, he would write a word or two with a pencil, to be delivered to the friend below, who immediately hurried off to the city. One of these scraps was found to contain a single word, '*vendez.*'

During Talleyrand's last embassy, complaint was made to the Foreign Secretary (Lord Palmerston) that between thirty and forty hogsheads of claret, far more than the French embassy could consume, were annually imported for their use duty free. Lord Palmerston mentioned the matter to Talleyrand, who, after time taken for inquiry, explained that the admitted abuse of the privilege had been traced to his *maitre d'hotel*. There were circumstances justifying a suspicion that the *maitre d'hotel* and the ambassador went shares.

He was the most imperturbable and impassive of human beings. It was said that, if he received a *coup de pied par derrière*, no sign of the occurrence would be discernible in his face. Once at a London dinner, to which he went reluctantly to please Lady Holland, the sauceboat full of lobster sauce was upset on the centre of his head, exactly where the long carefully-combed white locks were parted. He never moved a muscle whilst a servant scooped up the lobster sauce with a spoon, and then wiped his head with a napkin; only, as he left the house, he dryly remarked, '*Il n'y a rien si bourgeois que cette maison B——.*'

Subsequently to the Restoration, an officer who had been injured or affronted by him, encountered him on some ceremonial occasion, and gave him so violent a slap in the face (*soufflet*) that he staggered and fell. Rising with difficulty, and half stunned by the blow, he exclaimed, '*Quel terrible coup de poing !*' It will be remembered that a *soufflet* is a dishonouring insult, a *coup de poing* a mere act of brutality.

On ne prête qu'aux riches, and the number of good things attributed to Talleyrand which he did not say, ought not to deduct from his well-earned reputation as a wit, which of late years it has been the fashion to depreciate. M. Edouard Fournier (in his '*L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*') has done his best to damage it by publishing that, on a letter of Talleyrand, dated London, Sept. 17th, 1831, there is a curious note in the handwriting of his brother, to the effect that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was '*L'Improvisateur Français*,' a collection of anecdotes and jests, in twenty-one volumes. Sir H. Bulwer has collected a few of his *bons mots*, which have all the marks of authenticity and originality:—

'M. de Chateaubriand was no favourite with M. de Talleyrand. He condemned him as an affected writer, and an impossible politician.
When

When the "Martyrs" first appeared, and was run after by the public with an appetite that the booksellers could not satisfy, M. de Fontanes, after speaking of it with an exaggerated eulogium, finished his explanation of the narrative by saying that Eudore and Cymodocée were thrown into the circus and devoured "par les bêtes." "Comme l'ouvrage," said M. de Talleyrand.

'Some person saying that Fouché had a great contempt for mankind, "C'est vrai," said M. de Talleyrand, "cet homme s'est beaucoup étudié."

'A lady, using the privilege of her sex, was speaking with violence of the defection of the Duc de Raguse. "Mon Dieu, madame, tout cela ne prouve qu'une chose. C'est que sa montre avançait et tout le monde était à l'heure."

'A strong supporter of the Chamber of Peers, when there was much question as to its merits, said, "At least you there find consciences." "Ah, oui," said M. de Talleyrand, "beaucoup, beaucoup de consciences. Semonville, par exemple, en a au moins deux."

'Louis XVIII., speaking of M. de Blacas before M. de Talleyrand had expressed any opinion concerning him, said, "Ce pauvre Blacas, il aime la France, il m'aime, mais on dit qu'il est suffisant." "Ah, oui, Sire, suffisant et insuffisant."

Some more of the best *bons-mots* attributed to him will be found in Lord Brougham's 'Historical Sketches.' The history of one of them is curious. '*Ah, je sens les tourmens d'enfer*,' said a person whose life had been somewhat of the loosest. '*Déjà?*' was the inquiry suggested to Talleyrand. This is Lord Brougham's version. M. Louis Blanc relates, on ecclesiastical authority, that the King of the French, standing by the deathbed of Talleyrand, asked him if he suffered: that he replied, '*Oui, comme un damné*;' that the King uttered in a low tone '*Déjà?*' and that the dying man, having overheard the sarcasm, revenged himself by 'secret and formidable indications' to a bystander. This very *mot* had long before been converted into an epigram by Lebrun, and is assigned to Bouvard, the physician of De Retz, by M. de Lèvis. It is still a disputed point whether Talleyrand said of Montrond, or Montrond of Talleyrand: '*Qui ne l'aimeroit pas? Il est si vicieux*.'

We regret that we cannot find room for the concluding summary of his career and character. The pith of the apologetic portion is contained in a paragraph:—

'To one distinguished person, M. Montalivet, who related to me the fact, he once said: "You have a prejudice against me, because your father was an Imperialist, and you think I deserted the Emperor. I have never kept fealty to any one longer than he has himself been obedient to common sense. But if you judge all my actions by this rule, you will find that I have been eminently consistent; and where

is there so degraded a human being, or so bad a citizen, as to submit his intelligence, or sacrifice his country, to any individual, however born, or however endowed?"

What another French friend has packed up in two lines might be diluted into pages for those who prefer expanded to concentrated thought: 'Après tout, Monsieur de Talleyrand était un homme fort aimable, mais sans cœur; et un bien grand citoyen, mais sans vertu.'

Amongst these 'Historical Characters,' Talleyrand, if not the central, is the colossal, figure of the group: he occupies nearly the whole of a volume, and we learn a good deal concerning him which will be new to most English readers and to many French. Sir H. Bulwer's other representative men being comparatively well known, he has judiciously restricted his narrative to a rapid recapitulation of the leading events of their lives: and the interest is sustained by the boldness, fulness, and vividness with which his theories of their respective characters are struck out.

These theories must be accepted with caution; for the foundations are not uniformly sound, and in one instance, we think, a false measure has been taken, an erroneous criterion has been applied. Let us see how far the foregone conclusion, implied in calling Mackintosh 'The Man of Promise,' can be justified. To our mind, the opening paragraphs are nearly decisive on the point:

'I still remember, as one of the memorable instances which happened to me in early years, being invited to dinner to meet Sir James Mackintosh, and the sort of respectful admiration with which the name was announced. I still also remember my anxiety to learn what had rendered this well-known person so distinguished, and the unsatisfactory replies which my questions met with. He was a writer, but many had written better; he was a speaker, but many had spoken better: he was a philosopher, but many had done far more for philosophy; and yet, though it was difficult to fix on any one thing in which he was first-rate, it was generally maintained that he was a first-rate man.'

We pause here. Mackintosh (born in 1765) must have been past sixty when this meeting occurred; his name is still announced with respectful admiration, and he is still generally admitted to be a first-rate man. Is he the only—or anything like the only—first-rate man, of whom it might be said that he was a writer, but many had written better; that he was a speaker, but many had spoken better; that he was a philosopher, but many had done far more for philosophy? The author proceeds:—

'There is, indeed, a class amongst mankind, a body numerous in all literary societies, who are far less valued for any precise thing they have

have done than according to a vague notion of what they are capable of doing. Mackintosh may be taken as a type of this class: not that he passed his life in the learned inactivity which we find common amongst the members of our own universities, those learned foreigners, the souls of a circle to which strangers rarely penetrate, in the small German and Italian cities.

The member of a great and stirring community, adopting, from choice, an active career as a lawyer, an author, a member of Parliament, he was distinguished; but he did nothing in law, in letters, or politics, equal to the expectations of those who lived in his society, and were acquainted with his mind and his acquisitions.

If I were to sum up in a few words the characteristics of the persons who thus promise more than they ever perform, I should say that their intelligence is superior to their talent, and their energy rather accidental than continuous.

When some one was expressing satisfaction at his own performance in Dr. Johnson's company, the sage remarked, 'That, Sir, proves not that your execution is good, but that your conception is petty.' The reverse was the case with Mackintosh. The superiority of his intelligence to his talent proves not that the talent was moderate, but that the intelligence was immense. That he did nothing in law, letters, or politics equal to the expectations of those who lived in his society, simply indicates the height to which those expectations had been raised, and at which they were steadily maintained despite of his alleged failures. Sir H. Bulwer, with all his discrimination and sagacity, has here confounded two distinct classes or types. There are men of promise who, by the display of cleverness at school or college, raise hopes that they will achieve great things in after life, actually fancy that they shall, and never rise above mediocrity. But who talks of them as first-rate men, or announces their names with respectful admiration, when they are past sixty? There is breadth and depth in Hazlitt's axiom: 'We judge men, not by what they do, but by what they are.' And we arrive at what they are intellectually by their conversation, conduct, bearing, tone, manner—by their unpremeditated writings and speeches, by the thousand signs and tokens through which mind can be recognised or made known, not solely or mainly by their set works or masterpieces. How would Johnson stand with posterity without Boswell? On what do we base our admiration of Sydney Smith? Or how did Voltaire become the master-mind of continental Europe, during the better part of a century, except by his universality? If Lord Macaulay had died at forty-eight, before the publication of his *History*, he would have been open to the same imputation as Mackintosh; and it may be doubted whether his history has added, or could add,

add, to the brilliancy of a reputation which had already reached its acme.

When the 'New Bath Guide' was at the height of its popularity, Bishop Warburton said to Anstey, 'Young man, you have made a good hit, never put pen to paper again.' Mackintosh, this mere man of promise, attained three or four times over the position at which the veteran man of letters thought it advisable to stop. Speaking of the '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,' published in 1791, Sir H. Bulwer says:—

'This celebrated pamphlet [an octavo of 350 pages], whether we consider the circumstances under which it appeared, the opponent which it combated, or the ability of the composition itself, merited all the attention it received, and was the more successful because it gave just the answer to Burke which Burke himself would have given to his own reflections.

* * * *

'Many who, taken by surprise, had surrendered to the magisterial eloquence of the master, were rescued by the elegant pleading of the scholar. Everywhere, then, might be heard the loudest applause, and an applause well merited. On the greatest question of the times, the first man of the times had been answered by a young gentleman aged twenty-six, and who, hitherto unknown, was appreciated by his first success.'

Like Lord Byron after the appearance of 'Childe Harold,' Mackintosh awoke and found himself famous. He was praised by Fox in Parliament, and warmly welcomed into the chosen circle of the Whigs. His review of the 'Regicide Peace' added to his fame and procured him an invitation to Beaconsfield, where (he was wont to say) Burke overturned in half an hour the previous reflections of his whole life. The change was more owing to the logic of events than to Burke's. He told some Frenchmen who were complimenting him on the '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,' at Paris, in 1803, '*Messieurs, vous m'avez si bien réfuté.*'

His next hit was the delivery of a course of lectures on public law, preceded by a 'Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations,' of which Campbell says, that 'if Mackintosh had published nothing else, he would have left a perfect monument of his intellectual strength and symmetry.' Sir H. Bulwer says: 'Learned, eloquent, it excited nearly as much enthusiasm as the '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,' and deserved, upon the whole, a higher order of admiration.' As to the course itself:—

'Suffice it here to say, that amidst the sighs of his old friends, the applauses of his new, and the sneering murmurs and scornful remarks of the stupid and the envious of all parties, his eloquence (for he was eloquent as a professor) produced generally the most flattering effects. Statesmen, lawyers, men of letters, idlers, crowded with equal admiration

tion and the amusing moralist, whose glittering store of knowledge was collected from the philosopher, the poet, the writer of romance and history.

The trial of Peltier took place in 1803, and no collection of British eloquence would be complete without Mackintosh's speech for the defence. It was translated into French by Madame de Staël: it was read with admiration in most continental languages, and Lord Erskine writes: 'I perfectly approve of the verdict; but the manner in which you opposed it I shall always consider as one of the most splendid monuments of genius, learning, and eloquence.' His fee was five guineas. His fees for the year in which this speech was delivered (the seventh since his call to the bar) amounted to 1200*l.*; but he had no taste for the routine of his profession, and—let Sir H. Bulwer state the case in his own pointed language—'three months had not elapsed when, with the plaudits of the public and the praise of Erskine still ringing in his ear, he accepted the Recordership of Bombay from Mr. Addington, and retired with satisfaction to the well-paid and knighted indolence of India. His objects in doing so were, he said, of two kinds—to make a fortune, and to write a work. The whole man is before us when we discover how far either of these objects was attained by him. He did not make a fortune; he did not write a work.'

His acceptance of the Recordership gave great offence to his friends. Mr. Perry, meeting him on his way from Downing Street, inquired whether he felt no compunction at receiving honours and emoluments for opinions which had sent some of their common friends into exile for life. The same occasion produced Dr. Parr's celebrated sarcasm, on Mackintosh's asking how Quigley (an Irish priest executed for treason) could have been worse? 'I'll tell you, Jemmy: Quigley was an Irishman—he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest—he might have been a lawyer; he was a traitor—he might have been an apostate.'

If 'Jemmy' was guilty of any sacrifice of principle in accepting a judicial appointment from persons with whom he did not agree in politics, he made ample compensation on his return from India, when he refused the Presidency of the Board of Control, offered him, with a seat in Parliament, by Mr. Perceval. Entering the House of Commons a staunch Whig, he made some remarkable speeches: he was by common consent the reformer of the criminal law on whom Romilly's mantle fell: and he wrote some fifteen or twenty articles of acknowledged merit for the '*Edinburgh Review*.' His most sustained efforts, however, were made in the closing years of his life, during which he produced the volumes of '*English History*' and the '*Life of Sir*'

Thomas

Thomas More' which appeared in 'Lardner's Cyclopædia;' the 'Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy' (edited by Whewell); and the commencement of the 'History of the Revolution of 1688.' Whilst contending rightly that none of these are great works, Sir H. Bulwer admits that they one and all give indications of the highest order of capacity.

Sir H. Bulwer supports his theory by an anecdote. 'What have you done,' he (Mackintosh) relates that a French lady once said to him, 'that people should think you so superior?' 'I was obliged,' he adds, 'as usual to refer to my projects.' If Madame de Staël, who thought him the first man in England, had been at his elbow, she would have given a very different answer to her countrywoman. Credit for intellectual superiority can no more be obtained and maintained by projects, than credit for wealth can be acquired by announcing an intention to build a mansion like Dorchester House, and fill it with the choicest productions of art. Inquiry would be instantly directed to the means; and, as regards Mackintosh, the most satisfactory references would have been forthcoming. Unlike Addison, who said that he could draw for a thousand pounds though he had not a guinea in his pocket, the man of promise had always both pockets full as well as a large balance at his bankers. 'Till subdued by age and illness, his conversation was more brilliant and instructive than that of any human being I ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with.' Such is the deliberate opinion of Sydney Smith, who spoke his mind more freely and conscientiously than any human being *we* ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with.

Mackintosh lacked creative genius, and he was constitutionally subject to fits of lassitude. This is why he produced no great work. He was essentially a speculative man; he wanted self-assertion, and from his extreme placability could be set aside and passed over with impunity. This is why he was so often reduced to say, with Gibbon, 'My vote was counted in the hour of battle, but I was overlooked in the division of the spoil.' Here, again, let Sydney Smith speak:

'If he had been arrogant and grasping; if he had been faithless and false; if he had been always eager to strangle infant genius in its cradle, always ready to betray and blacken those with whom he sat at meat, he would have passed many men, who, in the course of his long life, have passed him; but, without selling his soul for pottage, if he only had had a little more prudence for the promotion of his interests, and more of angry passions for the punishment of those detractors, who envied his fame, and presumed upon his sweetness: if he had been more aware of his powers, and of that space which nature intended him to occupy: he would have acted a great part in life, and remained

a character in history. As it is, he has left in many of the best men of England, and of the Continent, the deepest admiration of his talents, his wisdom, his knowledge, and his benevolence.'

We have subjected Sir H. Bulwer's theory or conception of Mackintosh to so close an analysis, because it is calculated to promote two popular tendencies which we think mischievous: the tendency to depreciate men for not being something widely different from what they are, or for not possessing incompatible qualities; and the tendency to deify success. The attainment of a coveted object, whether place, wealth, or position, is enough; and he who wins the race by mere jockeyship is praised and courted, to the utter neglect of him who has been distanced by being overweighted with honour, generosity, principle, and truth:—

'One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.'

'Cobbett' will probably be voted the most entertaining of the English subjects. It is fresher and stranger, and it is handled with more than ordinary vigour and vivacity. Nowhere is Sir H. Bulwer's language so attractive by its freedom and its flow, as in tracing a career which, at almost every turn, taste, feeling and judgment compel him to censure or condemn. His contentious man is in no sense a typical or representative man. Cobbett stands alone. None but himself can be his parallel. He is a species, a genus, in himself. Nature never made another like him, and we do not want another; for there never was one to whom the vernacular term blackguard was more frequently or more appropriately applied. When the Speaker asked him to a parliamentary dinner, he refused, saying that 'he was not accustomed to the society of gentlemen.' He might have gone farther; he was not accustomed to, he would not have been tolerated in, any respectable society out of his own family. His vanity was inordinate, his temper uncontrolled; his violence at the semblance of a contradiction, or the suspicion of a slight, became ferocity; and he vented his rage in scurrilous abuse amounting to downright ruffianism. Here is a specimen:—

'There's a fine Congress man for you! If any d——d rascally rotten borough in the universe ever made such a choice as this (a Mr. Blair MacClenachan), you'll be bound to cut my throat, and suffer the *uns culottes* sovereigns of Philadelphia—the hob-snob snigger-sneers of Gormanstown—to kick me about in my blood till my corpse is as ugly and disgusting as their living carcasses are.'

This was published in America. But some of his choicest flowers

flowers of rhetoric were reserved for his native soil, and he was no respecter of places or persons. He thus apostrophised Malthus: 'I call you by the only name which expresses the full infamy of your character when I say, *Parson*.' Irritated by a call to order in the House of Commons, he turned round, and addressed to the member from whom the call proceeded the most revolting phrase in the vocabulary of slang. Nor is it any mitigation to say that some of his epithets tickled the vulgar humour and stuck; as when he denounced 'The Bloody Old Times,' or called the Quakers (whom he had elsewhere eulogised) 'unbaptized, buttonless blackguards.' His supreme delight was to run counter to a popular feeling, as in his 'Good Queen Mary' and 'Bloody Queen Bess.'

It would be well if his transgressions against propriety had been confined to language. But he deliberately set at nought honesty, gratitude, principle, honour, consistency, and truth. He would take up any cause that suited or party that courted him, and systematically blacken any cause or party that did not. He would borrow money, exalt the lender (Sir F. Burdett, for example) to the skies, never dream of repaying it, and libel him the moment he refused to lend more. The American Republic was, by turns, the only land worth living in, and the land 'where judges become felons, and felons judges.' He held up Tom Paine to general execration as 'an infamous and atrocious miscreant,' and then tried to make capital of his bones. Yet this Ishmael of the political world, this Thersites of journalism, was an excellent husband, an exemplary father, a genuine patriot at heart: he had fancy and feeling, with a keen sense of moral and natural beauty; he had indomitable energy and strong good sense; he was largely endowed with civil courage; and taking into account his inimitable style, he cannot be pronounced deficient in a certain quality of taste. His defence of monastic institutions is worthy of the learned and eloquent author of 'Monks of the West':

'Go into any county, and survey, even at this day, the ruins of its perhaps twenty abbeys and priories, and then ask yourself, "What have we in exchange for these?" Go to the site of some once opulent convent. Look at the cloister, now become, in the hands of some rack-renter, the receptacle for dung, fodder, and fagot-wood. See the hall, where for ages the widow, the orphan, the aged, and the stranger found a table ready spread. See a bit of its walls now helping to make a cattle-shed, the rest having been hauled away to build a work-house. Recognise on the side of a barn a part of the once magnificent chapel; and, if chained to the spot by your melancholy musings, you be admonished of the approach of night by the voice of the screech-owl issuing from those arches which once, at the same hour, resounded

with the vespers of the monk, and which have for seven hundred years been assailed by storms and tempests in vain ; if thus admonished of the necessity of seeking food, shelter, and a bed, lift up your eyes and look at the whitewashed and dry-rotten shed on the hill called the "Gentleman's House," and apprised of the "board wages" and "spring guns," which are the signs of his hospitality, turn your head, jog away from the scene of former comfort and grandeur ; with old-English welcoming in your mind, reach the nearest inn, and there, in a room half-warmed and half-lighted, with the reception precisely proportioned to the presumed length of your purse, sit down and listen to an account of the hypocritical pretences, the base motives, the tyrannical and bloody means under which, from which, and by which the ruin you have been witnessing was effected, and the hospitality you have lost was for ever banished from the land.'

His sketches of rural scenery are often graceful, always fresh and true. But his strength lay in coarse withering invective or abuse ; and in this line he is, fortunately, unapproachable. If the 'drab-coloured men of Pennsylvania' were unlucky in provoking the comic indignation of Sidney Smith, they were not less so in encountering the scurrility of Cobbett :

'It is fair, also, to observe that this State (Pennsylvania) labours under disadvantages in one respect that no other State does. Here is precisely that climate which suits the vagabonds of Europe ; here they bask in summer, and lie curled up in winter, without fear of scorching in one season, or freezing in the other. Accordingly, hither they come in shoals, just roll themselves ashore, and begin to swear and poll away as if they had been bred to the business from their infancy. She has, too, unhappily acquired a reputation for the mildness, or rather the feebleness, of her laws. There's no gallows in Pennsylvania. These glad tidings have rung through all the democratic club-rooms, all the dark assemblies of traitors, all the dungeons and cells of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Hence it is that we are overwhelmed with the refuse, the sweeping, of these kingdoms, the offal of the jail and the gibbet. Hence it is that we see so many faces that never looked comely but in the pillory, limbs that are awkward out of chains, and necks that seem made to be stretched.'

Nor was it pleasant for an embryo President of the great Republic to be handed down to posterity in this fashion, in a Summary of the Proceedings of Congress :—

'Never was a more ludicrous farce acted to a bursting audience. Madison is a little bow-legged man, at once stiff and slender. His countenance has that sour aspect, that conceited screw, which pride would willingly mould into an expression of disdain, if it did not find the features too skinny and too scanty for its purpose. His thin, sleek air, and the niceness of his garments, are indicative of that economical cleanliness which expostulates with the shoeboy and the washerwoman, which flies from the danger of a gutter, and which
boasts

boasts of wearing a shirt for three days without rumpling the frill. In short, he has, take him altogether, precisely the prim, mean, prig-like look of a corporal mechanic, and were he ushered into your parlour, you would wonder why he came without his measure and his shears. Such (and with a soul which would disgrace any other tenement than that which contains it) is the mortal who stood upon his legs, confidently predicting the overthrow of the British monarchy, and anticipating the pleasure of feeding its illustrious nobles with his oats.'

Sir Henry Bulwer gives instances to prove that Cobbett's virulence could be conveyed in a more delicate way when he thought proper:—

'Since then citizen Barney is become a French commodore of two frigates, and will rise probably to the rank of admiral, if contrary winds do not blow him in the way of an enemy.'

'He was a sly-looking fellow, with a hard slate-coloured countenance. He set out by blushing, and I may leave any one to guess at the efforts that must be made to get a blush through a skin like his.'

'Having thus settled the point of controversy, give me leave to ask you, my sweet sleepy-eyed sir!'

The worst of Cobbett—and it is as bad as bad can be in its way—was what he forced before the public, after one of his astounding gyrations or apostasies, in the shape of an unblushing act of treachery or a barefaced untruth. The best of him was his domestic life, his management of his family, and his fortitude under severe trial. The pictures which Sir H. Bulwer has drawn or laid before us of his early struggles, his mode of acquiring knowledge, his marriage, and (above all) his daily life during his two years' imprisonment in Newgate, will conciliate sympathy, although they cannot be accepted as a set-off to the ingrained perversity of the entire public portion of his life.

'Canning, the Brilliant Man,' is good throughout, both in conception and execution: his solid as well as his brilliant qualities are artistically placed in broad relief; and peculiar sources of information have enabled the author to clear up passages in the life of this distinguished statesman which have hitherto been obscured or misunderstood. Restricted space compels us to confine ourselves to these, and to two or three others on which we ourselves can throw light.

What was the precise train of motives which actuated Mr. Canning when, on his entrance into public life (1793), he left his original party, the Whigs, and took service with Mr. Pitt? The pending events in France had brought discredit on liberal opinions; but he was also influenced by circumstances of a mere personal nature:

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'The first incident, I was once told by Mr. John Allen, that disinclined Mr. Canning, who had probably already some misgivings, to attaching himself irrevocably to the Whig camp, was the following one: Lord Liverpool, then Mr. Jenkinson, had just made his appearance in the House of Commons. His first speech was highly successful. "There is a young friend of mine," said Mr. Sheridan, "whom I soon hope to see on this side of the House answering the honourable gentleman who has just distinguished himself: a contemporary whom he knows to possess talents not inferior to his own, but whose principles, I trust, are very different from his."

'This allusion, however kindly meant, was disagreeable, said Mr. Allen, to the youthful aspirant to public honours. It pledged him, as he thought, prematurely; it brought him forward under the auspices of a man, who, however distinguished as an individual, was not in a position to be a patron. Other reflections, it is added, followed.'

These other reflections strongly resemble those which were forced upon Quentin Durward by his uncle, Le Balafré, when expatiating on the difficulty of obtaining distinction under a chief like Charles the Bold, who fought at the head of a body of gallant knights and nobles:

'The party then in opposition possessed, with the exception of Mr. Pitt, Lord Liverpool, and Mr. Dundas, almost every man distinguished in public life: a host of formidable competitors in the road to honour and preferment, supposing preferment and honour to be attainable by talent. But this was not all. The Whig party, then, as always, was essentially an exclusive party; its regards were concentrated on a clique, to whom all without it were tools and instruments. On the other side, the prime minister stood alone. He had every office to bestow, and few candidates of any merit for official employments.

* * * * *

'These were not explanations that Mr. Canning could make precisely to the Whig leaders, but he had an affection for Mr. Sheridan, who had always been kind to him, and by whom he did not wish to be thought ungrateful. He sought, then, an interview with that good-natured and gifted person. Lord Holland, Mr. Canning's contemporary, was present at it, and told me that nothing could be more respectful, affectionate, and unreserved, than the manner in which the ambitious young politician gave his reasons for the change he was prepared to make, or had made; nothing more warm-hearted, unprejudiced, and frank, than the veteran orator's reception of his retiring *protégé's* confession: nor, indeed, could Mr. Sheridan help feeling the application, when he was himself cited as an example of the haughtiness with which "the great Whig Houses" looked down on the lofty aspirations of mere genius. The conversation thus alluded to took place a little before Mr. Pitt's proposals were made, but probably when they were expected. Mr. Canning, his views fairly stated to the only person to whom he felt bound to give them, and his seat in

Parliament

Parliament secured, placed himself in front of his old friends, and Colonel Fitz Patrick revenged them by the following couplet :—

'The turning of coats so common is grown,
That no one would think to attack it;
But no case until now was so flagrantly known
Of a schoolboy turning his jacket.'

George IV. was excessively annoyed by Mr. Canning's taking the Queen's side, although he held aloof from her party, and never publicly advocated her cause. His Majesty, also, was strongly prejudiced against him by regard for Lord Londonderry, whose quarrel he had privately espoused. The ease with which the royal objections or prejudices were overcome, and the rapidity with which the new Foreign Secretary rose into marked favour, have consequently remained a puzzle to the uninitiated. The solution is now given on unimpeachable authority. The Duke of Wellington, at the urgent desire of Lord Liverpool, undertook to lay before the King the reasons they deemed imperative for the appointment of Mr. Canning in succession to Lord Londonderry :

'Two or three phrases of the conversation that took place on this occasion have been repeated to me by one likely to have heard them from both parties concerned.

' "Good God! Arthur, you don't mean to propose that fellow to me as Secretary for Foreign Affairs; it is impossible. I said, on my honour as a gentleman, he should never be one of my ministers again. You hear, Arthur, on my honour as a gentleman. I am sure you will agree with me. I can't do what I said on my honour as a gentleman I would not do."

' "Pardon me, sir, I don't agree with you at all; your Majesty is not a gentleman."

'The King started.

' "Your Majesty, I say," continued the imperturbable soldier, "is not a gentleman, but the sovereign of England, with duties to your people far above any to yourself; and these duties render it imperative that you should at this time employ the abilities of Mr. Canning."

' "Well," drawing a long breath, "if I must, I must," was finally the King's reply.'

Within a few weeks of the appointment, the King being asked how he liked his Foreign Secretary, replied, 'Like him! the word is too weak—I love him.' How was this conversion brought about?—

'In the ordinary acceptation of the word, he was not a courtier, nor a man of the world. Living, as I have already stated, surrounded by a small clique of admirers, and little with society at large, he confined his powers of pleasing, which were remarkable, to his own set. He had determined, however, on gaining George IV.'s good will, or at all

events

events on vanquishing his dislike, and he saw at once that this was to be done rather indirectly than directly, and that it could best be done by gaining the favour of those ladies of the court whom the King saw most frequently, and spoke to most unreservedly. These were Lady Conyngham and Madame de Lieven. For Lady Conyngham, George IV. had a romantic, almost boyish attachment; Madame de Lieven he liked and appreciated as the lady who had the greatest knack of seizing and understanding his wishes and making his court agreeable. She was a musician, and he was fond of music; she had correspondents at every court in Europe; knew all the small gossip as well as the most important affairs that agitated Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna, and he was fond of foreign gossip and foreign affairs. Her opinion, moreover, as to the manners or capacity of any one in the world of fashion was law, and George IV. piqued himself especially on being the man of fashion.

Mr. Canning resolved, then, on pleasing this remarkable lady, and completely succeeded. She became, as she afterwards often stated, subjugated by the influence of his natural manner and brilliant talents; and the favour of Madame de Lieven went the further in this instance with the King, since he had previously a sort of prejudice against Canning, looking upon him and speaking of him as a clever *literary* politician, but not "a gentleman." This prejudice once removed, a man of wit, genius and information, had no inconsiderable hold on a prince whose youth had been passed in the most brilliant society of his time, and who was still alive to the memory of the sparkling wit of Sheridan and the easy eloquence of Fox. Lady Conyngham's alliance was still more important than that of Madame de Lieven, and one of Mr. Canning's first acts was to name Lord Francis Conyngham (since the Marquis) Under-secretary of State. This, indeed, not only pleased his mother, and pleased the King for that reason, but it satisfied his Majesty in a delicate way as to the desire of his minister to have every act of his administration brought under the cognisance of his royal master.

The Princesse de Lieven was one of the most distinguished members of the female Directory, commonly called Patronesses of Almack's, that ruled the fashionable world of London for more than a quarter of a century; she was the last of the great ladies who largely influenced European politics; and her power over an eminent French statesman, an eminent man of letters to boot, amounted to a fascination and a spell. If we mistake not, she is the authority for the curious anecdote that comes next:

'Lady Conyngham had been supposed in early life to have greatly admired Lord Ponsonby, then the finest gentleman of his time, and distinguished in the memoirs of Harriet Wilson as the only man who ever looked well in a cotton night-cap. Lord Ponsonby, who had long been absent from England, returned from the Ionian Islands, where he held a small office, just about the period that the recognition of the South American colonies was being agitated, not a little desirous

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to get a better place than the one he had quitted, and met Lady Conyngham at Lady Jersey's. The story of the day was, that Lady Conyngham fainted on meeting the object of her early admiration. This story reached the enamoured monarch, who took to his bed, declared himself ill, and would see no one.* All business was stopped. After waiting some time, Mr. Canning at last obtained an interview. George IV. received him lying on a couch in a darkened room, the light being barely sufficient to read a paper.

"What's the matter? I am very ill, Mr. Canning."

"I shall not occupy your Majesty for more than five minutes. It is very desirable, as your Majesty knows, to send envoys, without delay, to the States of South America, that are about to be recognised."

The King groaned, and moved impatiently.

"I have been thinking, sir, it would be most desirable to select a man of rank for one of these posts (another groan). And I thought of proposing Lord Ponsonby to your Majesty for Buenos Ayres."

"Ponsonby!" said the King, rising a little from his reclining position, "a capital appointment! a clever fellow, though an idle one, Mr. Canning. May I ask you to undraw that curtain a little? A very good appointment; is there anything else, Canning, that you wish me to attend to?"

From that moment, says the private and not unauthentic chronicle from which this anecdote is taken, Mr. Canning's favour rose more and more rapidly, and arrived at a degree which justified a lady diplomatist, from whom we have the story, and who on entering the room one day found one of Lady Clanricarde's children on the King's knee, turning round to the minister and saying:

"Je vous fais mes compliments, Monsieur Canning, quel beau portrait de famille!"

Speaking of Mr. Canning's famous speech on the affairs of Portugal on the 12th December, 1826, Sir H. Bulwer says:—

"My general impression, indeed, was that this speech must throughout have produced as great an effect in delivery as it does, even now, in reading; but I was talking the other day with a friend who, then being a Westminster boy, was present at the debate; and he told me I was mistaken, and that with the exception of one or two passages such as those I have cited, there was a want of that elasticity and flow which distinguished Mr. Canning's happier efforts.

"It is probable that not having had time, amidst the business which the step he was taking had created, to prepare himself sufficiently, he had the air of being over-prepared, and, according to my friend, only rose in his reply to his full height as an orator, exciting his audience by that famous allusion to the position which England then held between conflicting principles, like Æolus between conflicting winds."

* This was his usual resource when his love affairs went wrong. He took to his bed, and pretended to be dying from a self-inflicted wound in the arm, when Mrs. Fitzherbert refused to sacrifice her honour to his desires.

Does this speech still produce a great effect in reading? Has Sir H. Bulwer recently tried the experiment? As to the effect in delivery, his friend's impression was right, except that he has placed in the reply the most remarkable passage of the opening speech. But why appeal to those who were Westminster boys in 1826? We ourselves—*cañidi juvenis*—were present during the whole of the debate. Except during the last ten minutes, the speech, considering the crisis, fell flat. It smelt rankly of the oil. The speaker often hesitated to recall a prepared sentence or expression, instead of trusting to the warmth of improvisation for the words; and even the *Folus* flight had more of the rhetorical than the oratorical ring. The ensuing discussion was tame, until a laugh was excited by Mr. Hume, who, in reference to the alarm expressed at letting slip the dogs of war, exclaimed, 'Let slip the dogs of war!' Why, the Right Honourable gentleman has told us that they are already on their march to Portsmouth! The dogs of war were the Guards.

The House was thinning fast when, in reply to Mr. A. Baring (Lord Ashburton), Mr. Canning uttered his splendid boast, the first half of which is omitted in the reports: 'I looked to America to correct the inequalities of Europe: I called a New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.' We say boast, because it was generally so regarded, and was so treated by Earl Grey, when, in his set attack of May 10, 1827, he accused Mr. Canning of monopolizing credit which, if due at all, was equally due to the Premier under whom he was serving, and his colleagues. The accusation was unjust. Alone he did it. His resignation was three days in the hands of Lord Liverpool before the required concurrence in his policy could be obtained. No attack made upon him in consequence of his accepting the Premiership rankled like Earl Grey's. He was not only reasonably angry with his assailants: he was unreasonably angry with his former colleagues in the House of Lords for not giving the fitting explanation on the instant: which they could not have done without the consent of the sovereign. He had serious thoughts of being called at once to the Upper House: and he was only prevented from making the long meditated retort on the last day of the Session by the illness of the Speaker, who, having hurt his face by a fall, was unable to keep the chair. *Heart from letters and &c*: this suppressed anger, embittered by the keen sense of wrong, may go far to account for his violent stress, and 'muddle' when, on Parliament breaking up, he remained in secure possession of the darling object of his ambition through life, and retired to Chiswick to die.

De Carthagine tacere melius est quam parum dicere. Better be silent about the late Sir Robert Peel than cursorily discuss a career and character, the effects of which on our political future, especially on the dissolution and re-formation of parties, were never more marked and momentous than at this hour. Moreover, his literary executors announce that they have valuable assets unadministered in hand; and his name has been so recently a battle-cry, that we should despair of bringing the existing generation into a state of mind regarding him fitted to anticipate the impartial verdict of posterity.

ART. V.—1. *Talmud Babylonicum.* Venice, 1520-23. Folio. 12 Vols.

2. *Talmud Hierosolymitanum.* Venice [1523]. Folio. 1 Vol.

WHAT is the Talmud?

What is the nature of that strange production of which the name, imperceptibly almost, is beginning to take its place among the household words of Europe? Turn where we may in the realms of modern learning, we seem to be haunted by it. We meet with it in theology, in science, even in general literature, in their highways and in their byways. There is not a handbook to all or any of the many departments of biblical lore, sacred geography, history, chronology, numismatics, and the rest, but its pages contain references to the Talmud. The advocates of all religious opinions appeal to its dicta. Nay, not only the scientific investigators of Judaism and Christianity, but those of Moham-
medanism and Zoroastrianism, turn to it in their dissections of dogma and legend and ceremony. If, again, we take up any recent volume of archæological or philological transactions, whether we light on a dissertation on a Phœnician altar, or a cuneiform tablet, Babylonian weights, or Sassanian coins, we are certain to find this mysterious word. Nor is it merely the restorers of the lost idioms of Canaan and Assyria, of Himyar and Zoroastrian Persia, that appeal to the Talmud for assistance; but the modern schools of Greek and Latin philology are beginning to avail themselves of the classical and postclassical materials that lie scattered through it. Jurisprudence, in its turn, has been roused to the fact that, apart from the bearing of the Talmud on the study of the Pandects and the Institutes, there are also some of those very laws of the 'Medes and Persians'—hitherto but a vague sound—hidden away in its labyrinths. And so too with medicine, astronomy, mathematics, and the rest. The history
of

of these sciences, during that period over which the composition of the Talmud ranges—and it ranges over about a thousand years—can no longer be written without some reference to the items preserved, as in a vast buried city, in this cyclopean work. Yet, apart from the facts that belong emphatically to these respective branches, it contains other facts, of larger moment still: facts bearing upon human culture in its widest sense. Day by day there are excavated from these mounds pictures of many countries and many periods. Pictures of Hellas and Byzantium, Egypt and Rome, Persia and Palestine; of the temple and the forum, war and peace, joy and mourning; pictures teeming with life, glowing with colour.

These are, indeed, signs of the times. A mighty change has come over us. We, children of this latter age, are, above all things, utilitarian. We do not read the Koran, the Zend Avesta, the Vedas, with the sole view of refuting them. We look upon all literature, religious, legal, and otherwise, whensoever and wheresoever produced, as part and parcel of humanity. We, in a manner, feel a kind of responsibility for it. We seek to understand the phase of culture which begot these items of our inheritance, the spirit that moves upon their face. And while we bury that which is dead in them, we rejoice in that which lives in them. We enrich our stores of knowledge from theirs, we are stirred by their poetry, we are moved to high and holy thoughts when they touch the divine chord in our hearts.

In the same human spirit we now speak of the Talmud. There is even danger at hand that this chivalresque feeling—one of the most touching characteristics of our times—which is evermore prompting us to offer holocausts to the Manes of those whom former generations are thought to have wronged, may lead to its being extolled somewhat beyond its merit. As these ever new testimonies to its value crowd upon us, we might be led into exaggerating its importance for the history of mankind. Yet an old adage of its own says: 'Above all things, study. Whether for the sake of learning or for any other reason, study. For, whatever the motives that impel you at first, you will very soon love study for its own sake.' And thus even exaggerated expectations of the treasure-trove in the Talmud will have their value, if they lead to the study of the work itself.

For, let us say it at once, these tokens of its existence, that appear in many a new publication, are, for the most part, but will-o'-the-wisps. At first sight one would fancy that there never was a book more popular, or that formed more exclusively the mental centre of modern scholars, Orientalists, theologians, or jurists. What is the real truth? Paradoxical as it may seem,
there

there never was a book at once more universally neglected and more universally talked of. Well may we forgive Heine, when we read the glowing description of the Talmud contained in his 'Romancero,' for never having even seen the subject of his panegyrics. Like his countryman Schiller, who, pining vainly for one glimpse of the Alps, produced the most glowing and faithful picture of them, so he, with the poet's unerring instinct, gathered truth from hearsay and description. But how many of these ubiquitous learned quotations really flow from the fountain-head? Too often and too palpably it is merely—to use Samson's agricultural simile—those ancient and well-worked heifers, the 'Tela ignea Satanæ,' the 'Abgezogener Schlangengalg,' and all their venomous kindred, which are once more being dragged to the plough by some of the learned. We say the learned: for as to the people at large, often as they hear the word now, we firmly believe that numbers of them still hold, with that erudite Capucin friar, Henricus Seynensis, that the Talmud is not a book, *but a man*. 'Ut narrat Rabbinus Talmud'—'As says Rabbi Talmud'—cries he, and triumphantly clinches his argument!

And of those who know that it is not a Rabbi, how many are there to whom it conveys any but the vaguest of notions? Who wrote it? What is its bulk? Its date? Its contents? Its birthplace? A contemporary lately called it 'a sphinx, towards which all men's eyes are directed at this hour, some with eager curiosity, some with vague anxiety.' But why not force open its lips? How much longer are we to live by quotations alone, quotations a thousand times used, a thousand times abused?

Where, however, are we to look even for primary instruction? Where learn the story of the book, its place in literature, its meaning and purport, and, above all, its relation to ourselves?

If we turn to the time-honoured 'Authorities,' we shall mostly find that, in their eagerness to serve some cause, they have torn a few pieces off that gigantic living body; and they have presented to us these ghastly anatomical preparations, twisted and mutilated out of all shape and semblance, saying, Behold, this is the book! Or they have done worse. They have not garbled their samples, but have given them exactly as they found them; and then stood aside, pointing at them with jeering countenance. For their samples were ludicrous and grotesque beyond expression. But these wise and pious investigators unfortunately mistook the gurgoyles, those grinning stone caricatures that mount their thousand years' guard over our cathedrals, for the gleaming statues of the Saints within; and, holding them up to mockery and derision, they cried, These be thy gods, O Israel!

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Let us not be misunderstood. When we complain of the lack of guides to the Talmud, we do not wish to be ungrateful to those great and earnest scholars whose names are familiar to every student, and whose labours have been ever present to our mind. For, though in the whole realm of learning there is scarcely a single branch of study to be compared for its difficulty to the Talmud, yet, if a man had time, and patience, and knowledge, there is absolutely no reason why he should not, up and down ancient and modern libraries, gather most excellent hints from essays and treatises, monographs and sketches, in books and periodicals without number, by dint of which, aided by the study of the work itself, he might arrive at some conclusion as to its essence and tendencies, its origin and its development. Yet, so far as we know, that work, every step of which, it must be confessed, is beset with fatal pitfalls, has not yet been done for the world at large. It is for a very good reason that we have placed nothing but the name of the Talmud itself at the head of our paper. We have sought far and near for some one special book on the subject, which we might make the theme of our observations—a book which should not merely be a garbled translation of a certain twelfth century ‘Introduction,’ interspersed with vituperations and supplemented with blunders, but which from the platform of modern culture should pronounce impartially upon a production which, if for no other reason, claims respect through its age,—a book that would lead us through the stupendous labyrinths of fact, and thought, and fancy, of which the Talmud consists, that would rejoice even in hieroglyphical fairy-lore, in abstruse propositions and syllogisms, that could forgive wild outbursts of passion, and not judge harshly and hastily of things, the real meaning of which may have had to be hidden under the fool’s cap and bells.

We have not found such a book, nor anything approaching to it. But closely connected with that circumstance is this other, that we were fain to quote the first editions of this Talmud, though scores have been printed since, and about a dozen are in the press at this very moment. Even this first edition was printed in hot haste, and without due care: and every succeeding one, with one or two insignificant exceptions, presents a sadder spectacle. In the Basle edition of 1578—the third in point of time, which has remained the standard edition almost ever since—that amazing creature, the Censor, stepped in. In his anxiety to protect the ‘Faith’ from all and every danger—for the Talmud was supposed to hide bitter things against Christianity under the most innocent-looking words and phrases—this official did very wonderful things. When he, for example, found some
ancient

ancient Roman in the book swearing by the Capitol or by Jupiter 'of Rome,' his mind instantly misgave him. Surely this Roman must be a Christian, the Capitol the Vatican, Jupiter the Pope. And forthwith he struck out Rome and substituted any other place he could think of. A favourite spot seems to have been Persia, sometimes it was Aram or Babel. So that this worthy Roman may be found unto this day swearing by the Capitol of Persia or by the Jupiter of Aram and Babel. But whenever the word 'Gentile' occurred, the Censor was seized with the most frantic terrors. A 'Gentile' could not possibly be aught but a Christian; whether he lived in India or in Athens, in Rome or in Canaan; whether he was a good Gentile—and there are many such in the Talmud—or a wicked one. Instantly he christened him; and christened him, as fancy moved him, an 'Egyptian,' an 'Aramæan,' an 'Amalekite,' an 'Arab,' a 'Negro;' sometimes a whole 'people.' We are speaking strictly to the letter. All this is extant in our very last editions.

Once or twice attempts were made to clear the text from its foulest blemishes. There was even, about two years ago, a beginning made of a 'critical' edition, such as not merely Greek and Roman, Sanscrit and Persian classics, but the veriest trash written in those languages would have had ever so long ago. And there is—M. Renan's unfortunate remark to the contrary notwithstanding*—no lack of Talmudical MSS., however fragmentary they be for the most part. There are innumerable variations, additions, and corrections to be gleaned from the Codices at the Bodleian and the Vatican, in the Libraries of Odessa, Munich, and Florence, Hamburg and Heidelberg, Paris and Parma. But an evil eye seems to be upon this book. This corrected edition remains a torso, like the two first volumes of translations of the Talmud, commenced at different periods, the second volumes of which never saw the light. It therefore seemed advisable to refer to the *Editio Princeps*, as the one that is at least free from the blemishes, censorial or typographical, of later ages.

Well does the Talmud supplement the Horatian '*Habent sua fata libelli*,' by the words 'even the sacred scrolls in the Tabernacle.' We really do not wonder that the good Capucin of whom we spoke mistook it for a man. Ever since it existed—almost before it existed in a palpable shape—it has been treated much like a human being. It has been proscribed, and imprisoned, and burnt, a hundred times over. From Justinian, who, as early as 553 A.D., honoured it by a special interdictory Novella,†

* 'On sait qu'il ne reste aucun manuscrit du Talmud pour contrôler les éditions imprimées.'—*Les Apôtres*, p. 262.

† Novella 146, Περὶ Ἑβραίων (addressed to the *Præfectus Prætorio Arceobindus*).
down

down to Clement VIII. and later—a space of over a thousand years—both the secular and the spiritual powers, kings and emperors, popes and anti-popes, vied with each other in hurling anathemas and bulls and edicts of wholesale confiscation and conflagration against this luckless book. Thus, within a period of less than fifty years—and these forming the latter half of the sixteenth century—it was publicly burnt no less than six different times, and that not in single copies, but wholesale, by the waggon-load. Julius III. issued his proclamation against what he grotesquely calls the ‘Gemaroth Thalmud’ in 1553 and 1555, Paul IV. in 1559, Pius V. in 1566, Clement VIII. in 1592 and 1599. The fear of it was great indeed. Even Pius IV., in giving permission for a new edition, stipulated expressly that it should appear without the name Talmud. ‘Si tamen prodierit sine nomine Thalmud tolerari deberet.’ It almost seems to have been a kind of Shibboleth, by which every new potentate had to prove the rigour of his faith. And very rigorous it must have been, to judge by the language which even the highest dignitaries of the Church did not disdain to use at times. Thus Honorius IV. writes to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1286 anent that ‘damnable book’ (*liber dammabilis*), admonishing him gravely and desiring him ‘vehemently’ to see that it be not read by anybody, since ‘all other evils flow out of it.’—Verily these documents are sad reading, only relieved occasionally by some wild blunder that lights up as with one flash the abyss of ignorance regarding this object of wrath.

We remember but one sensible exception in this Babel of manifestoes. Clement V., in 1307, before condemning the book, wished to know something of it, and there was no one to tell him. Whereupon he proposed—but in language so obscure that it left the door open for many interpretations—that three chairs be founded, for Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, as the three tongues nearest to the idiom of the Talmud. The spots chosen by him were the Universities of Paris, Salamanca, Bologna, and Oxford. In time, he hoped, one of these Universities might be able to produce a translation of this mysterious book. Need we say that this consummation never came to pass? The more expeditious process of destruction was resorted to again and again and again, not merely in the single cities of Italy and France, but throughout the entire Holy Roman Empire.

At length a change took place in Germany. One Pfefferkorn, a miserable creature enough, began, in the time of the Emperor Maximilian, to agitate for a new decree for the extermination of the Talmud. The Emperor lay with his hosts before Pavia, when the

the evil-tongued messenger arrived in the camp, furnished with goodly letters by Kunigunde, the Emperor's beautiful sister. Maximilian, wearied and unsuspecting, renewed that time-honoured decree for a confiscation, to be duly followed by a conflagration, readily enough. The confiscation was conscientiously carried out, for Pfefferkorn knew well enough where his former co-religionists kept their books. But a conflagration of a very different kind ensued. Step by step, hour by hour, the German Reformation was drawing nearer. Reuchlin, the most eminent Hellenist and Hebraist of his time, had been nominated to sit on the Committee which was to lend its learned authority to the Emperor's decree. But he did not relish this task. 'He did not like the look of Pfefferkorn,' he says. Besides which, he was a learned and an honest man, and, having been the restorer of classical Greek in Germany, he did not care to participate in the wholesale murder of a book 'written by Christ's nearest relations.' Perhaps he saw the cunningly-laid trap. He had long been a thorn in the flesh of many of his contemporaries. His Hebrew labours had been looked upon with bitter jealousy, if not fear. Nothing less was contemplated in those days—the theological Faculty of Mayence demanded it openly—than a total 'Revision and Correction' of the Hebrew Bible, 'inasmuch as it differed from the Vulgate.' Reuchlin, on his part, never lost an opportunity of proclaiming the high importance of the 'Hebrew Truth,' as he emphatically called it. His enemies thought that one of two things would follow. By officially pronouncing upon the Talmud, he was sure either to commit himself dangerously—and then a speedy end would be made of him—or to set at naught, to a certain extent, his own previous judgments in favour of these studies. He declined the proposal, saying, honestly enough, that he knew nothing of the book, and that he was not aware of the existence of many who knew anything of it. Least of all did its detractors know it. But, he continued, even if it should contain attacks on Christianity, would it not be preferable to reply to them? 'Burning is but a ruffianly argument (*Bacchanten-Argument*).' Whereupon a wild outcry was raised against him as a Jew, a Judaizer, a bribed renegade, and so on. Reuchlin, nothing daunted, set to work upon the book in his patient hard-working manner. Next he wrote a brilliant defence of it. When the Emperor asked his opinion, he repeated Clement's proposal to found talmudical chairs. At each German university there should be two professors, specially appointed for the sole purpose of enabling students to become acquainted with this book. 'As to burning it,' he continues, in the famous Memorial addressed to the

Emperor, 'if some fool came and said, Most mighty Emperor! your Majesty should really suppress and burn the books of alchymy (a fine *argumentum ad hominem*) because they contain blasphemous, wicked, and absurd things against our faith, what should his Imperial Majesty reply to such a buffalo or ass but this: Thou art a ninny, rather to be laughed at than followed? Now because his feeble head cannot enter into the depths of a science, and cannot conceive it, and does understand things otherwise than they really are, would you deem it fit to burn such books?'

Fiercer and fiercer waxed the howl, and Reuchlin, the peaceful student, from a witness became a delinquent. What he suffered for and through the Talmud cannot be told here. Far and wide, all over Europe, the contest raged. A whole literature of pamphlets, flying sheets, caricatures, sprang up. University after university was appealed to against him. No less than forty-seven sittings were held by the theological Faculty of Paris, which ended by their formal condemnation of Reuchlin. But he was not left to fight alone. Around him rallied, one by one, Duke Ulrich of Würtemberg, the Elector Frederick of Saxony, Ulrich von Hutten, Franz von Sickingen—he who finally made the Colognians pay their costs in the Reuchlin trial—Erasmus of Rotterdam, and that whole brilliant phalanx of the 'Knights of the Holy Ghost,' the 'Hosts of Pallas Athene,' the '*Talmutphili*,' as the documents of the period variously style them: they whom we call the Humanists.

And their Palladium and their War-cry was—oh! wondrous ways of History—the Talmud! To stand up for Reuchlin meant, to them, to stand up for 'the Law;' to fight for the Talmud was to fight for the Church! 'Non te,' writes Egidio de Viterbo to Reuchlin, '*sed Legem: non Thalmud, sed Ecclesiam!*'

The rest of the story is written in the '*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*,' and in the early pages of the German Reformation. The Talmud was not burnt this time. On the contrary, its first complete edition was printed. And in that same year of Grace 1520 A.D., when this first edition went through the press at Venice, Martin Luther burnt the Pope's bull at Wittenberg.

What is the Talmud?

Again the question rises before us in its whole formidable shape; a question which no one has yet answered satisfactorily. And we labour in this place under more than one disadvantage. For, quite apart from the difficulties of explaining a work so utterly Eastern, antique, and thoroughly *sui generis*, to our modern Western readers, in the space of a few pages, we labour under the

the further disability of not being able to refer to the work itself. Would it not indeed be mere affectation to presuppose more than the vaguest acquaintance with its language or even its name in many of our readers? And while we would fain enlarge upon such points as a comparison between the law laid down in it with ours, or with the contemporary Greek, Roman, and Persian Laws, or those of Islam, or even with its own fundamental Code, the Mosaic: while we would trace a number of its ethical, ceremonial, and doctrinal points in Zoroastrianism, in Christianity, in Mohammedanism; a vast deal of its metaphysics and philosophy in Plato, Aristotle, the Pythagoreans, the Neoplatonists, and the Gnostics—not to mention Spinoza and the Schellings of our own day; much of its medicine in Hippocrates and Galen, and the Paracelsuses of but a few centuries ago—we shall scarcely be able to do more than to lay a few *disjecta membra* of these things before our readers. We cannot even sketch, in all its bearings, that singular mental movement which caused the best spirits of an entire nation to concentrate, in spite of opposition, all their energies for a thousand years upon the writing, and for another thousand years upon the commenting, of this one book. Omitting all detail, which it has cost much to gather, and more to suppress, we shall merely tell of its development, of the schools in which it grew, of the tribunals which judged by it, of some of the men that set their seal on it. We shall also introduce a summary of its law, speak of its metaphysics, of its moral philosophy, and quote many of its proverbs and saws—the truest of all gauges of a time.

We shall, perhaps, be obliged occasionally to appeal to some of the extraneous topics just mentioned. The Talmud, like every other phenomenon, in order to become comprehensible, should be considered only in connection with things of a similar kind: a fact almost entirely overlooked to this day. Being emphatically a *Corpus Juris*, an encyclopædia of law, civil and penal, ecclesiastical and international, human and divine, it may best be judged by analogy and comparison with other legal codes, more especially with the Justinian Code and its Commentaries. What the uninitiated have taken for exceptional 'Rabbinical' subtleties, or, in matters relating to the sexes, for gross offences against modern taste, will then cause the Talmud to stand out rather favourably than otherwise. The Pandects and the Institutes, the Novellæ and the *Responsa Prudentium* should thus be constantly consulted and compared. No less should our English law, as laid down in Blackstone, wherein we may see how the most varied views of right and wrong have been finally blended and harmonised with the spirit of our times. But the Talmud is more

than a Book of Laws. It is a microcosm, embracing, even as does the Bible, heaven and earth. It is as if all the prose and the poetry, the science, the faith and speculation of the Old World were, though only in faint reflections, bound up in it *in nuce*. Comprising the time from the rise to the fall of antiquity, and a good deal of its after-glow, the history and culture of antiquity have to be considered in their various stages. But, above all, it is necessary to transport ourselves, following Goethe's advice, to its birthplace—Palestine and Babylon—the gorgeous East itself, where all things glow in brighter colours, and grow into more fantastic shapes :—

‘Willst den Dichter du verstehen,
Mußt in Dichter's Lande gehen.’

The origin of the Talmud is coëval with the return from the Babylonish captivity. One of the most mysterious and momentous periods in the history of humanity is that brief space of the Exile. What were the influences brought to bear upon the captives during that time, we know not. But this we know, that from a reckless, lawless, godless populace, they returned transformed into a band of Puritans. The religion of Zerdusht, though it has left its traces in Judaism, fails to account for that change. Nor does the Exile itself account for it. Many and intense as are the reminiscences of its bitterness, and of yearning for home, that have survived in prayer and in song, yet we know that when the hour of liberty struck the forced colonists were loth to return to the land of their fathers. Yet the change is there, palpable, unmistakable—a change which we may regard as almost miraculous. Scarcely aware before of the existence of their glorious national literature, the people now began to press round these brands plucked from the fire—the scanty records of their faith and history—with a fierce and passionate love, a love stronger even than that of wife and child. These same documents, as they were gradually formed into a canon, became the immutable centre of their lives, their actions, their thoughts, their very dreams. From that time forth, with scarcely any intermission, the keenest as well as the most poetical minds of the nation remained fixed upon them. ‘Turn it and turn it again,’ says the Talmud, with regard to the Bible, ‘for everything is in it.’ ‘*Search the Scriptures,*’ is the distinct utterance of the New Testament.

The natural consequence ensued. Gradually, imperceptibly almost, from a mere expounding and investigation for purposes of edification or instruction on some special point, this activity begot a science, a science that assumed the very widest dimensions.

sions. Its technical name is already contained in the Book of Chronicles. It is 'Midrash' (from *darash*, to study, expound)—a term which the Authorised Version renders by 'Story.'*

There is scarcely a more fruitful source of misconceptions upon this subject than the liquid nature, so to speak, of its technical terms. They mean anything and everything, at once most general and most special. Nearly all of them signify in the first instance simply 'study.' Next they are used for some one very special branch of this study. Then they indicate, at times a peculiar method, at others the works which have grown out of these either general or special mental labours. Thus Midrash, from the abstract 'expounding,' came to be applied, first to the 'exposition' itself—even as our terms 'work,' 'investigation,' 'enquiry,' imply both process and product; and finally, as a special branch of exposition—the legendary—was more popular than the rest, to this one branch only and to the books that chiefly represented it.

For there had sprung up almost innumerable modes of 'searching the Scriptures.' In the quaintly ingenious manner of the times, four of the chief methods were found in the Persian word Paradise, spelt in vowelless Semitic fashion, PRDS. Each one of these mysterious letters was taken, mnemonically, as the initial of some technical word that indicated one of these four methods. The one called P [*peshat*] aimed at the simple understanding of words and things, in accordance with the primary exegetical law of the Talmud, 'that no verse of the Scripture ever practically travelled beyond its literal meaning,'—though it might be explained, homiletically and otherwise, in innumerable new ways. The second, R [*remes*], means Hint, *i.e.* the discovery of the indications contained in certain seemingly superfluous letters and signs in Scripture. These were taken to refer to laws not distinctly mentioned, but either existing traditionally or newly promulgated. This method, when more generally applied, begot a kind of *memoria technica*, a stenography akin to the 'Notarikon' of the Romans. Points and notes were added to the margins of scriptural MSS., and the foundation of the Massorah, or diplomatic preservation of the text, was thus laid. The third, D [*derush*], was homiletic application of that which had been to that which was and would be, of prophetic and historical dicta to the actual condition of things. It was a peculiar kind of sermon, with all the aids of dialectics and poetry, of parable, gnome, proverb, legend, and the rest, exactly as we find it in the New Testament. The fourth, S, stood for *sod*, secret, mystery. This was the Secret Science, into which but few were initiated.

* See 2 Chron. xiii. 22, xxiv. 27.

It was theosophy, metaphysics, angelology, a host of wild and glowing visions of things beyond earth. Faint echoes of this science survive in Neoplatonism, in Gnosticism, in the Kabbalah, in 'Hermes Trismegistus.' But few were initiated into these things of 'The Creation' and of 'The Chariot,' as it was also called, in allusion to Ezekiel's vision. Yet here again the power of the vague and mysterious was so strong, that the word Paradise gradually indicated this last branch, the secret science, only. Later, in Gnosticism, it came to mean the 'Spiritual Christ.'

There is a weird story in the Talmud, which has given rise to the wildest explanations, but which will become intelligible by the foregoing lines. 'Four men,' it says, 'entered *Paradise*. One beheld and died. One beheld and lost his senses. One destroyed the young plants. One only entered in peace and came out in peace.'—The names of all four are given. They are all exalted masters of the law. The last but one, he who destroyed the young plants, is Elisha ben Abuyah, the Faust of the Talmud, who, while sitting in the academy, at the feet of his teachers, to study the law, kept the 'profane books'—of 'Homeros,' to wit, hidden in his garment, and from whose mouth 'Greek songs' never ceased to flow. How he, notwithstanding his early scepticism, rapidly rises to eminence in that same law, finally falls away and becomes a traitor and an outcast, and his very name a thing of unutterable horror—how, one day (it was the great day of atonement) he passes the ruins of the temple, and hears a voice within 'murmuring like a dove'—'all men shall be forgiven this day save Elisha ben Abuyah, who, knowing me, has betrayed me'—how, after his death, the flames will not cease to hover over his grave, until his one faithful disciple, the 'Light of the Law,' Meïr, throws himself over it, swearing a holy oath that he will not partake of the joys of the world to come without his beloved master, and that he will not move from that spot until his master's soul shall have found grace and salvation before the Throne of Mercy—all this and a number of other incidents form one of the most stirring poetical pictures of the whole Talmud. The last of the four is Akiba, the most exalted, most romantic, and most heroic character perhaps in that vast gallery of the learned of his time; he who, in the last revolt under Trajan and Hadrian, expiated his patriotic rashness at the hands of the Roman executioners, and—the legend adds—whose soul fled just when, in his last agony, his mouth cried out the last word of the confession of God's unity:—'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is *One*.'

The Talmud is the storehouse of 'Midrash,' in its widest sense,

sense, and in all its branches. What we said of the fluctuation of terms applies emphatically also to this word Talmud. It means, in the first instance, nothing but 'study,' 'learning,' from *lamad*, to learn; next, indicating a special method of 'learning' or rather arguing, it finally became the name of the great Corpus Juris of Judaism.

When we speak of the Talmud as a legal code, we trust we shall not be understood too literally. It resembles about as much what we generally understand by that name as a primeval forest resembles a Dutch garden.

Nothing indeed can equal the state of utter amazement into which the modern investigator finds himself plunged at the first sight of these luxuriant talmudical wildernesses. Schooled in the harmonising, methodising systems of the West—systems that condense, and arrange, and classify, and give everything its fitting place and its fitting position in that place—he feels almost stupefied here. The language, the style, the method, the very sequence of things (a sequence that often appears as logical as our dreams), the amazingly varied nature of these things—everything seems tangled, confused, chaotic. It is only after a time that the student learns to distinguish between two mighty currents in the book—currents that at times flow parallel, at times seem to work upon each other, and to impede each other's action: the one emanating from the brain, the other from the heart—the one Prose, the other Poetry,—the one carrying with it all those mental faculties that manifest themselves in arguing, investigating, comparing, developing, bringing a thousand points to bear upon one and one upon a thousand; the other springing from the realms of fancy, of imagination, feeling, humour, and above all from that precious combination of still, almost sad, pensiveness with quick catholic sympathies, which in German is called *Gemüth*. These two currents the Midrash, in its various aspects, had caused to set in the direction of the Bible, and they soon found in it two vast fields for the display of all their power and energy. The logical faculties turned to the legal portions in Exodus, Leviticus, Deuteronomy—developing, seeking, and solving a thousand real or apparent difficulties and contradictions with what, as tradition, had been living in the hearts and mouths of the people from time immemorial. The other—the imaginative faculties—took possession of the prophetic, ethical, historical, and, quaintly enough, sometimes even of the legal portions of the Bible, and transformed the whole into a vast series of themes almost musical in their wonderful and capricious variations. The first-named is called 'Halachah' (*Rule, Norm*) a term applied both to the process of evolving legal enactments and the enactments

ments themselves. The other, 'Haggadah' (*Legend, Saga*) not so much in our modern sense of the word, though a great part of its contents comes under that head, but because it was only a 'saying,' a thing without authority, a play of fancy, an allegory, a parable, a tale, that pointed a moral and illustrated a question, that smoothed the billows of fierce debate, roused the slumbering attention, and was generally—to use its own phrase—a 'comfort and a blessing.'

The Talmud, which is composed of these two elements, the legal and the legendary, is divided into MISHNAH and GEMARA: two terms again of uncertain, shifting meaning. Originally indicating, like the technical words mentioned already, 'study,' they both became terms for special studies, and indicated special works. The Mishnah, from *shanah* (*tana*), to learn, to repeat, has been of old translated *δευτέριος*, second law. But this derivation, correct as it seems literally, is incorrect in the first instance. It simply means 'Learning,' like Gemara, which, besides, indicates 'complement' to the Mishnah—itself a complement to the Mosaic code, but in such a manner that, in developing and enlarging, it supersedes it. The Mishnah, on its own part again, forms a kind of text to which the Gemara is not so much a scholion as a critical expansion. The Pentateuch remains in all cases the background and latent source of the Mishnah. But it is the business of the Gemara to examine into the legitimacy and correctness of this Mishnic development in single instances. The Pentateuch remained under all circumstances the immutable, divinely given constitution, *the written law*: in contradistinction to it, the Mishnah, together with the Gemara, was called the oral, or 'Unwritten' law, not unlike the unwritten Greek *Ῥήτραι*, the Roman 'Lex Non Scripta,' the Sunnah, or our own Common Law.

There are few chapters in the whole History of Jurisprudence more obscure than the origin, development, and completion of this 'Oral Law.' There must have existed, from the very beginning of the Mosaic law, a number of corollary laws, which explained in detail most of the rules broadly laid down in it. Apart from these, it was but natural that the enactments of that primitive Council of the Desert, the Elders, and their successors in each period, together with the verdicts issued by the later 'judges within the gates,' to whom the Pentateuch distinctly refers, should have become precedents, and been handed down as such. Apocryphal writings—notably the fourth book of Ezra—not to mention Philo and the Church Fathers, speak of fabulous numbers of books that had been given to Moses together with the Pentateuch: thus indicating the common belief
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in the divine origin of the supplementary laws that had existed among the people from time immemorial. Jewish tradition traces the bulk of the oral injunctions, through a chain of distinctly-named authorities, to 'Sinai' itself. It mentions in detail how Moses communicated those minutiae of his legislation, in which he had been instructed during the mysterious forty days and nights on the Mount, to the chosen guides of the people, in such a manner that they should for ever remain engraven on the tablets of their hearts.

A long space intervenes between the Mosaic period and that of the Mishnah. The ever growing wants of the ever disturbed commonwealth necessitated new laws and regulations at every turn. A difficulty, however, arose, unknown to other legislations. In despotic states a decree is issued, promulgating the new law. In constitutional states a Bill is brought in. The supreme authority, if it finds it meet and right to make this new law, makes it. The case was different in the Jewish commonwealth of the post-exilic times. Among the things that were irredeemably lost with the first temple were the 'Urim and Thummim' of the high-priest—the oracle. With Malachi the last prophet had died. Both for the promulgation of a new law and the abrogation of an old one, a higher sanction was requisite than a mere majority of the legislative council. The new act must be proved, directly or indirectly, from the 'Word of God'—proved to have been promulgated by the Supreme King—hidden and bound up, as it were, in its very letters from the beginning. This was not easy in all cases; especially when a certain number of hermeneutical rules, not unlike those used in the Roman schools (inferences, conclusions from the minor to the major and *vice versa*, analogies of ideas or objects, general and special statements, &c.), had come to be laid down.

Apart from the new laws requisite at sudden emergencies, there were many of those old traditional ones, for which the *point d'appui* had to be found, when, as established legal matters, they came before the critical eye of the schools. And these schools themselves, in their ever restless activity, evolved new laws, according to their logical rules, even when they were not practically wanted nor likely ever to come into practical use—simply as a matter of science. Hence there is a double action perceptible in this legal development. Either the scriptural verse forms the terminus *a quo*, or the terminus *ad quem*. It is either the starting point for a discussion which ends in the production of some new enactment; or some new enactment, or one never before investigated, is traced back to the divine source by an outward 'hint,' however insignificant.

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This process of evolving new precepts from old ones by 'signs,'—a word curiously enough used also by Blackstone in his 'development' of the law—may in some instances have been applied with too much freedom. Yet, while the Talmudical Code practically differs from the Mosaic as much as our Digest will some day differ from the laws of the time of Canute, and as the Justinian Code differs from the Twelve Tables, it cannot be denied that these fundamental laws have in all cases been consulted, carefully and impartially as to their spirit, their letter being often but the vessel or outer symbol. The often uncompromising severity of the Pentateuch, especially in the province of the penal law, had certainly become much softened down under the milder influences of the culture of later days. Several of its injunctions, which had become impracticable, were circumscribed, or almost constitutionally abrogated, by the introduction of exceptional formalities. Some of its branches also had developed in a direction other than what at first sight seems to have been anticipated. But the power vested in the 'judge of those days' was in general most sparingly and conscientiously applied.

This whole process of the development of the 'Law' was in the hands of the 'Scribes,' who, according to the New Testament, 'sit in the seat of Moses.' We shall speak presently of the 'Pharisees' with whom the word is often coupled. Here, meantime, we must once more distinguish between the different meanings of the word 'Scribe' at different periods. For there are three stages in the oral compilation of the Talmudical Code, each of which is named after a special class of doctors.

The task of the first class of these masters—the 'Scribes' by way of eminence, whose time ranges from the return from Babylon down to the Greco-Syrian persecutions (220 B.C.)—was above all to preserve the sacred Text, as it had survived after many mishaps. They 'enumerated' not merely the precepts, but the words, the letters, the signs of the Scripture, thereby guarding it from all future interpolations and corruptions. They had further to explain these precepts, in accordance with the collateral tradition of which they were the guardians. They had to instruct the people, to preach in the synagogues, to teach in the schools. They further, on their own authority, erected certain 'Fences,' *i. e.* such new injunctions as they deemed necessary merely for the better keeping of the old precepts. The whole work of these men, ('Men of the Great Synagogue,') is well summed up in their adage: 'Have a care in legal decisions, send forth many disciples, and make a fence around the law.' More pregnant still is the motto of their last representative—the only one whose
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name, besides those of Ezra and Nehemiah, the supposed founders of this body, has survived—Simon the Just: 'On three things stands the world: on law, on worship, and on charity.'

After the 'Scribes'—*κατ' ἐξοχήν*—come the 'Learners,' or 'Repeaters,' also called *Bana'im*, 'Master-builders'—from 220 B.C. to 220 A.D. In this period falls the Maccabean Revolution, the birth of Christ, the destruction of the temple by Titus, the revolt of Bar-Cochba under Hadrian, the final destruction of Jerusalem, and the total expatriation of the Jews. During this time Palestine was ruled successively by Persians, Egyptians, Syrians, and Romans. But the legal labours that belong to this period were never seriously interrupted. However dread the events, the schools continued their studies. The masters were martyred time after time, the academies were razed to the ground, the practical and the theoretical occupation with the law was proscribed on pain of death—yet in no instance is the chain of the living tradition broken. With their last breath the dying masters appointed and ordained their successors; for one academy that was reduced to a heap of ashes in Palestine, three sprang up in Babylonia, and the Law flowed on, and was perpetuated in the face of a thousand deaths.

The chief bearers and representatives of these divine legal studies were the President (called *Nasi*, Prince), and the Vice-President (*Ab-Beth-Din* = Father of the House of Judgment) of the highest legal assembly, the Synedrion, aramaised into *Sanhedrin*. There were three Sanhedrins: one 'Great Sanhedrin,' two 'lesser' ones. Whenever the New Testament mentions the 'Priests, the Elders, and the Scribes' together, it means the Great Sanhedrin. This constituted the highest ecclesiastical and civil tribunal. It consisted of seventy-one members, chosen from the foremost priests, the heads of tribes and families, and from the 'Learned,' i. e. the 'Scribes' or Lawyers. It was no easy task to be elected a member of this Supreme Council. The candidate had to be a superior man, both mentally and bodily. He was not to be either too young or too old. Above all, he was to be an adept both in the 'Law' and in Science.

When people read of 'law,' 'masters' or 'doctors of the law,' they do not, it seems to us, always fully realise what that word 'law' means in Old or rather New Testament language. It should be remembered that, as we have already indicated, it stands for all and every knowledge, since all and every knowledge was requisite for the understanding of it. The Mosaic code has injunctions about the sabbatical journey; the distance had to be measured and calculated, and mathematics were called into play. Seeds, plants, and animals had to be studied in connection with
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the many precepts regarding them, and natural history had to be appealed to. Then there were the purely hygienic paragraphs, which necessitated for their precision a knowledge of all the medical science of the time. The 'seasons' and the feast-days were regulated by the phases of the moon; and astronomy—if only in its elements—had to be studied. And—as the commonwealth successively came in contact, however much against its will at first, with Greece and Rome,—their history, geography, and language came to be added as a matter of instruction to those of Persia and Babylon. It was only a handful of well-meaning but narrow-minded men, like the Essenes, who would not, for their own part, listen to the repeal of certain temporary 'Decrees of Danger.' When Hellenic scepticism in its most seductive form had, during the Syrian troubles, begun to seek its victims even in the midst of the 'Sacred Vineyard,' and threatened to undermine all patriotism and all independence, a curse was pronounced upon Hellenism: much as German patriots, at the beginning of this century, loathed the very sound of the French language; or as, not so very long ago, all things 'foreign' were regarded with a certain suspicion in England. But, the danger over, the Greek language and culture were restored to their previous high position in both the school and the house, as indeed the union of Hebrew and Greek, 'the Talith and the Pallium,' 'Shem and Japheth, who had been blessed together by Noah, and who would always be blessed in union,' was strongly insisted upon. We shall return to the polyglott character of those days, the common language of which was an odd mixture of Greek, Aramaic, Latin, Syriac, Hebrew; but the member of the Sanhedrin had to be a good linguist. He was not to be dependent on the possibly tinged version of an interpreter. But not only was science, in its widest sense, required in him, but even an acquaintance with its fantastic shadows, such as astrology, magic, and the rest, in order that he, as both lawgiver and judge, should be able to enter also into the popular feeling about these wide-spread 'Arts.' Proselytes, eunuchs, freedmen, were rigidly excluded from the Assembly. So were those who could not prove themselves the legitimate offspring of priests, Levites, or Israelites. And so, further, were gamblers, betting-men, money-lenders, and dealers in illegal produce. To the provision about the age, viz., that the senator should be neither too far advanced in age 'lest his judgment might be enfeebled,' nor too young 'lest it might be immature and hasty;' and to the proofs required of his vast theoretical and practical knowledge—for he was only by slow degrees promoted from an obscure judgeship in his native hamlet to the senatorial dignity—there

—there came to be added also that wonderfully fine rule, that he must be a married man and have children of his own. Deep miseries of families would be laid bare before him, and he should bring with him a heart full of sympathy.

Of the practical administration of justice by the Sanhedrin we have yet to speak when we come to the *Corpus Juris* itself. It now behoves us to pause a moment at those 'schools and academies' of which we have repeatedly made mention, and of which the Sanhedrin formed, as it were, the crown and the highest consummation.

Eighty years before Christ, schools flourished throughout the length and the breadth of the land;—education had been made compulsory. While there is not a single term for 'school' to be found before the Captivity, there were by that time about a dozen in common usage.* Here are a few of the innumerable popular sayings of the period, betokening the paramount importance which public instruction had assumed in the life of the nation: 'Jerusalem was destroyed because the instruction of the young was neglected.' 'The world is only saved by the breath of the school-children.' 'Even for the rebuilding of the Temple the schools must not be interrupted.' 'Study is more meritorious than sacrifice.' 'A scholar is greater than a prophet.' 'You should revere the teacher even more than your father. The latter only brought you into this world, the former indicates the way into the next. But blessed is the son who has learnt from his father: he shall revere him both as his father and his master; and blessed is the father who has instructed his son.'

The 'High Colleges' or 'Kallahs'† only met during some months in the year. Three weeks before the term the Dean prepared the students for the lectures to be delivered by the Rector, and so arduous became the task, as the number of the disciples increased, that in time no less than seven Deans had to be appointed. Yet the mode of teaching was not that of our modern universities. The professors did not deliver lectures, which the disciples, like the Student in 'Faust,' could 'comfort-

* Some of these terms are Greek, like *ἄλσος*, *λαύς*: some, belonging to the pellucid idiom of the people, the Aramaic, poetically indicated at times the special arrangement of the small and big scholars, e.g. 'Array,' 'Vineyard' ('where they sat in rows as stands the blooming vine'); while others are of so uncertain a derivation, that they may belong to either language. The technical term for the highest school, for instance, has long formed a crux for etymologists. It is *Kallah*. This may be either the Hebrew word for 'Bride,' a well-known allegorical expression for science, 'assiduously to be courted, not lightly won, and easily estranged'; or it may be the slightly mutilated Greek or it may literally be our own word *University*, from *Kol*, all, univ: all-embracing institution of all branches of learning.

† See preceding note.

ably take home in black and white.' Here all was life, movement, debate; question was met by counter-question, answers were given wrapped up in allegories or parables, the inquirer was led to deduce the questionable point for himself by analogy—the nearest approach to the Socratic method. The New Testament furnishes many specimens of this contemporary method of instruction.

The highest rank in the estimation of the people was not reserved for the 'Priests,' about whose real position some extraordinary notions seem still afloat—nor for the 'Nobles'—but for these Masters of the Law, the 'Wise,' the 'Disciples of the Wise.' There is something almost German in the profound reverence uniformly shown to these representatives of science and learning, however poor and insignificant in person and rank. Many of the most eminent 'Doctors' were but humble tradesmen. They were tentmakers, sandalmakers, weavers, carpenters, tanners, bakers, cooks. A newly-elected President was found by his predecessor, who had been ignominiously deposed for his overbearing manner, all grimy in the midst of his charcoal mounds. Of all things the most hated were idleness and asceticism; piety and learning themselves only received their proper estimation when joined to healthy bodily work. 'It is well to add a trade to your studies; you will then be free from sin.'—'The tradesman at his work need not rise before the greatest Doctor.'—'Greater is he who derives his livelihood from work than he who fears God'—are some of the most common dicta of the period.

The exalted place thus given to Work, as on the one hand it prevented an abject worship of Learning, so on the other it kept all ascetic eccentricities from the body of the people. And there was always some danger of them at hand. When the temple lay in ashes, men would no longer eat meat or drink wine. A Sage remonstrated with them, but they replied, weeping: 'Once the flesh of sacrifices was burnt upon the Altar of God. The altar is thrown down. Once libations of wine were poured out. They are no more.' 'But you eat bread; there were bread-offerings.' 'You are right, Master, we shall eat fruit only.' 'But the first fruits were offered up.' 'We shall refrain from them.' 'But you drink water, and there were libations of water.' And they knew not what to reply. Then he comforted them by the assurance that He who had destroyed Jerusalem had promised to rebuild it, and that proper mourning was right and meet, but that it must not be of a nature to weaken the body for work.

Another most striking story is that of the Sage who, walking
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in a market-place crowded with people, suddenly encountered the prophet Elijah, and asked him who, out of that vast multitude, would be saved. Whereupon the Prophet first pointed out a weird-looking creature, a turnkey, 'because he was merciful to his prisoners;' and next two common-looking tradesmen, who came walking through the crowd, pleasantly chatting. The Sage instantly rushed towards them, and asked them what were their saving works. But they, much puzzled, replied: 'We are but poor workmen who live by our trade. All that can be said for us is that we are always of good cheer, and are good-natured. When we meet anybody who seems sad we join him, and we talk to him, and cheer him, so long that he must forget his grief. And if we know of two people who have quarrelled, we talk to them and persuade them, until we have made them friends again. This is our whole life.' . . .

Before leaving this period of Mishnic development, we have yet to speak of one or two things. This period is the one in which Christianity arose; and it may be as well to touch here upon the relation between Christianity and the Talmud—a subject much discussed of late. Were not the whole of our general views on the difference between Judaism and Christianity greatly confused, people would certainly not be so very much surprised at the striking parallels of dogma and parable, of allegory and proverb, exhibited by the Gospel and the talmudical writings. The New Testament, written, as Lightfoot has it, 'among Jews, by Jews, for Jews,' cannot but speak the language of the time, both as to form and, broadly speaking, as to contents. There are many more vital points of contact between the New Testament and the Talmud than divines yet seem fully to realise; for such terms as 'Redemption,' 'Baptism,' 'Grace,' 'Faith,' 'Salvation,' 'Regeneration,' 'Son of Man,' 'Son of God,' 'Kingdom of Heaven,' were not, as we are apt to think, invented by Christianity, but were household words of talmudical Judaism, to which Christianity gave a higher and purer meaning. No less loud and bitter in the Talmud are the protests against 'lip-serving,' against 'making the law a burden to the people,' against 'laws that hang on hairs,' against 'Priests and Pharisees.' The fundamental mysteries of the new Faith are matters totally apart; but the Ethics in both are, in their broad outlines, identical. That grand dictum, 'Do unto others as thou would'st be done by,' against which Kant declared himself energetically from a philosophical point of view, is quoted by Hillel, the President, at whose death Jesus was ten years of age, not as anything new, but as an old and well-known dictum 'that comprised the whole Law.' The most monstrous mistake

mistake has ever been our mixing up, in the first instance, single individuals, or classes, with a whole people, and next our confounding the Judaism of the time of Christ with that of the time of the Wilderness, of the Judges, or even of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The Judaism of the time of Christ (to which that of our days, owing principally to the Talmud, stands very near), and that of [the Pentateuch, are as like each other as our England is like that of William Rufus, or the Greece of Plato that of the Argonauts. It is the glory of Christianity to have carried those golden germs, hidden in the schools and among the 'silent community' of the learned, into the market of Humanity. It has communicated that 'Kingdom of Heaven,' of which the Talmud is full from the first page to the last, to the herd, even to the lepers. The fruits that have sprung from this through the wide world we need not here consider. But the misconception, as if to a God of Vengeance had suddenly succeeded a God of Love, cannot be too often protested against. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself' is a precept of the Old Testament, as our Saviour himself taught his disciples. The 'Law,' as we have seen and shall further see, was developed to a marvellously and, perhaps, oppressively minute pitch; but only as a regulator of outward actions. The 'faith of the heart'—the dogma prominently dwelt upon by Paul—was a thing that stood much higher with the Pharisees than this outward law. It was a thing, they said, not to be commanded by any ordinance; yet was greater than all. 'Everything,' is one of their adages, 'is in the hands of Heaven, save the fear of Heaven.'

'Six hundred and thirteen injunctions,' says the Talmud, 'was Moses instructed to give to the people. David reduced them all to eleven, in the fifteenth Psalm: Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle, who shall dwell on Thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly,' &c.

'The Prophet Isaiah reduced them to six (xxxiii. 15):—He that walketh righteously,' &c.

'The Prophet Micah reduced them to three (vi. 8):—What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

'Isaiah once more reduced them to two (lvi. 1):—Keep ye judgment and do justice.

'Amos (v. 4) reduced them all to one:—Seek ye me and ye shall live.'

'But lest it might be supposed from this that God could be found in the fulfilment of his whole law only, Habakkuk said (ii. 4):—'The just shall live by his Faith.'

Regarding these 'Pharisees' or 'Separatists' themselves, no
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greater or more antiquated mistake exists than that of their being a mere 'sect' hated by Christ and the Apostles. They were not a sect,—any more than Roman Catholics form a 'sect' in Rome, or Protestants a 'sect' in England,—and they were not hated so indiscriminately by Christ and the Apostles as would at first sight appear from some sweeping passages in the New Testament. For the 'Pharisees,' as such, were at that time—Josephus notwithstanding—simply *the* people, in contradistinction to the 'leaven of Herod.' Those 'upper classes' of free-thinking Sadducees who, in opposition to the Pharisees, insisted on the paramount importance of sacrifices and tithes, of which they were the receivers, but denied the Immortality of the Soul, are barely mentioned in the New Testament. The wholesale denunciations of 'Scribes and Pharisees' have been greatly misunderstood. There can be absolutely no question on this point, that there were among the genuine Pharisees the most patriotic, the most noble minded, the most advanced leaders of the Party of Progress. The development of the Law itself was nothing in their hands but a means to keep the Spirit as opposed to the Word—the outward frame—in full life and flame, and to vindicate for each time its own right to interpret the temporal ordinances according to its own necessities and acquirements. But that there were very many black sheep in their flock—many who traded on the high reputation of the whole body—is matter of reiterated denunciation in the whole contemporary literature. The Talmud inveighs even more bitterly and caustically than the New Testament against what it calls the 'Plague of Pharisaism,' 'the dyed ones,' 'who do evil deeds like Zimri, and require a goodly reward like Phinehas,' 'they who preach beautifully, but do not act beautifully.' Parodying their exaggerated logical arrangements, their scrupulous divisions and subdivisions, the Talmud distinguishes seven classes of Pharisees, one of whom only is worthy of that name. These are—1, those who do the will of God from earthly motives; 2, they who make small steps, or say, just wait a while for me; I have just one more good work to perform; 3, they who knock their heads against walls in avoiding the sight of a woman; 4, saints in office; 5, they who implore you to mention some more duties which they might perform; 6, they who are pious because they *fear* God. The real and only Pharisee is he 'who does the will of his father which is in Heaven *because he loves Him*.' Among those chiefly 'Pharisaic' masters of the Mishnic period, whose names and fragments of whose lives have come down to us, are some of the most illustrious men, men at whose feet the first Christians sat,

whose sayings—household words in the mouths of the people—prove them to have been endowed with no common wisdom, piety, kindness, and high and noble courage: a courage and a piety they had often enough occasion to seal with their lives.

From this hasty outline of the mental atmosphere of the time when the Mishnah was gradually built up, we now turn to this Code itself. The bulk of ordinances, injunctions, prohibitions, precepts,—the old and new, traditional, derived, or enacted on the spur of the moment,—had, after about eight hundred years, risen to gigantic proportions, proportions no longer to be mastered in their scattered, and be it remembered, chiefly unwritten, form. Thrice, at different periods, the work of reducing them to system and order was undertaken by three eminent masters; the third alone succeeded. First by Hillel I., under whose presidency Christ was born. This Hillel, also called the second Ezra, was born in Babylon. Thirst for knowledge drove him to Jerusalem. He was so poor, the legend tells us, that once, when he had not money enough to fee the porter of the academy, he climbed up the window-sill one bitter winter's night. As he lay there listening, the cold gradually made him insensible, and the snow covered him up. The darkness of the room first called the attention of those inside to the motionless form without. He was restored to life. Be it observed, by the way, that this was on a Sabbath, as, according to the Talmud, danger *always* supersedes the Sabbath. Even for the sake of the tiniest babe it must be broken without the slightest hesitation, 'for the babe will,' it is added, 'keep many a Sabbath yet for that one that was broken for it.'

And here we cannot refrain from entering an emphatic protest against the vulgar notion of the 'Jewish Sabbath' being a thing of grim austerity. It was precisely the contrary, a 'day of joy and delight,' a 'feast day,' honoured by fine garments, by the best cheer, by wine, lights, spice, and other joys of pre-eminently bodily import: and the highest expression of the feeling of self-reliance and independence is contained in the adage, 'Rather live on your Sabbath as you would on a week day, than be dependent on others.' But this only by the way.

About 30 B.C. Hillel became President. Of his meekness, his piety, his benevolence, the Talmudical records are full. A few of his sayings will characterise him better than any sketch of ours could do. 'Be a disciple of Aaron, a friend of peace, a promoter of peace, a friend of all men, and draw them near unto the law.' 'Do not believe in thyself till the day of thy death.' 'Do not judge thy neighbour until thou hast stood in his place.' 'Whosoever does not increase in knowledge decreases.'

Who-

er tries to make gain by the crown of learning perishes,' immediately after the lecture he used to hurry home. Once asked by his disciples what caused him to hasten away, he replied that he had to look after his guest. When they pressed him for the name of his guest, he said that he only meant his soul, which was there to-day and there to-morrow. One day a heathen went to Hammai, the head of the rival academy, and asked him kindly to convert him to the law while he stood on one foot.

The irate master turned him from his door. He then went to Hillel, who received him kindly and gave him that reply which has since so widely propagated—'Do not unto another what thou thyself wouldst not have another do unto thee. This is the whole of the law, the rest is mere commentary.' Very characteristic is also his answer to one of those 'wits' who used to plague him with their silly questions. 'How many laws are there?' he asked Hillel. 'Two,' Hillel replied, 'one written and one unwritten.' Whereupon the other, 'I believe in the first, but I do not believe in the second.' 'Sit down,' Hillel said, and he wrote down the Hebrew alphabet. 'What letter is this?' he then asked, pointing to the first. 'This is an Aleph,' he said. 'Good, the next?' 'Beth.' 'Good again. But how do you know that this is an Aleph and this a Beth?' 'Thus,' the other replied, 'I have learnt this from our ancestors.' 'Well,' Hillel said, 'as you have accepted this in good faith, accept also the other.' To his end the necessity of arranging and simplifying that monstrous mass of oral traditions seems to have presented itself first with Hillel's force. There were no less than some six hundred vaguely defined sections of it in existence by that time. He tried to reduce them to six. But he died, and the work commenced on him was left untouched for another century. Akiba, the shepherd who fell in love with the daughter of the richest and proudest man in all Jerusalem, and, through his love, from a clown became one of the most eminent doctors of his generation, nay 'a second Moses,' came next. But he too was unsuccessful. His legal labours were cut short by the Roman executioner. Yet the day of his martyrdom is said to have been the day of the birth of him who, at last, did carry out the task,—Jehuda, the Saint, also called 'Rabbi' by way of reverence. About 200 A.D. the redaction of the whole unwritten law into a code, though still unwritten, was completed by the immense efforts, not of one school, but of all, not enough one, but many methods of collection, comparison, and condensation.

When the Code was drawn up, it was already obsolete in many of its parts. More than a generation before the

Destruction of the Temple, Rome had taken the penal jurisdiction from the Sanhedrin. The innumerable injunctions regarding the temple-service, the sacrifices, and the rest, had but an ideal value. The agrarian laws for the most part applied only to Palestine, and but an insignificant fraction of the people had remained faithful to the desecrated land. Nevertheless the whole Code was eagerly received as their text-book by the many academies both in Palestine and in Babylonia, not merely as a record of past enactments, but as laws that at some time or other, with the restoration of the commonwealth, would come into full practice as of yore.

The Mishnah is divided into six sections. These are subdivided again into 11, 12, 7, 9 (or 10) 11, and 12 chapters respectively, which are further broken up into 524 paragraphs. We shall briefly describe their contents:—

‘Section I., *Seeds*: of Agrarian Laws, commencing with a chapter on Prayers. In this section the various tithes and donations due to the Priests, the Levites, and the poor, from the products of the lands, and further the Sabbatical year, and the prohibited mixtures in plants, animals, and garments, are treated of.

‘Section II., *Feasts*: of Sabbaths, Feast and Fast days, the work prohibited, the ceremonies ordained, the sacrifices to be offered, on them. Special chapters are devoted to the Feast of the Exodus from Egypt, to the New Year's Day, to the Day of Atonement (one of the most impressive portions of the whole book), to the Feast of Tabernacles, and to that of Haman.

‘Section III., *Women*: of betrothal, marriage, divorce, &c.: also of vows.

‘Section IV., *Damages*: including a great part of the civil and criminal law. It treats of the law of trover, of buying and selling, and the ordinary monetary transactions. Further, of the greatest crime known to the law, viz., idolatry. Next of witnesses, of oaths, of legal punishments, and of the Sanhedrin itself. This section concludes with the so-called “Sentences of the Fathers,” containing some of the sublimest ethical dicta known in the history of religious philosophy.

‘Section V., *Sacred Things*: of sacrifices, the first-born, &c.; also of the measurements of the Temple (Middoth).

‘Section VI., *Purifications*: of the various levitical and other hygienic laws, of impure things and persons, their purification, &c.’

There is, it cannot be denied, more symmetry and method in the Mishnah than in the Pandects; although we have not found that minute logical sequence in its arrangement which Maimonides and others have discovered. In fact, we do not believe that we have it in its original shape. But, as far as the single treatises are concerned, the Mishnah is for the most part free from the blemishes of the Roman Code. There are, unquestionably,
fewer

fewer contradictory laws, fewer repetitions, fewer interpolations, than in the Digests, which, notwithstanding Tribonian's efforts, abound with so-called 'Geminationes,' 'Leges fugitivæ,' 'errativæ,' and so forth; and, as regards a certain outspokenness in bodily things, it has at last been acknowledged by all competent authorities that its language is infinitely purer than that, for instance, of the medieval casuists.

The regulations contained in these six treatises are of very different kinds. They are apparently important and unimportant, intended to be permanent or temporary. They are either clear expansions of Scriptural precepts, or independent traditions, linked to Scripture only hermeneutically. They are 'decisions,' 'fences,' 'injunctions,' 'ordinances,' or simply 'Mosaic Halachah from Sinai'—much as the Roman laws consist of 'Senatusconsulta,' 'Plebiscita,' 'Edicta,' 'Responsa Prudentium,' and the rest. Save in points of dispute, the Mishnah does not say when and how a special law was made. Only exceptionally do we read the introductory formula 'N. N. has borne witness,' 'I have heard from N. N.,' &c.; for nothing was admitted into the Code but that which was well authenticated first. There is no difference made between great laws and little laws—between ancient and new Halachah. Every precept traditionally received or passed by the majority becomes, in a manner, a religious, divinely sanctioned one, although it was always open to the subsequent authorities to reconsider and to abrogate; as, indeed, one of the chief reasons against the writing down of the Code, even after its redaction, was just this, that it should never become fixed and immutable. That the Mishnah was appealed to for all practical purposes, in preference to the 'Mosaic' law, seems clear and natural. Do we generally appeal in our law-courts to the Magna Charta?

This uniform reverence for all the manifold contents of the Mishnah is best expressed in the redactor's own words—the motto to the whole collection—'Be equally conscientious in small as in great precepts, for ye know not their individual rewards. Compute the earthly loss sustained by the fulfilment of a law by the heavenly reward derived through it; and the gain derived from a transgression by the punishment that is to follow it. Also contemplate three things, and ye shall not fall into sin: Know what is above ye—an eye that seeth, an ear that heareth, and all your works are written in a book.'

The tone and tenor of the Mishnah is, except in the one special division devoted to Ethics, emphatically practical. It does concern itself with Metaphysics, but aims at being mere code. Yet it never misses an opportunity of inculcating higher ethical principles which lie beyond the str

law. It looks more to the 'intention' in the fulfilment of a precept than to the fulfilment itself. He who claims certain advantages by the letter of the law, though the spirit of humanity should urge him not to insist upon them, is not 'beloved by God and man.' On the other hand, he who makes good by his own free will demands which the law could not have enforced; he, in fact, who does not stop short at the 'Gate of Justice,' but proceeds within the 'line of mercy,' in him the 'spirit of the wise' has pleasure. Certain duties bring fruits (interest) in this world; but the real reward, the 'capital,' is paid back in the world to come: such as reverence for father and mother, charity, early application to study, hospitality, doing the last honour to the dead, promoting peace between man and his neighbour. The Mishnah knows nothing of 'Hell.' For all and any transgressions there were only the fixed legal punishments, or a mysterious sudden 'visitation of God'—the scriptural 'rooting out.' Death atones for all sins. Minor transgressions are redeemed by repentance, charity, sacrifice, and the day of atonement. Sins committed against man are only forgiven when the injured man has had full amends made and declares himself reconciled. The highest virtue lies in the study of the law. It is not only the badge of high culture (as was of old the case in England), but there is a special merit bound up in it that will assist man both in this and in the world to come. Even a bastard who is learned in it is more honoured than a high-priest who is not.

To discuss these laws, their spirit, and their details, in this place, we cannot undertake. But this much we may say, that it has always been the unanimous opinion of both friends and foes that their general character is humane in the extreme: in spite of certain harsh and exceptional laws, issued in times of danger and misery, of revolution and reaction; laws, moreover, which for the most part never were and never could be carried into practice. There is an almost modern liberality of view regarding the 'fulfilment of the Law' itself, expressed by such frequent adages as 'The Scripture says: "he shall live by them"—that means, he shall not *die through them*. They shall not be made pitfalls or burdens to him, that shall make him hate life.' 'He who carries out these precepts to the full is declared to be nothing less than a "Saint."' 'The law has been given to men, and not to angels.'

Respecting the practical administration of justice, a sharp distinction is drawn by the Mishnah between the civil and criminal law. In both the most careful investigation and scrutiny is required; but while in the former three judges are competent,

competent, a tribunal of no less than twenty-three is required for the latter. The first duty of the civil judges is always—however clear the case—to urge an agreement. ‘When,’ says the Talmud, ‘do justice and goodwill meet? When the contending parties are made to agree peaceably.’ There were both special local magistrates and casual ‘justices of peace,’ chosen *ad hoc* by the parties. Payment received for a decision annuls the decision. Loss of time only was allowed to be made good in case of tradesmen-judges. The plaintiff, if proved to have asked more than his due, with a view of thus obtaining his due more readily, was nonsuited. Three partners in an action must not divide themselves into one plaintiff and two witnesses. The Judge must see that both parties are pretty equally dressed, *i. e.* not one in fine garments, the others in rags; and he is further particularly cautioned not to be biassed *in favour of the poor against the rich*. The Judge must not hear anything of the case, save in the presence of both parties. Many and striking are also the admonitions regarding the Judge. ‘He who unjustly hands over one man’s goods to another, he shall pay God for it with his own soul.’ ‘In the hour when the Judge sits in judgment over his fellow-men, he shall feel, as it were, a sword pointed at his own heart.’ ‘Woe unto the Judge who, convinced in his mind of the unrighteousness of a cause, tries to throw the blame on the witnesses. From *him* God will ask an account.’ ‘When the parties stand before you, look upon both as guilty; but when they are dismissed, let them both be innocent in thine eyes, for the decree has gone forth.’

It would not be easy to find a more humane, almost refined, penal legislation, from the days of the old world to our own. While in civil cases—whenever larger tribunals (juries) had to be called in—a majority of one is sufficient for either acquittal or condemnation; in criminal cases a majority of one acquits, but a majority of two is requisite for condemnation. All men are accepted in the former as witnesses—always except gamblers (*κνβελα*—dice-players), betting-men (‘pigeon-flyers’), usurers, dealers in illegal (seventh year’s) produce, and slaves, who were disqualified from ‘judging and bearing witness’—either for the plaintiff or the defendant; but it is only for the defence that everybody, indiscriminately, is heard in criminal cases. The cross-examination of the witnesses was exceedingly strict. The formula (containing at once a whole breviary for the Judge himself), with which the witnesses were admonished in criminal cases was of so awful and striking a nature, that ‘swearing a man’s life away’ became an almost unheard-of occurrence:—

'How is one,' says the Mishnah, 'to awe the witnesses who are called to testify in matters of life and death? When they are brought into Court, they are charged thus: Perchance you would speak from conjecture or rumour, as a witness from another witness—having heard it from "some trustworthy man"—or perchance you are not aware that we shall proceed to search and to try you with close questions and searching scrutiny. Know ye that not like trials about money are trials over life and death. In trials of money a man may redeem his guilt by money, and he may be forgiven. In trials of life, the blood of him who has been falsely condemned will hang over the false witness, and also that of the seed of his seed, even unto the end of the world; for thus we find that when Cain killed his brother, it is said, "The voice of thy brother's blood is crying to me from the ground." The word blood stands there in the plural number, to indicate to you that the blood of him, together with that of his seed, has been shed. Adam was created alone, to show you that he who destroys one single life in Israel will be called to account for it, as if he had destroyed a whole world. . . . But, on the other hand, ye might say to yourselves, What have we to do with all this misery here? Remember, then, that Holy Writ has said (Lev. v. 1), "If a witness hath seen or known, if he do not utter, he shall bear his iniquity." But perchance ye might say, Why shall we be guilty of this man's blood? Remember, then, what is said in Proverbs (xi. 10), "In the destruction of the wicked there is joy."'

The '*Lex Talionis*' is unknown to the Talmud. Paying 'measure for measure,' it says, is in God's hand only. Bodily injuries inflicted are to be redeemed by money; and here again the Pharisees had carried the day against the Sadducees, who insisted upon the literal interpretation of that verse. The extreme punishments, 'flagellation' and 'death,' as ordained in the Mosaic Code, were inflicted in a humane manner unknown, as we have said, not only to the contemporary courts of antiquity, but even to those of Europe up to within the last generation. Thirty-nine was the utmost number of strokes to be inflicted: but—the 'loving one's neighbour like oneself' being constantly urged by the Penal Code itself, even with regard to criminals—if the life of the culprit was in the least degree endangered, this number was at once reduced. However numerous the delinquent's transgressions, but one punishment could be decreed for them all. Not even a fine and flagellation could be pronounced on the same occasion.

The care taken of human life was extreme indeed. The judges of capital offences had to fast all day, nor was the sentence executed on the day of the verdict, but it was once more subjected to scrutiny by the Sanhedrin the next day. Even to the last some favourable circumstance that might turn the scale in the prisoner's
favour

favour was looked for. The place of execution was at some distance from the Court, in order that time might be given to a witness or the accused himself for naming any fresh fact in his favour. A man was stationed at the entrance to the Court, with a flag in his hand, and at some distance another man, on horseback, was stationed, in order to stop the execution instantly if any favourable circumstance should still come to light. The culprit himself was allowed to stop four or five times, and to be brought back before the judges, if he had still something to urge in his defence. Before him marched a herald, crying, 'The man N. N., son of N. N., is being led to execution for having committed such and such a crime; such and such are the witnesses against him; whosoever knows aught to his favour, let him come and proclaim it.' Ten yards from the place of execution they said to him, 'Confess thy sins; every one who confesses has part in the world to come; for thus it is written of Achan, to whom Joshua said, My son, give now glory to the God of Israel.' If he 'could not' offer any formal confession, he need only say 'May my death be a redemption for all my sins.' To the last the culprit was supported by marks of profound and awful sympathy. The ladies of Jerusalem formed a society which provided a beverage of mixed myrrh and vinegar, that, like an opiate, benumbed the man when he was being carried to execution.

There were four kinds of capital punishment,—stoning, burning, slaying with the sword, and strangling. Crucifixion is utterly unknown to the Jewish law. 'The house of stoning' was two stories high, 'stoning' in the Mishnah being merely a term for breaking the culprit's neck. It was the part of the chief witness to precipitate the criminal with his own hand. If he fell on his breast he was turned on his back; if the fall had not killed him on the spot, the second witness had to cast a stone on his heart; if he still survived, then and then only the whole people hastened his death by casting stones upon him. The modes of strangling and burning were almost identical: in both cases the culprit was immersed to his waist in soft mud, and two men by tightening a cord *wrapped in a soft cloth* round his neck, caused instantaneous suffocation. In the 'burning' a lighted wick was thrown down his throat when he opened his mouth at his last breath. The corpse was buried in a special place appropriated to criminals. After a time, however, the bones were gathered together and transferred to the burial place of the culprit's kin. The relations then visited the judges as witnesses, 'as much as to say, we bear no malice against you for a righteous judgment have ye judged.' The ordinances of outer mourning were not observed in su

lamentation was not prohibited during the first period of grief—'for sorrow is from the heart.' There was no confiscation of the culprit's goods.

Practically, capital punishment was abrogated even before the Romans had taken it out of the hands of the Sanhedrin. Here again the humanising influences of the 'Traditions' had been at work, commuting the severe Mosaic Code. The examination of witnesses had been made so rigorous that a sentence of capital punishment became almost impossible. When the guilt had, notwithstanding all these difficulties, been absolutely brought home, some formal flaw was sure to be found, and the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. The doctors of a later period, notably Akiba, who, in the midst of his revolutionary dreams of a new Independence, kept his eye steadily on a reform of the whole jurisdiction, did not hesitate to pronounce openly for the abolition of capital punishment. A Court which had pronounced one sentence of death in seven, or even seventy years, received the name of 'Court of Murderers.'

So far the Mishnah, that brief abstract of about eight hundred years' legal production. Jehudah, the 'Redactor,' had excluded all but the best authenticated traditions, as well as all discussion and exegesis, unless where particularly necessary. The vast mass of these materials was now also collected, as a sort of apocryphal oral code. We have, dating from a few generations after the redaction of the official Mishnah, a so-called external Mishnah (Boraita); further the discussions and additions belonging by rights to the Mishnah, called Tosefta (Supplement); and, finally, the exegesis and methodology of the Halacha (Sifri, Sifra, Mechilta), much of which was afterwards embodied in the Talmud.

The Mishnah, being formed into a code, became in its turn what the Scripture had been, a basis of development and discussion. It had to be linked to the Bible, it became impregnated with and obscured by speculations, new traditions sprang up, new methods were invented, casuistry assumed its sway—as it did in the legal schools that flourished at that period at Rome, at Alexandria, at Berytus,—and the Gemara ensued. A double Gemara: one, the expression of the schools in Palestine, called that of Jerusalem, redacted at Tiberias (not at Jerusalem) about 390 A.D., and written in what may be called 'East Aramæan'; the other, redacted at Syra in Babylonia, edited by R. Ashe (365-427 A.D.). The final close of this codex, however, the collecting and sifting of which took just sixty years, is due to the school of the 'Saboraim' at the end of the fifth century A.D. The Babylonian Gemara is the expression of the academies of Syra, Nehardea, Pumbeditha,

Pum-Veditha, Mahusa, and other places, during six or seven generations of continuous development. This 'Babylonian' Talmud is couched in 'Western Aramæan.'

Neither of the two codes was written down at first, and neither has survived in its completeness. Whether there ever was a double Gemara to all the six or even the first five divisions of the Mishnah (the sixth having early fallen into disuse), is at least very doubtful. Much however that existed has been lost. The Babylonian Talmud is about four times as large as that of Jerusalem. Its thirty-six treatises now cover, in our editions, printed with the most prominent commentaries (Rashi and Tosafoth), exactly 2947 folio leaves in twelve folio volumes, the pagination of which is kept uniform in almost all editions. If, however, the extraneous portions are subtracted, it is only about ten or eleven times as large as the Mishnah, which was redacted just as many generations before the Talmud.

How the Talmud itself became by degrees what the Mishnah had been to the Gemara, and what the Scripture had been to the early Scribes, viz. a Text; how the 'Saboraim' and 'Gaonim,' those Epigoni of the 'Scribes,' made it the centre of their activity for centuries; what endless commentaries, dissertations, expositions, responses, novellæ, abstracts, &c., grew out of it, we cannot here tell. Only this much we will add, that the Talmud, as such, was never formally accepted by the nation, by either General or Special Council. Its legal decisions, as derived from the highest authorities, certainly formed the basis of the religious law, the norm of all future decisions: as undoubtedly the Talmud is the most trustworthy canon of Jewish tradition. But its popularity is much more due to an extraneous cause. During the persecutions against the Jews in the Persian empire, under Jesdegerd II., Firuz, and Kobad, the schools were closed for about eighty years. The living development of the law being stopped, the book obtained a supreme authority, such as had probably never been dreamt of by its authors. Need we add that what authority was silently vested in it belonged exclusively to its legal portions? The other, the 'haggadistic' or legendary portion, was 'poetry,' a thing beloved by women and children and by those still and pensive minds which delight in flowers and in the song of wild birds. The 'Authorities' themselves often enough set their faces against it, repudiated it and explained it away. But the people clung to it, and in course of time gave to it and it alone the encyclopædic name of 'Midrash.'

We have now to say a few words respecting the language in which these documents are couched, as furnishing an additional key to the mode of life and thoughts of the period.

The

The language of the Mishnah is as pure a Hebrew as can be expected in those days. The people themselves spoke, as we mentioned above, a corrupt Chaldee or Aramaic, mixed with Greek and Latin. Many prayers of the period, the Targums, the Gemaras, are conceived in that idiom. Even the Mishnah itself could not exclude these all-pervading foreign elements. Many legal terms, many names of products, of heathen feasts, of household furniture, of meat and drink, of fruits and garments, are borrowed from the classical languages. Here is a curious addition to the curious history of words! The bread which the Semites had cast upon the waters, in the archaic Phœnician times, came back to them after many days. If they had given to the early Greeks the names for weights and measures,* for spice and aromas,† every one of which is Hebrew: if they had imported the ‘sapphire, jasper, emerald,’ the fine materials for garments,‡ and the garments themselves—as indeed the well-known *χιτών* is but the Hebrew name for Joseph’s coat in the Bible—if the musical instruments,§ the plants, vessels, writing materials, and last, not least, the ‘alphabet’ itself, came from the Semites: the Greek and Latin idioms repaid them in the Talmudical period with full interest, to the great distress of the later scholiasts and lexicographers. The Aramaic itself was, as we said, the language of the common people. It was, in itself, a most pellucid and picturesque idiom, lending itself admirably not only to the epigrammatic terseness of the Gemara, but also to those profoundly poetical conceptions of the daily phenomena, which had penetrated even into the cry of the watchmen, the password of the temple-guards, and the routine-formula of the levitical functionary. Unfortunately, it was too poetical at times. Matters of a purely metaphysical nature, which afterwards grew into dogmas through its vague phraseology, assumed very monstrous shapes indeed. But it had become in the hands of the people a mongrel idiom; and, though gifted with a fine feeling for the distinguishing characters of each of the languages then in common use (‘Aramaic lends itself best to elegies, Greek to hymns, Hebrew to prayer, Roman to martial compositions,’ as a common saying has it), they yet mixed them all up, somewhat in the manner of the Pennsylvanians of to-day. After all, it was but the faithful reflex of those who made this idiom an enduring language. These ‘Masters of the Law’ formed the most mixed assembly in the world. There were not only natives of all the

* *μνᾶ, κάδος, δραχμή.*

† *μύρρα, κιννάμωμον, κασία, νάρδος, βάλαμον, ἄλη, κρίκος, &c.*

‡ *βύσσος, κάρπασος, σινδών.*

§ *νάβλα, κινύρα, σαμβύκη, &c.*

parts of the world-wide Roman empire among them, but also denizens of Arabia and India; a fact which accounts for many phenomena in the Talmud. But there is hardly anything of domestic or public purport, which was not called either by its Greek or Latin name, or by both, and generally in so questionable a shape, and in such obsolete forms, that both classical and Semitic scholars have often need to go through a whole course of archæology and antiquities before unravelling it.* Save only one province, that of agriculture. This alone, together with some other trades, had retained the old homely Semitic words: thereby indicating, not, as ignorance might be led to conclude, that the nation was averse to it, but exactly the contrary: that from the early days of Joshua they had never ceased to cherish the thought of sitting under their own vine and fig-tree. We refer for this point to the idyllic picture given in the Mishnah of the procession that went up to Jerusalem with the first-fruits, accompanied by the sound of the flute, the sacrificial bull with gilt horns and an olive-garland round his head proudly marching in front.

The Talmud does, indeed, offer us a perfect picture of the cosmopolitanism and luxury of those final days of Rome, such as but few classical or postclassical writings contain. We find mention made of Spanish fish, of Cretan apples, Bithynian cheese, Egyptian lentils and beans, Greek and Egyptian pumpkins, Italian wine, Median beer, Egyptian Zyphus: garments were imported from Pelusium and India, shirts from Cilicia, and veils from Arabia. To the Arabic, Persian, and Indian materials contained, in addition to these, in the Gemara, a bare allusion may suffice. So much we venture to predict, that when once archæological and linguistic science shall turn to this field, they will not leave it again soon.

We had long pondered over the best way of illustrating to our readers the extraordinary manner in which the 'Haggadah,' that second current of the Talmud, of which we spoke in the introduction, suddenly interrupts the course of the 'Halacha,'—when we

* Greek or Latin, or both, were the terms commonly employed by them the table (*τραπέζα*, *tabula*, *τρισκελής*, *τρίπους*), the chair, the bench, the cushion (*subsellium*, *accubitum*), the room in which they lived and slept (*κοιτῆ-ἐστῆρα*), the cup (*cyathus*, *phiala potoria*) out of which they drank: drinking itself (*œnogarum*, *collyra*, *παροψίς*, *γλεῦκος*, *acratē*). Of their dress we have the *στολή*, *sagum*, *dalmatica*, for their head they wore a *pileus*, and they girded themselves with *sandalinum*, *solea*, *solens*, *talaria*, *impilia*, indicate to adorned themselves with the *catella*, *cochlear*, *πάρων*, and bracelets, and in general whatever appertained to a C fine apparel. Among the arms which the men wore are mentioned the *μάχαιρα* (a word found in Genesis), the *pugio*.

bethought ourselves of the device of an old master. It was a hot Eastern afternoon, and while he was expounding some intricate subtlety of the law, his hearers quietly fell away in drowsy slumbers. All of a sudden he burst out: 'There was once a woman in Egypt who brought forth at one birth six hundred thousand men.' And our readers may fancy how his audience started up at this remarkable tale of the prolific Egyptian woman. Her name, the master calmly proceeded, was Jochebed, and she was the mother of Moses, who was worth as much as all those six hundred thousand armed men together who went up from Egypt. The Professor then, after a brief legendary digression, proceeded with his legal intricacies, and his hearers slept no more that afternoon. An Eastern mind seems peculiarly constituted. Its passionate love for things wise and witty, for stories and tales, for parables and apologues, does not leave it even in its most severe studies. They are constantly needed, it would appear, to keep the current of its thoughts in motion; they are the playthings of the grown-up children of the Orient. The Haggadah too, has an exegesis, a system, a method of its own. They are peculiar, fantastic things. We would rather not follow too closely its learned divisions into homiletical, ethical, historical, general and special Haggadah.

The Haggadah in general transforms Scripture, as we said, into a thousand themes for its variations. Everything being bound up in the Bible—the beginning and the end—there must be an answer in it to all questions. Find the key, and all the riddles in it are solved. The persons of the Bible—the kings and the patriarchs, the heroes and the prophets, the women and the children, what they did and suffered, their happiness and their doom, their words and their lives—became, apart from their presupposed historical reality, a symbol and an allegory. And what the narrative had omitted, the Haggadah supplied in many variations. It filled up these gaps, as a prophet looking into the past might do; it explained the motives; it enlarged the story; it found connections between the remotest countries, ages, and people, often with a startling realism; it drew sublime morals from the most commonplace facts. Yet it did all this by quick and sudden motions, to us most foreign; and hence the frequent misunderstanding of its strange and wayward moods.

Passing strange, indeed, are the ways of this Prophetess of the Exile, who appears wherever and whenever she listeth, and disappears as suddenly. Well can we understand the distress of mind in a mediæval divine, or even in a modern *savant*, who, bent upon following the most subtle windings of some scientific debate in the Talmudical pages—geometrical, botanical, financial,

financial, or otherwise—as it revolves round the Sabbath journey, the raising of seeds, the computation of tithes and taxes—feels, as it were, the ground suddenly give way. The loud voices grow thin, the doors and walls of the school-room vanish before his eyes, and in their place uprises Rome the Great, the Urbs et Orbis, and her million-voiced life. Or the blooming vineyards around that other City of Hills, Jerusalem the Golden herself, are seen, and white-clad virgins move dreamily among them. Snatches of their songs are heard, the rhythm of their choric dances rises and falls: it is the most dread Day of Atonement itself, which, in most poetical contrast, was chosen by the ‘Roses of Sharon’ as a day of rejoicing to walk among those waving lily-fields and vine-clad slopes. Or the clarion of rebellion rings high and shrill through the complicated debate, and Belshazzar, the story of whose ghastly banquet is told with all the additions of maddening horror, is doing service for Nero the bloody; or Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonian tyrant, and all his hosts, are cursed with a yelling curse—*à propos* of some utterly inappropriate legal point; while to the initiated he stands for Titus the—at last exploded—‘Delight of Humanity.’ The symbols and hieroglyphs of the Haggadah, when fully explained some day, will indeed form a very curious contribution to the unwritten history of man. Often—far too often for the interests of study and the glory of the human race—does the steady tramp of the Roman cohort, the pass-word of the revolution, the shriek and clangour of the bloody field, interrupt these debates, and the arguing masters and disciples don their arms, and, with the cry ‘Jerusalem and Liberty,’ rush to the fray.

Those who look with an eye of disfavour upon all these extraneous matters as represented by the Haggadah in the Talmud—the fairy tales and the jests, the stories and the parables, and all that strange agglomeration of foreign things crystallized around the legal kernel—should remember, above all, one fact. As this tangled mass lies before us, it represents at best a series of photographic slides, half broken, mutilated, and faded: though what remains of them is startlingly faithful to the original. As the disciple had retained, in his memory or his quick notes, the tenor of the single debates, interspersed with the thousand allusions, reminiscences, *aperçus*, facts, quotations, and the rest, so he perpetuated it—sometimes well, sometimes ill. If well, we have a feeling as if, after a long spell of musings or ponderings, we were trying to retrace the course of our ideas—and the most incongruous things spring up and disappear, apparently without rhyme or reason. And yet there is a deep significance and connection in them. Creeping or flying, melodious or grating, they carry

us on; and there is just this difference in the talmudical wanderings, that they never lose themselves. Suddenly, when least expected, the original question is repeated, together with the answer, distilled as it were out of these thousand foreign things of which we did not always see the drift. If ill reported, the page becomes like a broken dream, a half-transparent palimpsest. Would it perhaps have been better if a wise discretion had guided the hands of the first redactors? We think not. The most childish of trifles, found in an Assyrian mound, is of value to him who understands such things, and who from them may deduce a number of surprisingly important results.

We shall devote the brief space that remains, to this Haggadah. And for a general picture of it we shall refer to Bunyan, who, speaking of his own book, which—*mutatis mutandis*—is very Haggadistic, unknowingly describes the Haggadah as accurately as can be:—

' . . . Would'st thou divert thyself from melancholy?
 Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?
 Would'st thou read riddles and their explanation?
 Or else be drowned in thy contemplation?
 Dost thou love picking meat? Or would'st thou see
 A man i' the clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
 Would'st thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?
 Or, would'st thou in a moment laugh and weep?
 Would'st thou lose thyself, and catch no harm?
 And find thyself again without a charm?
 Would'st thou read thyself, and read thou know'st not what?
 And yet know whether thou art blest or not
 By reading the same lines? O then come hither,
 And lay this book, thy head and heart together. . . . '

We would not reproach those who, often with the best intentions in the world, have brought almost the entire Haggadistic province into disrepute. We really do not wonder that the so-called 'rabbinical stories,' that have from time to time been brought before the English public, have not met with the most flattering reception. The Talmud, which has a drastic word for every occasion, says, 'They dived into an ocean, and brought up a potsherd.' First of all, these stories form only a small item in the vast mass of allegories, parables, and the like, that make up the Haggadah. And they were partly ill-chosen, partly badly rendered, and partly did not even belong to the Talmud, but to some recent Jewish story-book. Herder—to name the most eminent judge of the 'Poetry of Peoples,'—has extolled what he saw of the genuine specimens, in transcendental terms. And, in truth, not only is the entire world of pious biblical legend which Islam has said and sung
 in

in its many tongues, to the delight of the wise and simple for twelve centuries, now to be found either in embryo or fully developed in the Haggadah, but much that is familiar among ourselves in the circles of medieval sagas, in Dante, in Boccaccio, in Cervantes, in Milton, in Bunyan, has consciously or unconsciously flowed out of this wondrous realm, the Haggadah. That much of it is overstrained, even according to Eastern notions, we do not deny. But there are feeble passages even in Homer and Shakspeare, and there are always people with a happy instinct for picking out the weakest portions of a work; while even the best pages of Shakspeare and Homer are apt to be spoiled by awkward manipulation. At the same time we are far from advising a wholesale translation of these Haggadistic productions. Nothing could be more tedious than a continuous course of such reading, though choice bits from them would satisfy even the most fastidious critic. And such bits, scattered through the Talmud, are delightfully refreshing.

It is, unfortunately, not in our power to indicate any specimens of its strikingly keen interpretations, of its gorgeous dreams, its

‘Beautiful old stories,
Tales of angels, fairy legends,
Stilly histories of martyrs,
Festal songs and words of wisdom;
Hyperboles, most quaint it may be,
Yet replete with strength, and fire,
And faith—how they gleam,
And glow, and glitter! . . .’

as Heine has it.

It seems of more moment to call attention to an entirely new branch of investigation, namely, talmudical metaphysics and ethics, such as may be gleaned from the Haggadah, of which we shall now take a brief glance.

Beginning with the Creation, we find the gradual development of the Cosmos fully recognised by the Talmud. It assumes destruction after destruction, stage after stage. And in their quaintly ingenious manner the Masters refer to the verse in Genesis, ‘And God saw all that he had made, and behold it was very good,’ and to that other in Eccles. iii. 11, ‘God created everything in its proper season;’ and argue ‘He created worlds upon worlds, and destroyed them one after the other, until He created this world. He then said, ‘This pleases me, the others did not;’—‘in its proper season’—‘it was not meet to create *this* world until now.’

The Talmud assumes some original substance, itself created by God, out of which the Universe was shaped. There is a perceptible

perceptible leaning to the early Greek schools. 'One or three things were before this world: Water, Fire, and Wind: Water begat the Darkness, Fire begat Light, and Wind begat the Spirit of Wisdom.' The *How* of the Creation was not even matter of speculation. The co-operation of angels, whose existence was warranted by Scripture, and a whole hierarchy of whom had been built up under Persian influences, was distinctly denied. In a discussion about the day of their creation it is agreed, on all hands, that there were no angels at first, 'lest men might say "Michael spanned out the firmament on the south, and Gabriel to the north."' There is a distinct foreshadowing of the gnostic Demiurgos—that antique link between the Divine Spirit and the World of Matter—to be found in the Talmud. What with Plato were the Ideas, with Philo the Logos, with the Kabbalists the 'World of Aziluth,' what the Gnostics called more emphatically the wisdom (*σοφία*) or power (*δύναμις*), and Plotinus the *νοῦς*, that the Talmudical Authors call *Metatron*.* The angels—whose names, according to the Talmud itself, the Jews brought back from Babylon—play, after the exile, a very different part from those before the exile. They are, in fact, more or less Persian: as are also for the most part all incantations, the magical cures, the sidereal influences, and the rest of the 'heathen' elements contained in the Talmud. Even the number of the Angelic Princes is seven, like that of the *Amesha-Œpēntas*, and their Hebrew names and their functions correspond, as nearly as can be, to those of their Persian prototypes, who, on their own part, have only at this moment been discovered to be merely allegorical names for God's supreme qualities. Much as the Talmudical authorities inveigh against those 'heathen ways,' sympathetic cures, the exorcisms of demons, the charms, and the rest, the working of miracles, very much in vogue in those days, yet they themselves were drawn into large concessions to angels and demons. Besides the seven Angel Princes, there are hosts of ministering angels—the Persian *Yazatas*—whose functions, besides that of being messengers, are twofold; to praise God and to be guardians of man. In their first capacity they are daily created by God's breath out of a stream of fire that rolls its waves under the divine throne. As guardian angels (Persian *Fravashis*) two of them accompany every man, and for every new good deed man acquires a new guardian angel, who always watches over his steps. When the righteous dies, three hosts of angels meet him. One says (in the words of Scripture) 'He shall go in peace,' the second takes up

* This name is most probably nothing but Mithra.

the strain and says, 'Who has walked in righteousness,' and the third concludes, 'Let him come in peace and rest upon his bed.' If the wicked leaves the world, three hosts of wicked angels come to meet him.

With regard to the providential guidance of the Universe, this was in God's hand alone. As He is the sole Creator and Legislator, so also is He the sole arbiter of destinies. 'Every nation,' the Talmud says, 'has its special guardian angel, its horoscopes, its ruling planets and stars. But there is no planet for Israel. Israel shall look but to Him. There is no mediator between those who are called His children, and their Father which is in Heaven.' The Jerusalem Talmud—written under the direct influence of Roman manners and customs, has the following parable: 'A man has a patron. If some evil happens to him, he does not enter suddenly into the presence of this patron, but he goes and stands at the door of his house. He does not ask for the patron, but for his favourite slave, or his son, who then goes and tells the master inside: The man N. N. is standing at the gate of the hall, shall he come in or not?—Not so the Holy, praised be He. If misfortune comes upon a man, let him not cry to Michael and not to Gabriel, but unto Me let him cry, and I will answer him right speedily—as it is said, Every one who shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.'

The end and aim of Creation is man, who, therefore, was created last, 'when everything was ready for his reception.' When he has reached the perfection of virtue 'he is higher than the angels themselves.'

Miracles are considered by the Talmud—much as Leibnitz regards all the movements of every limb of our body—as only possible through a sort of 'prestabilitated harmony,' *i.e.*, the course of creation was not disturbed by them, but they were all primævally 'existing,' 'pre-ordained.' They were 'created' at the end of all other things, in the gloaming of the sixth day. Among them, however, was—and this will interest our palæographers—also the art of writing: an invention considered beyond all arts: nothing short of a miracle. Creation, together with these so-called exceptions, once established, nothing could be altered in it. The Laws of Nature went on by their own immutable force, however much evil might spring therefrom. 'These wicked ones not only vulgarize my coin,' says the Haggadah with reference to the propagation of the evil-doers and their kin, bearing the human face divine, 'but they actually make me impress base coin with my own stamp.'

God's real name is ineffable; but there are many designations indicative of his qualities, such as the Merciful (Rachman, a name

of frequent occurrence both in the Koran and in the Talmud), the Holy One, the Place, the Heavens, the Word, Our Father which is in Heaven, the Almighty, the Shechinah, or Sacred Presence.

The doctrine of the soul bears more the impress of the Platonic than of the Aristotelian school. It is held to be pre-existing. All souls that are ever to be united to bodies have been created once for all, and are hidden away from the first moment of creation. They, being creatures of the highest realms, are cognisant of all things, but, at the hour of their birth in a human body, an angel touches the mouth of the child, which causes it to forget all that has been. Very striking is the comparison between the soul and God, a comparison which has an almost pantheistic look. 'As God fills the whole universe,' says the Haggadah, 'so the soul fills the whole body; as God sees and is not seen, so the soul sees and is not seen; as God nourishes the whole universe, so the soul nourishes the whole body; as God is pure, so the soul is pure.' This purity is specially dwelt upon in contradistinction to the theory of hereditary sin, which is denied. 'There is no death without individual sin, no pain without individual transgression. That same spirit that dictated in the Pentateuch: "And parents shall not die for their children, nor the children for their parents," has ordained that no one should be punished for another's transgressions.' In the judgment on sin the *animus* is taken into consideration. The desire to commit the vice is held to be more wicked than the vice itself.

The fear of God, or a virtuous life, the whole aim and end of a man's existence, is entirely in man's hand. 'Everything is in God's hand save the fear of God.' But 'one hour of repentance is better than the whole world to come.' The fullest liberty is granted in this respect to every human being, though the help of God is necessary for carrying it out.

The dogma of the Resurrection and of Immortality, vaguely indicated in the various parts of the Old Testament, has been fixed by the Talmud, and traced to several biblical passages. Various are the similes by which the relation of this world to the world to come is indicated. This world is like unto a 'Prosdora' to the next: 'Prepare thyself in the hall, that thou mayest be admitted into the palace;' or 'This world is like a roadside inn (*hospitium*), but the world to come is like the real home.' The righteous are represented as perfecting themselves and developing all their highest faculties even in the next world; 'for the righteous there is no rest, neither in this world nor in the next, for they go, say the Scriptures, from host to host, from striving to striving:—they will see God in Zion.' How all its
deeds

deeds and the hour when they were committed are unfolded to the sight of the departed soul, the terrors of the grave, the rolling back to Jerusalem on the day of the great trumpet, we need not here tell in detail. These half-metaphysical half-mystical speculations are throughout in the manner of the more poetical early Church fathers of old and of Bunyan in our times. Only the glow of imagination and the conciseness of language in which they are mostly told in the Talmud contrast favourably with the verbosity of later times. The Resurrection is to take place by the mystic power of the 'Dew of Life' in Jerusalem—on Mount Olivet, add the Targums.

There is no everlasting damnation according to the Talmud. There is only a temporary punishment even for the worst sinners. 'Generations upon generations' shall last the damnation of idolaters, apostates, and traitors. But there is a space of 'only two fingers' breadth between Hell and Heaven; the sinner has but to repent sincerely and the gates to everlasting bliss will spring open. No human being is excluded from the world to come. Every man, of whatever creed or nation, provided he be of the righteous, shall be admitted into it. The punishment of the wicked is not specified, as indeed all the descriptions of the next world are left vague, yet, with regard to Paradise, the idea of something inconceivably glorious is conveyed at every step. The passage, 'Eye has not seen nor has ear heard,' is applied to its unspeakable bliss. 'In the next world there will be no eating, no drinking, no love and no labour, no envy, no hatred, no contest. The Righteous will sit with crowns on their heads, glorying in the Splendour of God's Majesty.'

The essence of prophecy gives rise to some speculation. One decisive talmudical dictum is, that God does not cause his spirit to rest upon any one but a strong, wise, rich, and humble man. Strong and rich are in the Mishnah explained in this wise: 'Who is strong? He who subdues his passion. Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot.' There are degrees among prophets. Moses saw everything clearly; the other prophets as in dark mirrors. 'Ezekiel and Isaiah say the same things, but Ezekiel like a town-bred man, Isaiah like a villager.' The prophet's word is to be obeyed in all things, save when he commands the worship of idolatry. The notion of either Elijah or Moses having in reality ascended 'to Heaven' is utterly repudiated, as well as that of the Deity (Shechinah) having descended from Heaven 'more than ten hands' breadth.

The 'philosophy of religion' will be best comprehended by some of those 'small coins,' the popular and pithy sayings, gnomes,

gnomes, proverbs, and the rest, which, even better than street songs, characterise a time. With these we shall conclude. We have thought it preferable to give them at random as we found them, instead of building up from them a system of 'Ethics' or 'Duties of the Heart.' We have naturally preferred the better and more characteristic ones that came in our way. We may add—a remark perhaps not quite superfluous—that the following specimens, as well as the quotations which we have given in the course of this article, have been all translated by us, as literally as possible, from the Talmud itself.

'Be thou the cursed, not he who curses. Be of them that are persecuted, not of them that persecute. Look at Scripture: there is not a single bird more persecuted than the dove; yet God has chosen her to be offered up on his altar. The bull is hunted by the lion, the sheep by the wolf, the goat by the tiger. And God said, "Bring me a sacrifice, not from them that persecute, but from them that are persecuted."—We read (Ex. xvii. 11.) that while, in the contest with Amalek, Moses lifted up his arms, Israel prevailed. Did Moses's hands make war or break war? But this is to tell you that as long as Israel are looking upwards and humbling their hearts before their Father which is in Heaven, they prevail; if not, they fall. In the same way you find (Num. xxi. 9), "And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole: and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived." Dost think that a serpent killeth or giveth life? But as long as Israel are looking upwards to their Father which is in Heaven they will live; if not, they will die.—"Has God pleasure in the meat and blood of sacrifices?" asks the prophet. No; He has not so much ordained as permitted them. It is for yourselves, he says, not for me that you offer. Like a king, who sees his son carousing daily with all manner of evil companions: You shall henceforth eat and drink entirely at your will at my own table, he says. They offered sacrifices to demons and devils, for they loved sacrificing, and could not do without it. And the Lord said, "Bring your offerings to Me; you shall then at least offer to the true God."—Scripture ordains that the Hebrew slave who "loves" his bondage, shall have his ear pierced against the door-post. Why? because it is that ear which heard on Sinai, "They are My servants, they shall not be sold as bondsmen."—They are *My* servants, not servant's servants. And this man voluntarily throws away his precious freedom—"Pierce his ear!"—He who sacrifices a whole offering, shall be rewarded for a whole offering; he who offers a burnt-offering, shall have the reward of a burnt-offering; but he who offers humility unto God and man, shall be rewarded with a reward as if he had offered all the sacrifices in the world.—The child loves its mother more than its father. It fears its father more than its mother. See how the Scripture makes the father precede the mother in the injunction, "Thou shalt love thy father and thy mother;" and the mother, when it says, "Honour thy mother and thy father."—Bless God for the good as well

well as the evil. When you hear of a death say, "Blessed is the righteous Judge."—Even when the gates of prayer are shut in heaven, those of tears are open.—Prayer is Israel's only weapon, a weapon inherited from its fathers, a weapon tried in a thousand battles.—When the righteous dies, it is the earth that loses. The lost jewel will always be a jewel, but the possessor who has lost it—well may he weep.—Life is a passing shadow, says the Scripture. Is it the shadow of a tower, of a tree? A shadow that prevails for a while? No, it is the shadow of a bird in his flight—away flies the bird and there is neither bird nor shadow.—Repent one day before thy death. There was a king who bade all his servants to a great repast, but did not indicate the hour: some went home and put on their best garments and stood at the door of the palace; others said, There is ample time, the king will let us know beforehand. But the king summoned them of a sudden; and those that came in their best garments were well received, but the foolish ones, who came in their slovenliness, were turned away in disgrace. Repent to-day, lest to-morrow ye might be summoned.—The aim and end of all wisdom are repentance and good works.—Even the most righteous shall not attain to so high a place in Heaven as the truly repentant.—The reward of good works is like dates: sweet and ripening late.—The dying benediction of a sage to his disciples was: I pray for you that the fear of Heaven may be as strong upon you as the fear of man. You avoid sin before the face of the latter: avoid it before the face of the All-seeing.—"If your God hates idolatry, why does he not destroy it?" a heathen asked. And they answered him: Behold, they worship the sun, the moon, the stars; would you have him destroy this beautiful world for the sake of the foolish?—If your God is a "friend of the poor," asked another, why does he not support them? Their case, a sage answered, is left in our hands, that we may thereby acquire merits and forgiveness of sin. But what a merit it is! the other replied; suppose I am angry with one of my slaves, and forbid him food and drink, and some one goes and gives it him furtively, shall I be much pleased? Not so, the other replied. Suppose you are wroth with your only son and imprison him without food, and some good man has pity on the child, and saves him from the pangs of hunger, would you be so very angry with the man? And we, if we are called servants of God, are also called his children.—He who has more learning than good works is like a tree with many branches but few roots, which the first wind throws on its face; whilst he whose works are greater than his knowledge is like a tree with many roots and fewer branches, but which all the winds of heaven cannot uproot.

'Love your wife like yourself, honour her more than yourself. Whosoever lives unmarried, lives without joy, without comfort, without blessing. Descend a step in choosing a wife. If thy wife is small, bend down to her and whisper into her ear. He who forsakes the love of his youth, God's altar weeps for him. He who sees his wife die before him has, as it were, been present at the destruction of the sanctuary itself—around him the world grows dark. It is woman alone

alone through whom God's blessings are vouchsafed to a house. She teaches the children, speeds the husband to the place of worship and instruction, welcomes him when he returns, keeps the house godly and pure, and God's blessings rest upon all these things. He who marries for money, his children shall be a curse to him. The house that does not open to the poor shall open to the physician. The birds in the air even despise the miser. He who gives charity in secret is greater than Moses himself. Honour the sons of the poor, it is they who bring science into splendour. Let the honour of thy neighbour be to thee like thine own. Rather be thrown into a fiery furnace than bring any one to public shame. Hospitality is the most important part of Divine worship. There are three crowns: of the law, the priesthood, the kingship; but the crown of a good name is greater than them all. Iron breaks the stone, fire melts iron, water extinguishes fire, the clouds drink up the water, a storm drives away the clouds, man withstands the storm, fear unmans man, wine dispels fear, sleep drives away wine, and death sweeps all away—even sleep. But Solomon the Wise says: Charity saves from Death.—How can you escape sin? Think of three things: whence thou comest, whither thou goest, and to whom thou wilt have to account for all thy deeds: even to the King of Kings, the All Holy, praised be He. Four shall not enter Paradise: the scoffer, the liar, the hypocrite, and the slanderer. To slander is to murder. The cock and the owl both await the daylight. The light, says the cock, brings delight to me, but what are you waiting for? When the thief has no opportunity for stealing, he considers himself an honest man. If thy friends agree in calling thee an ass, go and get a halter around thee. Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend: be discreet. The dog sticks to you on account of the crumbs in your pocket. He in whose family there has been one hanged should not say to his neighbour, Pray hang this little fish up for me. The camel wanted to have horns, and they took away his ears. The soldiers fight, and the kings are the heroes. The thief invokes God while he breaks into the house. The woman of sixty will run after music like one of six. After the thief runs the theft; after the beggar, poverty. While thy foot is shod, smash the thorn. When the ox is down, many are the butchers. Descend a step in choosing a wife, mount a step in choosing a friend. If there is anything bad about you, say it yourself. Luck makes rich, luck makes wise. Beat the gods, and the priests will tremble. Were it not for the existence of passions, no one would build a house, marry a wife, beget children, or do any work. The sun will go down all by himself, without your assistance. The world could not well get on without perfumers and without tanners: but woe unto the tanner, well to the perfumer! Fools are no proof. No man is to be made responsible for words which he utters in his grief. One eats, another says grace. He who is ashamed will not easily commit sin. There is a great difference between him who is ashamed before his own self and him who is only ashamed before others. It is a good sign in man to be capable

capable of being ashamed. One contrition in man's heart is better than many flagellations. If our ancestors were like angels, we are like men; if our ancestors were like men, we are like asses. Do not live near a pious fool. If you wish to hang yourself, choose a big tree. Rather eat onions and sit in the shadow, and do not eat geese and poultry if it makes thy heart uneasy within thee. A small stater (coin) in a large jar makes a big noise. A myrtle, even in a desert, remains a myrtle. When the pitcher falls upon the stone, woe unto the pitcher; when the stone falls upon the pitcher, woe unto the pitcher: whatever befalls, woe unto the pitcher. Even if the bull have his head deep in his trough, hasten upon the roof, and drag the ladder after you. Get your living by skinning carcasses in the street, if you cannot otherwise, and do not say, I am a priest, I am a great man; this work would not besit my dignity.—Youth is a garland of roses, age is a crown of thorns. Use a noble vase even for one day—let it break to-morrow. The last thief is hanged first. Teach thy tongue to say, I do not know. The heart of our first ancestors was as large as the largest gate of the Temple, that of the later ones like that of the next large one; ours is like the eye of a needle. Drink not, and you will not sin. Not what you say about yourself, but what others say. Not the place honours the man, but the man the place. The cat and the rat make peace over a carcass. A dog away from his native kennel dares not to bark for seven years. He who walks daily over his estates finds a little coin each time. He who humiliates himself will be lifted up; he who raises himself up will be humiliated. Whosoever runs after greatness, greatness runs away from him; he who runs from greatness, greatness follows him. He who curbs his wrath, his sins will be forgiven. Whosoever does not persecute them that persecute him, whosoever takes an offence in silence, he who does good because of love, he who is cheerful under his sufferings—they are the friends of God, and of them the Scripture says, And they shall shine forth as does the sun at noonday. Pride is like idolatry. Commit a sin twice, and you will think it perfectly allowable. When the end of a man is come, everybody lords it over him. While our love was strong, we lay on the edge of a sword; now it is no longer strong, a sixty-yard-wide bed is too narrow for us. A Galilean said: When the shepherd is angry with his flock, he appoints to it a blind bell-wether. The day is short and the work is great; but the labourers are idle, though the reward be great, and the master of the work presses. It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work: but thou must not therefore cease from it. If thou hast worked much, great shall be thy reward: for the master who employed thee is faithful in his payment. But know that the true reward is not of this world.' . . .

Solemnly, as a warning and as a comfort, this adage strikes on our ear:—'And it is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work.' When the Masters of the Law entered and left the academy they used to offer up a short but fervent prayer,
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in which we would fain join at this moment—a prayer of thanks that they had been able to carry out their task thus far; and a prayer further ‘that no evil might arise at their hands, that they might not have fallen into error, that they might not declare pure that which was impure, impure that which was pure, and that their words might be pleasing and acceptable to God and to their fellow-men.’

- ART. VI.—1. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Public Schools Bill, together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix.* 1865.
2. *Report of the Committee appointed by the Council of the British Association for the advancement of Science to consider the best means for promoting Scientific Education in Schools.* 1867.
3. *Lessons in Elementary Physiology.* By Prof. T. H. Huxley. London, 1866.
4. *Lessons in Elementary Botany.* By Prof. Oliver. London, 1866.
5. *Lessons in Elementary Chemistry.* By Prof. Roscoe. London, 1866.
6. *A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.* By Rev. F. W. Farrar, M.A., F.R.S. London, 1866.

THE theories of education most popular at the present day show very clearly how dangerous it is to make use of similes and metaphors. Few men are so careful of their meaning as to allow themselves the use of those similes only which are perfect. Most speakers and writers, so long as their illustration brings out clearly and forcibly the point they wish to make, are careless of its other features; and most hearers and readers take delight in passing over the real bearing of a simile, and in selecting for admiration just those accessory parts which were never intended to be noticed. No one can refuse to admit that the process of education may very fairly be likened to the sharpening of a cutting instrument, or that the bodily training of an athlete presents a very good image of the mental training of a scholar. But neither the one simile nor the other will bear any straining; and both have of course been strained a good deal. Knives are for the most part blunted, not sharpened, by use, and to put an edge to a piece of steel requires the application of a grindstone or a hone, things reserved for that special purpose. The athlete never dreams of bringing his body to due perfection by undergoing steady and fruitful labour; his training would be thought a mockery if he did not walk miles out of town in order

to walk miles back again, or if he did not war daily with dummies and cushions. And, through the constant employment of the illustrations of training and sharpening, it has become almost an article of the scholastic creed, that any kind of learning which can be shown to be wholly fruitless in actual life, entirely clear from practical results, is most probably of the highest value for educational purposes, and that whatever knowledge is manifestly of immediate profit in the daily intercourse of mankind is necessarily useless for the school. To judge from the language of many schoolmasters of the present day, the accidental features of training have got such complete possession of their minds, that they seem to think that the value of classical studies lies precisely in their being what the busy world calls useless, or at least to take it for granted that no strength of mind can possibly be obtained through and by means of the knowledge generally called useful.

This tendency manifests itself very clearly whenever the introduction of physical and natural science into schools comes to be discussed. Science has unhappily in former days been stigmatised as 'useful knowledge,' and hence the great reluctance to make it a part of general education, though its vast and rapidly increasing importance, and the urgency with which its educational claims are at times put forward, render it a source of great embarrassment to scholastic authorities. No one can study the various reports and lectures on *Science in Schools* without failing to be struck with the peculiar attitude of principals and teachers towards science. They admire it excessively, they are very anxious to introduce it into their schools, they look forward to the time when it will have become an important element in national instruction; but at present they wish to have nothing to do with it. Their respect for it is mingled with fear, and though they are almost persuaded to adopt it they beg to be allowed to put it off to a more convenient season. Running through all they say is the feeling, more or less concealed, and yet tolerably evident, that science is useful knowledge, and therefore knowledge useless for training purposes. They admire its material power, and see that sooner or later it must be taught in schools by reason of its becoming every day more and more closely woven into our national life; but, even in the minds most favourably disposed towards it, the study of science ranks hardly higher than, and is manifestly regarded in the same light as, the study of modern languages. Many speak of it as if they were willing to sacrifice their own convictions to public demands, and to introduce it into their curriculum as a subsidiary study, but as if they thought that to substitute it for other kinds of learning, and to lean on it

it as on a chief means of general culture, would be to throw away all hopes of bringing up stout masculine minds, and of training the young English intellect to habits of sound and vigorous thought.

It is undoubtedly a great sign of width of mind and tolerant judgment in such men that, regarding science in this light, they should be able to speak of it with so great a respect and moderation. Certainly the scientific men, who now press on them so urgently the necessity of teaching science, would little care to do so if they for a moment thought that the value of scientific education was limited by its practical and immediate applications. Of all the reasons for teaching boys chemistry and physics, the very least appears to them to lie in the fact, that a knowledge of chemical and physical laws comes into use in the everyday life of every man. Not that they despise, much less affect to despise, useful information, but they prize much more highly the other virtues of scientific learning. They are willing to admit that the usefulness of useful knowledge has been in many quarters vastly exaggerated, and in many cases perhaps its so-called usefulness has in the end proved sheer uselessness, or even been productive of mischief. They can see as clearly as any one else that to attempt to teach physical science in schools on a large scale in the same spirit in which it is now taught on a small scale, as mere useful information or as a pleasant alternative to French and German, would have the ruinous effect of changing school life into a period for the gathering up into cerebral baskets of the fragments of other people's knowledge, and of corrupting the process of training into one of simple cramming. But they themselves have not learned science in this way, and this is not the way in which they wish to teach it.

There are of course, in every school, boys about to pass onward into various occupations more or less intimately connected with physics or with chemistry, to whom instruction in these branches of science during their school days would be of very great value. The number of these boys is rapidly increasing, and the duty of providing for them some form of scientific education becomes every day more and more pressing. But to teach science with this view and to this end would be simply to change general training into professional apprenticeship; and to make science for this reason an integral part of ordinary school education, would be clearly unjust to all those who have no such professional applications to look forward to. Still more deplorable, we venture to think, would be any attempt to change our present system of general schools, where all that is needful for the ordinary citizen is supposed to be taught, into a system of separate academies
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with distinctive characters, among which each lad might find one specially adapted to equip him for the particular line of life which had been chosen for him to follow. And yet such would be the practical effect of the useful-knowledge argument pushed to its logical conclusion. In a short time we should have schools for doctors, schools for lawyers, schools for engineers, and schools for gentlemen, where either the narrowness of professional feeling and thinking would be fearfully intensified by early training, or the worship of unprofitable culture and contempt for useful knowledge would rise to a pitch compared with which the old classical disdain of science would appear as weak and reprehensible toleration. If, however, all that clearly belongs to the idea of apprenticeship be taken away from useful knowledge, the residue of useful information which is left is either so useful that everybody learns it without special teaching, or so little useful that there is no satisfactory excuse for teaching it at all. On the very general grounds, that no one can be taught too much and that all knowledge may be put to some use or other, a lad might be instructed in the manufacture of watches and hydraulic presses, might be initiated into the mystery of preparing oxygen, and might become learned in gastric juice and connective tissue; but could any one be said to be (in a practical way) the better for erudition of this kind? or what real satisfaction could it give to a parent? It may be very interesting to possess an intimate knowledge of balance-wheels and escape-ments, but hundreds of punctual men have had neither time nor chance to learn anything of the kind, and, thanks to the watchmaker, are never made to feel their ignorance. Oxygen-combustions and hydrogen-explosions have charms of their own, and every one must feel a sort of satisfaction when dim ideas about the mechanism of his own body are replaced by clear and consistent conceptions; but of what practical use can the learning of a little chemistry or of a little rough anatomy be to a busy urgent man? As far as mere usefulness is concerned, time spent in these matters had far better be spent in acquiring a knowledge of those legal questions with which every one is sure at some time or other to have to do, or in making a practical acquaintance with the value of goods and the mutual relations of landlord and tenant. Men in general conduct their individual physical lives according to certain empirical views, into the reasons of which they have not time fully to inquire—views which are for the most part the reflections of the philosophical ideas which have just been given up by the philosophers of the day, and for discussing which fairly and successfully something more than a mere smattering of useful knowledge is needed. Does
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any one really believe that such a handful of useful physiological knowledge as can be put into a lad's head at school will cause or even enable him to walk in after life with more than average circumspection? or that a little physics and a little chemistry sown in youth is sure to bring forth fruit afterwards in the form of irreproachable ventilation and enlightened domestic economy?

The want of useful knowledge and general scientific information, if felt at all, is felt when a man has to act for others besides himself; when he comes forward as a citizen, and takes his part in the administration of local or general public business. On such occasions a certain amount of scientific knowledge, of physics, of chemistry, or of biology, is often of the utmost importance. But men in positions of this kind want something more than mere school-boy learning, something weightier than scraps of interesting information; they need, not useful, but real knowledge. To expect that any one, by an education of the useful-knowledge sort, however prolonged, could be properly equipped for all such contingencies, is simply absurd. On the other hand, nothing can be easier for a well trained mind than to get up on each occasion the special information necessary for properly judging the particular case. An able lawyer, arguing a point of science before a court of law, will at times display an amount of scientific erudition, of very recent development, astonishing both to the court and to himself. Every intelligent citizen may, in a feeble way, so far imitate the advocate. But in his public duties the citizen must, if he is to be reckoned a useful man, possess a something of which the advocate has no need. There are few lawyers, however great their ability, who can thus argue the legal aspects of points of science before actual scientific men, without the latter becoming aware that the speaker, however accurate in his details, in his descriptions, and in his nomenclature, however correct in his legal reasonings, does not really understand the matters on which he discourses so fluently; that, though he talks science, he does not think in science. It is a marked feature of scientific knowledge, that any one at all accustomed to the use of special phrases and technical terms can, with the greatest ease, make himself master of a vast amount of superficial information. In nothing is mere cramming more readily accomplished; and hence the great danger of teaching science in the form of useful knowledge. But to make oneself master either of physics or chemistry; to arrive at such an acquaintance with their results and methods of inquiry as to be able to form sound independent judgments on disputed points; to have brought the mind into harmony with
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the ways of thinking by which those sciences have been so successfully cultivated; to fit oneself, in fact, for original investigation, is a task of the greatest difficulty, only to be accomplished by dint of long training and practice. This scientific state of mind and intellectual temper, as distinguished from the mere possession of scientific information, is precisely that of which the advocate has little or no need, but which is all in all to the man engaged in public duties, and called upon to share in public decisions. It is a quality which will be looked for in vain in our public men, high and low, so long as science is taught in our schools as if it were nothing more than a collection of striking facts and interesting revelations.

There is one function of useful knowledge which demands the very slightest notice only. Science, or rather what is called science, is taught in many schools, especially in girls' schools, as useful knowledge, for purposes avowedly useless. Culture is understood by many to mean the equipment of the mind with topics and phrases of conversation; and in such things science is exceedingly fruitful. With very moderate exertions, a boy or girl might speedily learn to talk a little botany, or a little marine zoology; to have something to say on the process of extracting the new dyes, or on the means of determining the position of electric faults; might even be qualified to pass little criticisms on Dr. Tyndall's last lecture, and to throw little stones at Darwin and Huxley. If such were the only, or even the chief fruit of scientific teaching, if science is to be looked on as useful knowledge, and useful knowledge to be sacrificed in this way at the shrine of Dagon, scientific men would gladly leave all teaching in the hands of the old authorities, and continue to live, as they have been wont to do, in and for themselves.

In whatever light we consider the matter, in whatever way we turn it over, the conclusion is forced upon us, that useful knowledge becomes useful only when the mind knows how to use it aright. At the best, it is a mere weapon, a mere tool, and the finer its edge, the sooner it is blunted when handled by clumsy hands. To load a boy at school with all kinds of heterogeneous information can only work mischief, unless his mind at the same time be wisely moulded, and his intellectual powers carefully trained. On the other hand, however dry, obsolete, and in a practical sense, useless, the matters on which he has been engaged during his school life, provided that he leaves the school with a stout and active mind, all may be expected to go well, for he will very speedily supply himself both with materials and with tools.

We should not have ventured to indulge in reflections so obvious and commonplace, were it not for the purpose of clearing the ground for the consideration of a question which seems hitherto to have obtained too little attention. Insist upon and exaggerate to the utmost the intellectual barrenness of mere useful information, magnify to the skies the moulding and training virtues of classical studies, and of the old school routine, there still remains the fact, that physical and natural science is fast gathering round both our public and private lives in such a way, that it is even now almost impossible to move the right hand or the left without touching it, and that almost every one has during his lifetime to acquire some scientific knowledge by some means or other. Noting this, and seeing how long is art, and how short is life, one is driven to ask with increasing urgency the question, Is it after all true that educational virtues abide only in knowledge which is otherwise useless? Is it not possible that the youthful sciences may be found able to impart to growing minds a portion of their own strength, and to engraft in boys the intellectual qualities which will ensure in after life a success comparable to their own? May not useful knowledge be made doubly useful, and scholars be trained to wisdom by practice in the wise use of those very tools which they will in many cases be called upon as grown up men to handle?

The objects which a schoolmaster has in view when he takes a scholar in hand may be briefly described as the stirring up the mind to activity, the strengthening of the memory, and the cultivation of the reasoning powers. And since, where one person falls short of truth through the use of a faulty syllogism, nine go wrong through their reasoning on false premisses, it becomes of supreme importance to put boys in the way of making sure the grounds of their conclusions, by developing within them the faculty of vigilant observation, in order that they may see whatever is to be seen, and hear what is to be heard; by cultivating staunch habits of accuracy, by nurturing the power of judging between conflicting evidence, and, lastly, by encouraging in every possible way width and catholicity of mind and toleration of other people's errors. All this is or ought to be done, not so much by precept and example, as by trial and practice; the scholar's intellectual powers widening and growing strong by exercise, and sound mental habits becoming gradually and almost unconsciously a part of himself. The theory of school training we take in a wide sense to be, that a boy ought in the process of learning his lessons to acquire, at no material risk, just those general qualities and faculties which will go far to ensure his doing well in after life, but which he would acquire
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in the world at large only at a cost of time, money, and perhaps success.

The general qualities which promise success in any walk of life, and which may be grafted on any young mind, or at least largely developed in most, are precisely those which are not only the essential requisites of success in scientific research, but are also peculiarly nurtured and strengthened by scientific work. Very striking is the analogy between the difficulties a man meets with in actual life and those which beset a physicist in his attempts to solve a physical problem, and between the intellectual resources necessary in either case to overcome obstacles. What the novelists call the problem of life cannot, with any great amount of truth, be compared to a mathematical theorem, deduced by a long train of reasoning from fundamental axioms and definitions; still less can it be likened to the construing of a Greek play, or the composition of Latin verse; but it may be fairly spoken of as a long series of experiments, through which the investigator gropes his way with broken light and faltering steps, now losing the thread, now catching it up again, and arriving at a happy issue only by dint of perseverance, of wakeful attentiveness of mind, of conscientiousness, exactitude, and cautious judgment. The man who begins an original investigation in experimental science before his mind has been brought into thorough subjection by suitable training, finds himself continually led astray by many potent temptations, and brought back again as often by the bitter teachings of failure. One of his early sins is a want of wakefulness, a habit of stupid staring, of looking without seeing, of pretending to notice and yet not observing. Nature beckons and waves her hand for him to follow, but he is sleepy, and regards her not; and she sweeps by him out of sight. Or he is lazily careless, and wilfully inaccurate; thinks that brown will do as well as black, and that six and three are nearly ten. Soon after he finds writ large, in scrawling letters over all his laboured work, that brown is brown, and six and three make nine. But these are gross faults, of which a man must get rid with all haste if he is to hope ever to achieve any worthy result. And yet, having put these aside, having become thoroughly wakeful, and painfully careful, he finds many snares still lying hid for him. Perhaps his longest struggle is with the tendency which ever prompts him to see that which he wishes to see. It appears for instance, extremely probable that a certain series of experiments would end in the establishment of a result, which, if established, would throw light on this or that obscure subject. With this hope

work. In such cases as these, nature is very pliable; she bends entirely to the wish of the inquirer. Everything comes out exactly as he desired. Fact is linked on to fact, until the research is complete, and the whole is arranged in perfect order. After a while, if the student be sober and patient enough to wait, little clouds of suspicion arise, and the experiments are repeated. This time, however, the results are different. Suspicions swell into absolute distrust, and the whole matter has to be gone into again. The fear of having blundered quickens the eye to see things unseen before, the linked facts break up in confusion, and the whole research has to be confessed a failure. Or perhaps the excited author will not wait, and, carrying his work hot from the laboratory to the press, sees, soon after, with shame, his whole structure laid low by a few sturdy strokes from a truer hand. In a still worse plight is the man who, nettled by a refutation of his views, repeats his experiments with a still stronger desire to find them true, and, of course finding them true, adds one more to the wretched controversies of his time. Sooner or later, however, all work of this kind meets with its Nemesis; having no root in truth, it withers up, and is swept away. Yet, in spite of the warning of previous examples, danger of this kind is ever present to every one who follows scientific pursuits, and the temptation can be overcome by no means save by a steadfast watchfulness, carried on until the forced attitude of mind becomes a natural habit, until the practised observer is no more likely to be led away from truth by a desire of fulfilling his own wishes than by a love of opposing those of others, until the question ever before his mind becomes, not What ought it to be? not What can I make it to be? but simply and plainly What is it? Such a man is thus made to feel, as he can be made to feel by no other means, that there is something sacred in even the jots and tittles of natural laws; he learns to put away from himself all personal pride, and steps across the threshold of nature with bare head and bare feet; and the love of truth becomes with him a passion. He is taught, as he can be taught by no other means, that truth not only is, but can easily be reached by a mind active and upright; he passes beyond the common honesty of the world; and reaches forward towards that perfect sincerity, which is the fruit of long-continued watchfulness, self-denial, humility, patience, and care.

The want of perfect sincerity in an inquirer is apt to show itself by a tendency to disregard little adverse circumstances because they are little, and to slur over everything which does not quite accord with the general tenour of his results as 'matters of no practical

practical moment' or 'near enough to the truth.' The evil of giving way to this form of carelessness many a scientific man has learnt by a costly experience. The tale is a very old one. A man begins a line of investigation, and, while all things seem to prosper, there turn up here and there little odd bits of fact which contradict, or at least do not confirm, the results he has already arrived at. He passes them by as mere curious irregularities. By and by, as the inquiry is pushed on, and he gets more and more anxious for the final result, these odd bits keep turning up again and again. They become manifestly larger and larger every time they appear, and swell at last into such importance that they throw into confusion the whole of the research. Or perhaps, instead of warning him from time to time during the process of the inquiry, they hide themselves for long periods, and, appearing suddenly, it may be at the very end of his labour, confound him with their rapidly-developed greatness. In either case the inquirer must count his labour as lost; he must retrace his steps, search backward for the neglected bits, and, haply having found them, must gird himself to go through his work all over again. These little things are the touchstones of the thoroughly sincere mind, and watchful attention to them is the key to success. The man who slurs them over will never arrive at truth, will either labour in vain, or, still more often, breed confusion. The men whose minds refuse to slight such things, are the men of whose names the world afterwards becomes proud; for not once or twice, but almost every year, the little projecting points, which the hasty insincere man shuffled over as slight irregularities in his path, have been carefully dug round by a wiser and more truthful man, and shown to be the mere tips of hidden rocks fit to become the corner-stones of future buildings.

We might indeed gather together all the qualities necessary for success in scientific inquiry under the two heads of wakeful attentiveness of the senses and what we have ventured to call scrupulous sincerity of mind. Without these no man can hope to pluck the fruit of discovery, and the measure in which any one possesses them will be the measure of his intellectual success. They are qualities which do not belong to the mind by nature; they need to be planted, or at least tilled. They are moreover not mere opinions, to which a man may be converted in a day. It is not enough for a man to appreciate wakefulness and sincerity; he must learn by experience how to keep him awake and how to purge himself from insincerity, both of which are hard and painful tasks, to be mastered only by daily careful trials. The scientific man must work and fail, and

and work, until a wakeful sincerity becomes to him as the very air he breathes.

The very same qualities, of course, go far to ensure success in life, and the very same lessons are taught by experience of the world. It is the distinctive mark of science, however, and the chief token of its educational value, that its teachings are swift, decisive, and sure. The punishments of the world are proverbially uncertain, halting, and slow. A man sows the wind in his youth, but he does not reap the whirlwind till he is old. He casts his lies on the waters, but it is not till after many days that they come back to him. He may march from error to error without meeting a single rebuke; he may even live a life of mistakes, and die without discovering one. But no one can go wrong in the pursuit of scientific truth without his sins very speedily finding him out. He is careless and inattentive one day, and confusion creeps over him on the morrow. He hastens to publish an unfinished research, and sees it crumble to pieces before twelve months are over. Again and again he sees men building reputations on the discovery of matters which he had caught sight of and yet neglected years ago. Every day almost, in some form or other, he is rebuked for his shortcomings, and made to pay penance for careless faults. The punishment may be light, but it is quick, and seldom misses its mark. And it is just this frequent repetition of little chiding blows that makes the pursuit of science so valuable as an intellectual training. Characters cannot be beaten into shape by a few heavy blows; it is by slight taps and almost imperceptible touches, repeated day by day and week by week, that the impulsive, careless, wilful boy is moulded into the sober, watchful, sincere, and successful man.

We have dwelt thus somewhat at length on the qualities and temper which are engendered by an ardent pursuit of experimental science, and which are absolutely necessary for anything more than mere ephemeral scientific success, because we have a very strong feeling that this view of science not only furnishes the soundest, we might almost say the only safe reasons, for making science an important part of general education, but that it also discloses means of intellectual, and, what is more important still, of moral culture, to which the schoolmasters of the present day seem to be all but entire strangers.

Of the perfect sincerity which we have attempted to describe, many even of our best scientific men, being men, fall lamentably short; while a still larger number, whose scientific worth is as evident as their success, when they pass from their own studies to share in the labours and disputes of the world, not
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having as yet cleared themselves of the idea that the way of science is one and the way of the world another, try to think and speak as if they had never known science, and thus rob themselves and their fellows of the fruits of their training. On the other hand, the ranks of science are rich in men who, drawn by fancy towards some particular science, entered upon the study of it as raw youths, with no training save of the kind that was almost worse than none at all, and yet have been brought, solely by the influence of their daily work, simply in consequence of their constant intercourse with Nature, into the possession of a width and justness of mind of which they gave no promise in their earlier days. If any one desires some outward token of the transforming virtues of the study of science, let him note the mental changes that may be witnessed every year in our medical schools and hospitals. Let him fully appreciate the roughness and rawness of the material on which science has there to work, the lads who flock up every October, uncultivated, untaught, untrained. Let him recognise the difficulties under which science labours there, catching fitfully the attention of the student as he flies from one professional duty to another. And then let him remember not only how many eminent men of science have risen from the ranks of medicine, and how much abstract scientific work is annually produced by the medical profession, but also how much patient inquiry, eager wakeful observation, and sound judgment, is daily put into exercise for the purpose of healing bodily ills. To one accustomed to the slow and feeble influence of ordinary school education, the change thus effected, in the midst of the most serious obstacles, must appear as scarcely less than marvellous.

The full benefits of scientific training can be reaped by those only who have had the opportunity of spending some time in actual original research. Such a mode of instruction cannot of course be looked for in schools. It is quite possible, however, in fact quite practicable, to carry on the teaching of science, either in schools or colleges, or elsewhere, in such a way as to make a beginning of those same habits of thought and intellectual qualities which would be more thoroughly brought out by independent research. In physical and experimental science, studied for the sake of training, more than in any other branch of learning, the mode of teaching is all in all. As mere useful knowledge, science may be taught in any way; whether by book or by experiments, by 'Mangnall's Questions' or 'Lardner's Handbooks,' matters very little. So long as the facts are correct, and the pupil is able to receive them, the end is gained. But such a kind of teaching can never take a high position in schools, and will

will always remain barren. Equally bad, or perhaps even worse, is the system, employed we fear in not a few places, where certain portions of a text-book are read by a class, perhaps commented upon, construed, one might say, by the teacher, its main propositions not unfrequently committed to memory, and the proficiency of the pupils determined by shutting them up in a room and making them write answers to a set of formal printed questions. From teaching such as this the fruits of scientific training will be looked for in vain. In order to form the scientific mind, in order to bring out scientific habits of thought, the teaching must be of quite a different kind.

The great secret of successful scientific teaching we take to be, that the teacher should by all possible means endeavour to bring his boys to face the problems of nature as if they had never been solved before. He should in fact recognize and utilize the actual condition of the pupil's mind. The youth of the individual repeats in outline the youth of the race. To the boy's mind the whole world is dim and unexplored; he knows nothing of laws or their discovery, nothing of problems or their solution. The object of the teacher should be to seize upon this state of mind, to make the boy tread, so to speak, in the footsteps of his ancestors, leading him however in a straight line where they wandered from side to side, bringing him on from problem to problem, and encouraging him to solve each, as it were, anew, in the same way that it was solved of old. For this purpose the study of experimental physics and mechanics seems to be eminently fitted. In its present stage this branch of learning possesses, in a very striking degree, most of the virtues, mingled with as few as possible of the faults, of science; it might be called in fact the model science. Rich in accumulated truths, it has countless fields yet unexplored. Less rigid and less exclusive than mathematics, it is at the same time free from the uncertainties, the scholastic controversies and obstructive theories, that still belong to chemistry and biology. It calls into activity all the senses, exercises the reason, and continually makes imperious demands on the watchfulness and sincerity of the learner. The experiments on which its truths are based are cleanly, its operations may be conducted without any 'mess,' and its subject-matter embraces nothing that cannot be dwelt upon before both boys and girls. The teacher should be provided with what is technically called a Laboratory, a terrible word, meaning, however, nothing more than a room fitted up with apparatus, which, in most cases, need be of very simple nature only. The teaching of the junior classes, comprising boys up to twelve or fourteen years of age, should be of the most elementary character,
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hardly anything more than what is familiarly known under the name of 'object lessons.' The pupil would thus be made familiar with the appearance and general working of the instruments which he will afterwards have to use for definite purposes, and gradually learn the meaning and become accustomed to the use of technical terms. He would become acquainted with the most striking properties of solids and liquids, of the mechanical powers, of the air-pump, the tuning fork, the lens, and the pile; and he would be taught to handle the thermometer, the measure, and the balance. In a word, his curiosity should be excited without being gratified, and his faculty of wonder stimulated by novelties, and at the same time chastened by early lessons in exactitude. Though the boys might be gathered as usual into classes, the instruction given ought to be in great measure individual; and if any schoolmaster thinks that a class of this kind could never be kept in order, such a one knows very little about boys in a state of nature. The danger which the teacher would have chiefly to guard against would be that of allowing his pupils to advance too rapidly to higher studies. He would be frequently tempted by the pointed questions of intelligent lads (and we need hardly say that any check to questions, or stint of answers, would simply be ruinous to the whole scheme of teaching) to push them on to the actual solution of problems before their minds were thoroughly ripe for such an effort, and thus he would run the risk of quenching their ardour by exposing them too early to discouragement and difficulty. As soon, however, as he felt justified, he would begin gradually to lead them on to verify for themselves such physical laws as are most easily established; and he would consider it of supreme importance that each boy should do everything for himself, down to the very arrangement and putting together, nay, in some cases, even the construction, of the apparatus. By this means the scholar would gain a hundredfold the good that he would get by being merely a wondering spectator of the grander performances of his master. He might, for instance, in this way determine the properties of levers, the general laws of the radiation and conduction of heat, of the pressure of the atmosphere, of the reflection and refraction of light, of the conduction of sound, and the chief phenomena of electricity and magnetism. He should be led to attack each problem as if he were about to make a discovery, and be assisted to make written notes and reports of his observations, and to make them as carefully and rigorously as if they were about to receive the honour of publication in the 'Philosophical Transactions.' It would not be necessary for each boy to pay equal attention to all branches of the science; on the contrary, physics being not, like mathematics, a walled-in court into which there

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is no entrance save by one or two narrow gates, but a broad open field accessible from almost every point of the compass, it would be possible for the teacher to avail himself judiciously of the likes and dislikes of each individual pupil. Passing on from problem to problem, from observation to observation, from experiment to experiment, each step calling for increased zeal, increased attention, increased accuracy, and increased power of reasoning, the older student might, if he showed the requisite ability, finish his experimental training by dipping into more speculative studies, and examining at some length, and with care, the general doctrines of Force.

Although the science of experimental physics is undoubtedly in many ways better adapted for educational purposes than any other, and should always form the main part of all scientific studies, it would nevertheless be unwise wholly to exclude other branches of science. Chemistry might be taught in the same way and with very similar results, especially if care were taken to avoid all those oxygen displays and hydrogen explosions, with which, in many ignorant minds, the idea of chemistry is inseparably connected. The pupil should be made conversant with the balance, the test-tube, and the funnel, rather than with pneumatic troughs and bladders of gas, and be brought to think much more of the enormous consequences following upon an error in the second decimal place than of the variety of colours which may be produced by proper reagents in a solution of a salt of iron. The study of botany seems, at first sight, too pleasant and agreeable a pastime ever to be converted into a rigorous study. Yet, in able hands, it becomes a most powerful means of training the mind to habits of accurate observation, and is an almost indispensable introduction to wider biological studies. It possesses, moreover, this very great advantage, that it needs no apparatus and can be taught at any time and in any place. Even when flowers are wholly wanting, a handful of leaves will afford material for a dozen lessons. The more complex and less developed sciences of comparative anatomy and physiology would naturally be reserved as special studies for a later period of life; and if a little animal physiology were introduced, it would need to be taught with special care, and intrusted to teachers only whose judgment could be fully relied upon. And this precaution would be necessary, not so much on account of the subject-matter, as because the science of physiology, though of immense value as a means of mental training and of intellectual culture, is at present in so transitional a condition, and so cumbered with vain theories and false conceptions, that by many hands it would be wielded more for harm than for good. Besides,
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there are almost insuperable obstacles to teaching it in a thoroughly practical manner. It is true that by taking Professor Huxley's 'Elementary Lessons' as a text-book, both pupil and teacher might be kept from going far astray, for that master in biology has set before his scientific brethren a notable example how, by using the very best of sieves and sifting with diligence, it is possible to rescue a handful of grain from bushels of chaff; still the study of physiology in schools should be put forward with caution, and made to occupy an entirely subsidiary position. The great value of both it and botany would consist in their correcting and enlarging the views and habits that might perhaps arise from too close an attention to physics and chemistry alone.

A scheme of instruction of this kind may seem to many persons to have been taken from the New Atlantis, or to be suited for that pleasant country-house imagined by John Milton, where happy boys were taught to plough and to shoot, as well as to read and write, rather than for the ordinary routine of our present schools. But the difficulties that threaten its introduction vanish away when they are examined in detail. The question of expense, for instance, is answered at once. Any class-room might serve as a laboratory, and even the initial cost of apparatus would not be very great, while the annual outlay for wear and tear would, after a few years' practice, become very slight. Very erroneous ideas on this matter have been spread abroad through the unfortunate habits of incompetent teachers, who demand of authorities large, costly, and complicated pieces of apparatus—often spending pounds on a single showy machine, constructed solely to demonstrate some trifling point—and then break them in attempting to astound their pupils with grand experiments. It must be remembered, too, that as soon as there is a large demand for simple and cheap philosophical apparatus, prices will fall, and the present golden days of instrument-makers will pass away for ever; and if every large school had, what it ought to have, a workshop, a very great deal of what was wanted could be manufactured at home. The question of the distribution of teaching power is equally easy of solution. Only those who have tried it can imagine how easy is the practical experimental fashion of teaching. Certainly an active master could easily superintend the studies of at least a dozen boys at the same time. The essence of the system we have attempted to describe is, that each boy does everything for himself, and that the master does nothing but assist, guide, and correct. Nature, in fact, becomes the schoolmaster, and the teacher has no higher function than that of an humble usher. The natural system of teaching, like other natural systems, brings with it a saving of power; and,
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were it adopted, much of the energy that is now spent in goading boys into learning might be otherwise employed. At least there would be no lack of good teachers when science, had once been placed in an honourable position in schools. It is one of the chief features of experimental science, that she is rich in men of moderate talent, who are sound without being brilliant and true without being profound. Her advance, indeed, is in large measure brought about by the united labours of men of this stamp, who, having been thoroughly trained and brought into obedience through their own original studies and inquiries, would readily furnish from their ranks a band of energetic and admirable teachers.

Physical science, taught earnestly and vigorously in some such way as this, would, we repeat, sow the seeds of that vigilance and sincerity of mind which are more especially the fruits of actual original research. There are boys of certain types on whom it would have a particularly powerful and salutary effect. In every school are to be found many lads who, for want of proper training, pass their days in dull heaviness of mind. They are often well-behaved boys, regular in eating and drinking, in playing and learning, but never diligent. They do their lessons, but never study; they appear only half-awake; they have eyes, and yet they see not. You show them a landscape, and they seem to remember it only as a green blotch of trees and fields. An engine at work, a fine building, an incident in the street, everything in fact leaves on their brain a dim and misty picture. They seem to walk in a world of which the image is out of focus, and where everything is blurred and indistinct. These boys the master pronounces dull; they are his despair, and, though some of them suddenly wake up in after life, the majority remain dull to the end. They are not, however, hopeless—ought not to be thought of as without the pale of training. It is through the bluntness of their senses that they fail, and it is by working upon their senses that they can be put right. They will not, however, be found to profit by strange sights and startling sounds, by being woke up in order to fall asleep again. What they need is a kind of training which consists in continually shaking them by the shoulder, and saying, 'Look, look!' They must be repeatedly roused, until they have learnt to keep awake. They must have lessons, which they cannot only half do, which they cannot slur sleepily over, which they must set about with wide eyes and open ears, or not do at all. In fact, they want just such lessons as physical science only can furnish. A larger, more dangerous, and less hopeful class is formed by boys, before whose eyes there is a very distinct and yet an unreal world. Their senses are active enough,
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but the impressions which reach their brain from without run riot, being governed by no judgment. If they attempt to describe a scene, an incident, or a person, they paint a picture in which they disguise the reality, almost past recognition, with features of their own imagining; and this not so much because they are careless, as because they have no dominant sense of truth. To such as these (at least in their youth) the world appears not in the form of a solid rock of stern rigidity and sameness, but as a waving image in which lights and shadows come and go as their fancy wills; though ever ready to sacrifice sober truth for the sake of what they call poetry, their fickle and spoilt minds are insensible to the grandeur of Nature, and they cannot hear the solemn music of the universe for the noise of the tinkling of their own cymbals. These are they who, in after life, often without intending it, commit grievous wrongs, breeding and fostering errors on all sides, and leaving a trail of uncertainty and illusion wherever they go. It is just simply and plainly the salvation of such boys to have brought them in early life into close and personal contact with Nature. Daily trials in the laboratory would teach them, as nothing else could, that behind the seeming fickleness of the phenomena of the world there lies hidden an unchangeableness of law which can be neither ignored nor withstood, an objective reality before which, in the end, all subjective fancies must bow. They would learn first to recognise, then to respect, and finally to love, the quietude, the patience, the unerring straightforwardness and painful exactitude of Nature's ways; they would find out that she is to be overcome only by obedience and ruled only by following in her steps. Little by little their minds would be brought to feel, not only that there is such a thing as truth, and that it is within the grasp of man, but also that by it alone the value of things can be measured. Another large class of persons are habitually inaccurate and untruthful through mere carelessness and indolence. They have no intention of saying what is not true, but are too readily contented with something 'near the truth.' They say that such and such an event took place, when they really mean that they think it did. They are too lazy to take the trouble to look, and afterwards too lazy to make an effort to recollect what they have seen; and, after a while, they grow into a state of mind in which facts and opinions are lamentably mixed together. Out of this class come those honest witnesses who flatly contradict each other on matters of fact which need no special intelligence either to observe or to report upon. Nor is this a fault by any means confined entirely to the uneducated classes. The whole world suffers injury daily by reason of people of all ranks, quite free from malice prepense, who,

who, in the first place, will not see, and, in the second place, have no lively sense of truthfulness. And they are hardly to blame, for they have for the most part never been trained to see. Neither classics nor mathematics have the power of teaching the student the difficult art of accurate observation: such a power belongs to the physical and natural sciences only. It is, in fact, their unquestionable prerogative, by virtue of which they claim to have a share in the moulding of the minds of the young.

No solid gain, however, can with reason be looked for while the teaching of science continues to occupy in our schools its present ignominious position. So long as science is allowed to rank hardly higher than fencing or dancing, and a little lower than French or German, it is simply absurd to imagine that it can ever have any real effect on the learner's mind. As mere useful knowledge, it might very justly be prevented from encroaching on the time allotted to more rigorous duties, and as a sort of pleasant make-believe study it might seem peculiarly adapted to be taught on half-holidays and at other odd times; but if it is worth teaching at all, it is worth teaching with seriousness and energy, and if any real good is to be expected from the study of it, it must be publicly recognised as having equal honour with the older branches of learning. Sudden and extensive changes work perhaps even more evil in schools, especially in public schools, than in any other institutions; and it would be neither desirable nor practicable at once to elevate the teaching of science to its rightful position: but it ought to be borne in mind that it claims to have allotted to it, sooner or later—and the sooner the better—no less than the same time, the same honour, the same emoluments, and the same amount of teaching power, that are now bestowed on classics and on mathematics. The benefits which a boy derives from any particular study are largely affected by the esteem in which he sees it to be held in his school: if science is not allowed to share in the prestige which belongs to classics—if the best boys in the science classes are not reckoned with their classical and mathematical peers as the *élite* of the school—the teaching of science will be robbed of half its power. If it continues to be thought unnecessary to have distinct science masters—if the classical or mathematical master is allowed to 'take' the sciences classes in addition to his own, or if the science masters do not take equal rank with the highest of the teachers—it cannot be expected that boys, with the social feelings of schools so strong as they are, will throw themselves with zeal into what appears to them to be only a second-rate study. On the other hand, the fear which has been expressed in some quarters, that these dangerous rivals, the sciences, would prove too strong for the older studies if they
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were placed on the same footing with them, and that the light of classical learning would be quenched by a flood of utilitarian knowledge, though complimentary to the strength of science, is hardly just either to the tendencies of scientific studies or to the intrinsic worth of classical learning. Very much nearer the truth would it be to say that the teaching of both classics and mathematics would receive help and support by the introduction of physical science. Of the educational value of mathematical training this is not the place to speak; but it is a matter of everyday experience that the mathematics lack one thing. Admirably rigid and exact—peculiarly potent in accustoming the mind to clear conceptions and accurate reasoning—they lose half their hold on most boys, just because they are so absolutely rigid and exact, that a great gap seems fixed between their operations and the flexible uncertain occupations of ordinary life. That gap is filled up by the experimental sciences; for they, while exact enough under one aspect, have another side which, by its uncertainties and its tentative methods of inquiry, establishes a common ground between themselves and human life.

A pernicious doctrine, gaining far too much credence, teaches that there is a sort of antagonism between mathematical and classical studies, and that the boys who do well in the one cannot be expected to succeed in the other. A natural corollary to this proposition is supplied by saying that experimental science is the natural enemy of both. Of course a boy who shows a marked fondness for any particular kind of learning is likely to excel in it, and it is only right that he should be encouraged to do so; but it needs very little experience of schools to become convinced that, as a general rule, the best boys are best in all the studies of the school, unless their minds have been purposely turned by the master in one particular direction. Natural science having hitherto been deemed by schoolmasters a study fit for outcasts only, it cannot be wondered at that boys who felt a fondness for science should have found, or imagined that they found, no aptitude in themselves for other studies. If, however, all three branches of learning were placed on the same footing, the study of science would be at least a help rather than an obstacle to the others. The student of experimental physics would at once feel the necessity of a slight, and the immense advantage of a considerable, amount of mathematical training; while it would become the master's urgent duty, and at the same time his easy task, to see that the boys were not so engrossed in the study of natural phenomena as to lose all thought and care of purely human matters. Even the present feeble beginnings of science-teaching have already shown that it is quite a false fear to suppose that the planting of one kind

kind of knowledge is injurious to others. Of at least one of our great public schools where science has been introduced, it is reported that 'the masters have no wish to return to the old régime,' and 'that the school is all the better for the innovation, and classical studies are none the worse.' Men wedded to old ways could hardly as yet be expected to say more.

In thus considering the teaching of science almost solely in reference to the training of the mind, it must not be forgotten that its subject-matter is, after all, useful knowledge. And useless as useful knowledge may justly be thought for ordinary school purposes, and useless as it often proves in actual life through want of intelligent power to use it, it must not be forgotten that the value of it in untrained, unaccustomed hands, is no measure of what it may become when wielded by persons whose minds have been formed and developed by practice in the use of it. Even at the present day, urgent scientific practical questions meet us on every hand, and science in its progress is fast wrapping itself so closely round our individual lives, and intertwining itself so thoroughly into our national existence, that it seems almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of giving our cultivated and educated classes such a general training as shall enable them to form sound judgments on matters belonging to experimental and natural science. Still more urgent even is the duty of providing for the classes which are not called cultivated, for our industrial masses, that scientific training, and store of scientific and technical knowledge, which are daily becoming more and more the very means of life to so many of them. And here science seems to offer the solution of a difficulty already felt and likely before long to assume very dangerous proportions. The trouble and vexation which the masters of our great public schools have met with in attempting to carry on, by the side of a high and classical school, a low and ignominious school, where useful knowledge only is taught, has been felt in other places than in those villages which have had the good or bad fortune to have received the gift of a public school. Almost in every town and district may be found the same difficulty between the classical school and what is technically called 'commercial' education. Perhaps at the present day the tendency is for the middle and lower classes to flock to the middle class and commercial schools, leaving the high schools and grammar schools to fill their empty benches with 'gentlefolk's' sons. It would be a great and serious evil, it would be even a national disaster, if in the future the youth of England were to be brought up under different systems of education, their minds moulded in different ways, according as they belonged to one stratum of society or another. It would be
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bad both for the intellectual and for the material interests of the country—bad for art and science, and bad for culture—if learning, instead of being one, as of old, were cut into different patterns for different pockets, and if boys, according as their fathers were gentlemen, tradesmen, or artisans, were told off to high schools, to middle schools, or to low schools, where each was taught to despise what the other was taught to admire. Happily it is simply impossible that such a state of things should ever come to pass. Intellectual power never fails to make itself felt through any thickness of social difference, and the influence of culture flows in circles that widen without limit. Whatever the son of the peer be taught, sooner or later there will come a cry for the son of the poor man to learn it too. Even already, those who found most fault with the high schools are beginning to proclaim the commercial schools a failure. Our middle classes, in truth, hardly know what they want. They have discarded Greek, because it was of no use in business; they have tried the commercial school, and they find it wanting; their boys learn to write good hands and to do enormous sums, but they come home lacking a something the possession of which makes the high-school boys their indisputable masters. With all their getting of useful knowledge, they have failed to get mental training, which is greater than penmanship and arithmetic. And many wise fathers, anxious to bring up ‘business’ sons, prefer, in spite of the Greek, to send their boys to the high school, rather than to the private academy, where useful knowledge is rendered useless in the teaching. To all such as these the establishment of high schools of science would be welcome as water in the desert. Equally welcome and far more profitable would be the generous introduction of science into all our schools, high and low. Under the system we have endeavoured to advocate, Greek would lose all its terrors, and useful knowledge would fall back again to its proper place. There need, then, be no more than one kind of school and one method of teaching for all kinds and conditions of men. A boy’s career would no longer be settled for life by the stamp of the school into which his father had put him, but, learning becoming again, as of old, one and indivisible, school life would be once more to the clever boys the gate of success. Teaching everywhere would be of the same quality, though measured out in varied quantity and degree, according to the learner’s station in life. The artisan might find an initial and yet sound education, that would enable him to gain a double good from subsequent technical training; the tradesman might see his son led into the same paths of learning as his superiors in social position, and at the same time drilled to habits of thought and temper mysteriously
and

and yet admirably fitted for a business life ; while the rich and cultivated would not only find their power multiplied a hundred-fold, but would see opening up paths of culture as yet for the most part undreamt of by them.

Upon this last point we have no space to dwell, but the speculative aspects of science at the present day render it impossible to look upon that as true culture which ignores science altogether. Yet so much is this the case, so little sympathy do the foremost of our scientific men meet with among their intellectual fellows, that there is a considerable danger of their views and opinions becoming intensified and narrowed into the doctrines of a sect. Such an event, calamitous both to science and to general culture, is possible only because in our present system of education a wall of partition has been set up between science and literature. Were this removed, our men of science on the one hand, being less isolated, would be less dogmatic and less aggressive, and culture on the other would gain a wider and, we venture to think, a sounder meaning. That mind cannot truly be said to be full of light, whose walls are opaque to the rays that stream from every point of Nature, and nothing but wholesome truth will preserve the savour of sweetness. Without some solid basis such as science only can give, there is great danger of so-called culture degenerating, through fear of the rudeness of material prosperity, into a mere worship of unreal fancies. The commercial and industrial gifts, which science showers down so abundantly, are but the baits with which she leads men on to the broad and deep truths which it is her chief duty to teach ; and, while literary culture thinks to overcome low utilitarian ideas by despising and opposing them, scientific culture aims at developing and extending them, until they become transformed into something high and noble.

We have hitherto treated the question before us almost exclusively from an educational point of view ; but there are various considerations, bearing more or less closely on the subject, which we feel it impossible to pass over in silence. The opinions which have been published by Dr. Lyon Playfair, and have received the support of many eminent scientific men, attributing the manifest shortcomings of England at the Paris Exhibition to a want of general scientific education and technical scientific training, seem to have created some alarm in the public mind. And yet Dr. Playfair has lifted a small corner only of the veil. There is nothing which we Englishmen reject with more anger than the suggestion that we are being outstripped in anything by other nations. That whatever we think it worth our while to do, we can do better than any one else, is the first article of the British creed.

Perhaps

Perhaps we can. If so, then in spite of the enthusiastic praises of science which find their way into almost every form of English literature, in spite of the English names which, from Harvey and Newton down to Herschel and Huxley, stand out bright and bold in the history of science, it must be confessed that the English nation cares little for scientific pursuits. Otherwise she would not in such things occupy the position among nations which she now does. It is proverbially a hard task to decide an international question of merit. On the one hand, patriotism tends to bias the judgment; on the other, it is human to magnify things which are far off, and the worth of what a foreigner says is very apt to be measured by the difficulty experienced in getting to know what he means. Making every allowance, however, for these things, the fact is undeniable that, judged by the value of her yearly contributions to the advancement of science, England, at least as far as the natural and experimental sciences are concerned, seems in danger of sinking to the condition of what in political language would be called a third or fourth rate power. Our greatest men are perhaps still greater than those of any other nation; but the amount of quiet, solid, scientific work done in England is painfully less than that done in Germany, less even than that done in France; while no nation, not even the French, can equal us in the quantity of idle and vain speculations that are yearly put forward in the name of science. Nor is the cause far to seek. The minds that would in Germany become fruitful scientific workers fail in England for the want, in the first place, of scientific training, and in the second place of bread-winning scientific careers. It might be imagined that any one about to pursue scientific studies in the hope of making sound and real discoveries would subject himself to a preparatory course of thorough scientific training; but such a practice is in England extremely rare. Men are often led by chance and circumstance to come forward as chemists, or physicists, or naturalists, on the bare strength of a good acquaintance with their special subjects, men who have had neither general nor particular scientific training, and who possess no sound knowledge of real science. Many chemists start upon their scientific careers unfamiliar with physics, and not a few biologists play fast and loose with chemistry and physics altogether; while the secretaries of the learned societies groan under the burden of memoirs presented by gentlemen who would fain fly in science before they have learned to creep. Of course the best men make up their deficiencies as they go along, but they accomplish the feat at a costly sacrifice of time and

labour. It is by reason of this, perhaps, that our foremost men are so exceedingly good, since all the weaker minds succumb in the struggle for scientific existence; and were it a national object to produce by natural selection *savans* of the finest quality only, all others being got rid of, it might seem worth while to perpetuate the present hindrances to the adoption of scientific careers. But it must be remembered that the progress of science depends at least as much on the steady, quiet work of men of ability, who possess no splendour, as on the rarer labours of men of genius, whose names are in all men's mouths. Practically, those who cannot find scientific training at home seek it abroad, and it is a very suggestive fact, that by far the greater part of the experimental scientific work of the present day is done by men belonging to no English University, and possessing none but a German degree. The prospect of speedy starvation probably deters more persons from pursuing a scientific career than does the consciousness of the lack of suitable training. The time is gone by when all the work that was needed could be done in leisure moments, and in the intervals of business. The science of to-day demands all the time and all the energy of the strongest men. Very few are the posts which a man can occupy, and the duties of which he can honourably and satisfactorily fulfil, while he is at the same time engaged in arduous scientific pursuits. Very few indeed, and very far between at the present day, are the posts open to scientific men at all; and very meagre and insecure are for the most part the emoluments which belong to them. Only the chief men can hope to sit in the higher places, and only they accept the lower ones who are content to live with no position, and with little pay. Many of the positions in which scientific men take refuge involve the performance of all manner of heterogeneous functions, and their occupant is regarded as a public man whose time may be frittered away by any trifler and idler that chooses to knock at his door. Such a state of things not only limits the number of scientific men; it does worse, it corrupts the character of scientific labour. Men make a snap at science as they are hurrying on to other employments, and a great deal of the scientific work of the present day is a kind of unleavened stuff done with the loins girded for other duties, and done in haste.

And if it be asked, what is the remedy for all this, the answer is plain and simple. One mode of life only is consistent with earnest and continued scientific research, a life nominally devoted to teaching. Wise nations have always refused to judge
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by strict laws of political economy the price of knowledge and inquiry, the market value of which can be known only in the far future. Learning has always been nurtured by gifts and emoluments not strictly her due. Let science be reckoned as learning, and share in learning's rewards. Classics and mathematics have in times past waxed fat on the nation's good things. Let them continue to thrive, but let them make some room for modern scientific culture. Let the monopoly of the old studies be broken up, and half their fellowships let experimental science take. But we are going too far in speaking of emoluments and fat things. Science needs no more encouragement than the guarantee of a decent livelihood and of an honourable position. The intrinsic attractions of the pursuit of science are so great, that men ask for nothing more than that it should be made possible for them to devote themselves to it; and opulence would be a deadly bane to a study in which it is so easy to publish unsound researches and to bring forward unreal results, so difficult even for the best men to recognise at first sight the worthlessness of worthless work, so impossible for ordinary men to recognise immediately the value of profound research.

In order to gain for science the standing through want of which she now languishes, and for the nation the prosperity that hangs on scientific eminence, there is no need to throw into confusion the time-honoured arrangements of our ancient Universities. It may be left for them to decide whether they will follow science or no; that they should ever lead it can hardly be expected. Although it is true that our Universities determine the character of the teaching in our public schools, it is still more true that the teaching in our schools determines the character of our Universities, and the hopes and wishes of scientific men may without exaggeration be said to rest on the establishment of the teaching of science as a main part of the duties of all our schools, high, middle, and low. But we repeat, and it cannot be repeated too often, science must be made a fundamental and compulsory study, not a supplemental and permissive one; it must be looked upon as real substantial stuff wherewith to clothe a boy's mind, not as flimsy material for ornamental fringes. So long as physics and chemistry play hide and seek with dancing and gymnastics, so long as science is offered to boys on half-holidays as an obstacle to cricket and foot-ball, so long will the teaching of science remain barren, and the teacher of science penniless. Science, to reap the advantages that are its due, must rank at least as equal with classics and mathematics, and the teacher of science must have equal honour with the highest masters, and

not slide in through the school-gate as an interloper, like the teacher of German, or come down at odd times by express train like the professor of fencing. Every school, where science was taught after the fashion we have attempted to outline, would very speedily become a little centre of scientific effort and scientific influence. Not only would the boys receive a sound, wholesome, mental training, and be armed with useful knowledge for the struggles that await them in after life, but each well-trained teacher would be able, unhampered by the engrossment of business, or by the cares and anxieties of professional life, to add his share to the rapidly-increasing store of scientific truth. And we have faith in the robust character of the English mind, that in those happier days, we trust not far distant, English scientific work would be ampler, as well as weightier, than that of any other nation, and that we should regain our old place as the foremost men in the intellectual progress of the age, while, our industries no longer drooping for lack of proper knowledge, but clear heads guiding strong arms, we should continue still to build on a broad basis of national intelligence a high tower of national wealth and national might.

ART. VII.—1. *Christus Archæologie: Studien über Jesus Christus und sein wahres Ebenbild.* Von Dr. Legis Glückselig. Prag, 1863.

2. *Die Sage vom Ursprung der Christusbilder.* Von W. Grimm. Berlin, 1844.

3. *Recherches sur la Personne de Jésus-Christ.* Par G. Peignot. Dijon, 1829.

4. *Recherches édifiantes et curieuses sur la Personne de N. S. Jésus-Christ.* Par l'Abbé Pascal. Paris, 1840.

5. *Histoire de la Face de N. S. Jésus-Christ, exposée dans l'église de Montreuil-les-Dames de Laon.* Laon, 1723.

6. *De imaginibus non manu factis.* J. Gretseri. 1734.

7. *J. Reiskii exercitationes historice de imaginibus Jesu Christi.* Jenæ, 1684.

8. *T. Heapy. Examination into the Antiquity of the Likeness of our Blessed Lord,* in the 'Art Journal,' New Series, vol. vii. 1861.

9. *Croyances et Légendes de l'Antiquité.* Par Alfred Maury. Paris, 1863.

ON the 8th December, 1854, when the eternal city was crowded with bishops, assembled to promulgate the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, Pius the Ninth, at the expressed and

and urgent desire of the prelates, allowed the sacred relics of the passion of Christ to be exhibited in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Peter's.

In the midst, over the altar, between burning tapers, loomed the veil of St. Veronica, impressed with the sacred lineaments of the Saviour. On one side of it stood the spear of Longinus, on the other a fragment of the true cross. None but bishops were permitted to enter the chapel, all others looked through a grating, and to them, from the depth of the chapel, the portrait was wholly indistinguishable. One inferior ecclesiastic alone, by especial favour, was suffered to enter, accompanying a prelate. This was M. Barbier de Montault, Canon of the Basilica of Anagni; and he took advantage of the opportunity to scrutinize closely the miraculous portrait. He has fortunately communicated to the public the result of this examination. We shall give it in his own words, which are full of interest:—

‘The Holy Face is enclosed in a frame of silver, partially gilt, and square, of a severe character, and little adorned. The simplicity of the bordering gives prominence to the interior of the picture, which is protected by a thin plate of crystal. Unfortunately, by one of those customs so common in Italy, a sheet of metal covers the field, and only leaves apparent the figure indicating its outline. By this outline one is led to conjecture flowing hair reaching to the shoulders, and a short beard, bifurcated, and small. The other features are so vaguely indicated, or so completely effaced, that it requires the liveliest imagination in the world to perceive traces of eyes or nose. In short, one does not see the material of the substance, because of the useless intervention of a metal plate, and the place of the impression exhibits only a blackish surface, not giving any evidence of human features.

‘In the sacristy of St. Peter's are sold to strangers fac-similes of the sacred face. They are printed on linen from a plate which seems to me to be a hundred and more years old, and are sealed with the seal and bear the signature of a canon, which seal and signature to me appear to signify only that the copy has touched the original, and that it has, in consequence, become an object of piety, and do not testify that the copy resembles at all the original. This, then, is a pious *souvenir* which one carries away with one, but is not an object of the least iconographic value.’*

The legend of the origin of this portrait is best given in the quaint words of a French Jesuit of the eighteenth century:—

‘Behold the noblest act ever done in favour of the suffering Jesus! The devout Veronica was in her house, when she heard the tumult

* *Iconographie du Chemin de la Croix*, in ‘*Annales Archéologiques*,’ vol. xxiii. p. 232.

and the clamour of an infinite multitude and the soldiers, as they conducted the Saviour to his death. She rises in haste, thrusts her head out of the door, looks through the crowd, and perceives her Redeemer. A gleam from his countenance enkindles within her the light of faith, and she perceives that He is the Son of God. At the sight, transported beyond herself, she seizes her veil, darts into the street, among the officers of justice and the soldiers, without regarding the abuse and the blows they rain upon her. Arrived in the presence of the Saviour, whose face was all covered with blood and sweat, she adores it, notwithstanding all the opposition made her; and, with her veil in three folds, she wipes and cleanses the divine countenance clouded with the sins of this world. Go forward, brave one! In truth thou meritest an immortality of glory in time and in eternity; and, indeed, the Saviour accords thee the costliest gift He ever made to creature in this world; for He gave thee His portrait impressed on the three folds of thy veil. Spread thou then this veil, O woman, before the four quarters of the universe, display to all men the piteous and hideous features of a suffering God.*

How this veil made its way to Rome we shall relate presently. But when it came it was in a box, preserved in the Church of St. Mary of the Martyrs, more commonly known as the Pantheon. Thence it was removed to St. Peter's, where Urban VIII. placed it in one of the upper chapels over the four great piers sustaining the cupola of Michael-Angelo. The custody of it was intrusted to the canons of St. Peter, who alone are permitted to enter the sanctuary. Ten times in the year is it exhibited to the Pope, the cardinals, and the faithful, kneeling on the pavement of the nave. It is preserved behind a marble representation of St. Veronica, with an inscription before it, in the shape of a cross, relating the virtues of the relic, and its translation by Pope Urban. The festival of Veronica with special office found its way into the Ambrosian missal printed in 1555 or 1560, but it was expunged by the judicious Carlo Borromeo, who put little confidence in the fables related of her.

In order to discover the origin of the Veronica myth we shall be obliged to go back to the well-known fable of the message of Abgarus, Prince of Edessa, to Christ. Abgar Uchamo, or the Black, was contemporary with Augustus and Tiberius. He was the fourteenth king of Edessa, and one of the *Arsacids*. The name Abgar (*Armenian* Awghair), signifying Exalted or Mighty, was a title of the princes of Edessa; the last, Abgar Bar Muanu, a Christian, reigned A.D. 200-216. Julius Africanus, a writer of the third century, whose history has come down to us

* A. Parvilliers, 'La Dévotion des Prédestinés.' Limoges, 1734, p. 82.

only in fragments, alludes to the tradition of Abgarus having sent a message to Christ.* Eusebius (ob. 340) tells the story as follows:†—

‘Abgarus, who reigned over the nations beyond the Euphrates with great glory, and who had been wasted away with a disease, both dreadful and incurable by human means, when he heard the name of Jesus frequently mentioned, and his miracles unanimously attested by all, sent a suppliant message to Him by a letter-carrier, entreating a deliverance from his disease. But, though He did not yield to his call at that time, He nevertheless condescended to write him a private letter, and to send one of his disciples to heal his disorder; at the same time promising salvation to him and all his relatives. After the Resurrection, however, and his return to the heavens, Thomas, one of the twelve apostles, by a divine impulse, sent Thaddæus, who was one of the seventy disciples, to Edessa, as a herald and evangelist of the doctrines of Christ. And by his agency all the promises of our Saviour were fulfilled. Of this, also, we have the evidence, in a written answer, taken from the public records of the city of Edessa, then under the government of the king. For in the public registers there, which embrace the ancient history and the transactions of Abgarus, these circumstances respecting him are found still preserved down to the present day.’

And then he gives the letters; but he makes no allusion to any portrait sent to Abgarus. The letter of Christ was dismissed as apocryphal by the Council of Rome in 494, and in that light it has been regarded ever since. Ephraem Syrus (ob. 378) alludes to the story of the embassy when he praises Edessa; Evagrius (ob. 593) is the first to mention the picture. In the year 540 Edessa was besieged by Chosroes. After Chosroes had made many assaults on the city, and had raised a mound to overtop the walls, composed of wood and turf, and—

‘the besieged saw the mound approaching the walls like a moving mountain, and the enemy in expectation of stepping into the town at daybreak, they devised to run a mine under the mound, which the Latins term *aggeratus*, and by that means apply fire, so that the combustion of the timber might cause the downfall of the mound. The mine was completed; but they failed in attempting to fire the wood, because the fire, having no exit whence it could obtain a supply of air, was unable to take hold of it. In this state of utter perplexity, they bring the divinely-wrought image, which the hands of men did not form, but Christ our God sent to Abgarus on his desiring to see Him. Accordingly, having introduced this holy image into the mine, and

* Fragments in ‘Georgii Syncelli Chronogr.’ Ed. Jac. Gear. Paris, 1652.

† ‘Hist. Ecclesiast.’ lib. i. c. 13.

washed it over with water, they sprinkled some upon the timber: and the Divine power forthwith being present to the faith of those who had done so, the result was accomplished which had previously been impossible: for the timber immediately caught fire, flames and being in an instant reduced to cinders, communicated with those above, and the fire spread in all directions. . . . On the third day the flames were seen issuing from the earth, and then the Persians in the crowd became aware of their unfortunate situation."^{*}

Evagrius refers to the description of the siege by Procopius, but that writer makes no mention of the miraculous picture, which Evagrius called *εικὼν θεοειμένη*.

St. John of Damascus enlarges on the myth. In his time raged the Iconoclastic persecution (726), and the existence of a divinely-executed image was too convincing an argument in favour of images not to be referred to. Consequently, in his work against the infamous Leo the Isaurian, we have an account of the Abgarus portrait replacing the letter. The King of Edessa, desiring to see and hear Christ, sends Him a message requesting Him to visit his little state. And should He not be able to come, or refuse, then the King requires his messenger to obtain a portrait of the Messiah for the gratification of his curiosity. But He who knows and can do all things, perceiving the desire of the ambassadors, takes a piece of linen, binds it to his face, and imprints on it, by that act, the true image of his sacred countenance.[†] Another work of the same author tells the tale somewhat differently. Abgarus does not send messengers to Christ to invite Him to Edessa, but a painter who is to take his portrait. The artist vainly attempts to execute his master's command, for the dazzling brightness of our Saviour's countenance confuses his senses. Then the Lord, compassionating him and his master, out of tender love, presses his mantle to his face, and lo! on it is fixed the true representation of the divine countenance. This He sends to the King, who is at once converted.[‡] This eikon, Leo, licitor of the Church of Constantinople, asserted, before the Council of Nicaea, that he had seen in the city of Edessa, where it was honoured and worshipped by the inhabitants, as an image not made by mortal hands.[§]

Far richer details are obtained from a tract by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogeneta (ob. 959), in whose reign this sacred relic was translated to Byzantium, along with the letters of

* Evagrius, *† Hist. Ecclesiastical*, III. iv. c. 57.

† John. Damasc., *De Imaginibus*, c. 1.

‡ John. Damasc., *De Fide Orthodoxa*, III. iv. c. 17.

§ Synod. Nicæna, Act 1.

Abgarus and Christ (944). The festival of its reception is celebrated in the Græco-Slavonic Calendar on the 16th August. The Emperor gives us the following account of the picture:—

Abgarus, King of Edessa, lay grievously sick. His servant, Ananias, to relieve the tedium of sickness, entertained him with accounts of the miracles of our Lord, of which he had heard during a recent journey to Palestine. The King caught at the hopes thus afforded him of recovering from his disease, and he sent Ananias with a letter to Christ, enjoining on his messenger that he must either bring back with him the Saviour or his portrait. Ananias was a painter. He arrived in the presence of our Lord whilst He was engaged in preaching to a vast multitude in the open air. As he was unable to push his way through the compact throng, he ascended a rock, sat down, fixed his eyes on Jesus, and began his sketch. Our Lord, who knew in spirit what was being done, sent Thomas to bring Ananias to Him. Then He wrote the answer to Abgarus which has been preserved by Eusebius, and gave it to the servant. But, perceiving that the man was only half satisfied, and that he was troubled at not being able exactly to accomplish his master's requirements, Christ washed his face in water, and, whilst drying it on a towel, left the impress of his features thereon. Then He handed the linen to Ananias and bade him give it to the King, whose curiosity it would satisfy, as well as cure him of his disease.

But, according to another version given by Constantine, the story offers a closer resemblance to that of Veronica.

As Christ was on his way to Calvary, bearing his cross, the blood and sweat streaming from his brow obscured his eyes. Then taking from one of his disciples a piece of linen, He wiped his face, and left thereon his sacred portrait. St. Thomas preserved the towel, with the features of the suffering Christ upon it, till after the Ascension, when he gave the miraculous picture (*τὴν ἀχειρόγραφον ἐκμόρφωσιν*) to Thaddæus, who bore it to Edessa. There he lodged with a Jew named Tobias. He began to work miracles in the name of Christ. Abgarus, hearing of his works, sent for him. As Thaddæus entered the chamber of the sick King, he elevated above his head the sacred eikon, and at the same time such a blaze of light shot from his face, that Abgarus could not endure the splendour, and, forgetful of his sickness, leaped out of bed. Then he took the linen, covered his head and limbs with it, and was forthwith made whole.

Nicephorus Callistus (ob. 1341) relates the circumstances much

as does the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogeneta. King Abgarus, desirous to see Christ, sends an accomplished artist to take His portrait. The painter stands on an eminence, and begins his picture; then finds all his attempts in vain, for a divine light streams from the sacred countenance and dazzles him. The Lord, thereon, takes a piece of linen, with a pressure of his face fixes his true portrait upon it, and sends it to Abgarus.*

How it was that this venerable picture passed into the hands of the Emperor of Constantinople we learn from the Arabic historian El Matzin. He says that in the year 331 of the Hegira, that is A.D. 953—he is consequently wrong as to the date—the Romans (*i.e.* Greeks) besieged the city of Edessa, then in the hands of the Saracens, and demanded the surrender of the holy picture and the accompanying letters of Abgarus and the Saviour in exchange for the captives they had made. The treasured relics were handed over to the Christians and were brought to Byzantium, where they were placed in a befitting shrine in the Church of the Eternal Wisdom.† What became of the picture when Constantinople fell into the hands of the Mussulmans we do not know. But it is certain that about this time, or at least shortly after it, either the picture itself or copies of it were to be found in Italy.

The Venetians claimed to have brought it to Rome, and to have presented it to the Church of St. Sylvester, and many old copies of this exist with the inscription attached:—

‘Imago salvatoris nostri Jesu Christi ad imitationem ejus
quam misit Abgaro, quæ Romæ habetur in monasterio Sancti
Silvestri.’

Johannes Horatius Scoglius, the Ecclesiastical historian (fl. 1640), asserts that this portrait in St. Sylvester’s is the original Abgarus picture, translated from Constantinople to Rome; but no trustworthy and contemporary historians are found to give authority to this claim. What the portrait is like it is difficult now to ascertain. ‘I do not know why Rome should persist in being a city of mystery,’ writes Canon de Montault; ‘there are relics in it such as these, which art and piety may demand to be made acquainted with, but which, unfortunately, one may either not see, or only see indistinctly. They ought to be brought to the light of day, and not withheld from fear of scoffing incredulity and sceptical ignorance. If these relics be really genuine, truth will be elicited, like a spark at the stroke of science. With all my heart I desire

* Niceph., ‘Ecl. Hist.’ lib. ii. c. 7.

† Elmacini ‘Hist. Sarac.’ Lugd. Bat., 1625, p. 267.

a discussion of them, firm, consecutive, conscientious. Piety may believe without seeing, but Reason must see to believe.*

The Genoese, on the other hand, lay claim to the possession of the sacred portrait, and say that it was brought by Leonard de Montalto in 1384 to their city, and by him presented to the Armenian Church of St. Bartholomew, where it is still preserved, and exhibited once a year. Mr. Heapy gives a woodcut engraving of it, but, as this is taken from a copy sold in Genoa, we cannot be certain that it truly represents the original.

From the above history of the Abgarus portrait, it will be seen that it is entirely of Oriental origin. The story of the letter and cure comes, as Eusebius tells us, from a Syrian source, 'taken from the public records of the city of Edessa.' Till the fourth century we have no mention of the portrait. In the tenth the myth has fully blown in the East, and has approached the fable of Veronica.

The story of the Abgarus portrait belongs to the Eastern Church, and is the more ancient; that of Veronica's veil belongs to the Western Church, and owes its origin, may be, to the desire felt by the Latins not to be behind the Greeks in a matter so important as the possession of a miraculously-painted likeness of the Saviour.

When the Westerns came in contact with the Byzantine empire, in the times of the Crusades, the sacred portrait preserved in St. Sophia was certain to have attracted their attention, and roused the relic-mania which possessed the Mediævals; and, in their jealousy of the rival Church, they forged the story of St. Veronica, so as to be able to represent themselves as equally favoured with the Greeks. With them the wish to have a true portrait of the Saviour was father to the belief that they possessed one. We do not believe that the legend of the blessed woman and her napkin was deliberately invented. Far from it. All the materials for the composition of the fable were ready at hand, and demanded only the touch of Faith to make the story leap into existence.

Mabillon propounded, as a solution to the fable, the theory that each early portrait of Christ was called, in barbarous jargon, a mixture of Latin and Greek, *vera icon*, true image; and that later, a fable was invented to account for the introduction of these representations into Europe, and the name given to the image was transferred to the person who was supposed to have brought it to the West. This explanation has been generally adopted.

'By the name of Veronica,' says Baillet,† 'nothing more was

* 'Annales Archéologiques,' xxiii. p. 236.

† Baillet, 'Les Vies des Saints,' tom. ix. p. 22.

signified than the true image—vera icon—of the Saviour, painted on a handkerchief or piece of linen called the Holy Sudarium, because ordinarily only the head of the Saviour from before was represented on it, that is, the face and hair. Nothing further was meant at Rome, where was to be seen, dating from the twelfth century, in the church of St. Peter, one of these Veronicas, before which lamps were kept burning day and night. It was always termed a Vera-icon, up to the end of the sixteenth century; and a trade was carried on by the sale of holy images made in representation of the holy Sudarium, in the square of Septimius before the church of the Vatican, the sellers being ordinarily termed vendors of Veronicas.*

But although this explanation is simple and intelligible, it does not account for all the particulars of the fable. M. Maury has suggested another, and we are disposed to follow his lead. The Gnostics gave the name of Prounikos or Prounike to the Supreme Wisdom, of whom they regarded the woman in the Gospel, who had an issue of blood for twelve years, as the symbol. We learn the origin of this curious name from St. Epiphanius. He tells us that some heretics honoured a certain Prounice, in order that they might satisfy their passions, concealing under a lying allegory whatever was unseemly in their acts. And he adds, 'This word Prounice is only an invention of pleasure and voluptuousness. For the epithet *Προυνικεύμενον* implies always an idea of debauch, and denotes libertinage.'† But the name appears not to have been well understood. In the Gospel of Nicodemus, which belongs to the fifth century, we find the woman with the issue bearing a name which has so close a resemblance to that applied to her by the Gnostics, that we can hardly doubt its being taken from them. In that Apocryphal Gospel she is called Beronice, or Bernice. The author probably knew of her being called Prounice, but assimilated that unfamiliar name to one with which he was better acquainted; and Joannes Malala,‡ a writer of the sixth century, gives her the same appellation. As soon as her name was fixed, her pedigree was constructed. She was identified with Berenice, daughter of Salome, sister of Herod. Then, because it happened that a martyr of the name of Beronikos had suffered at Antioch, she was brought to that city to witness to her faith by a cruel death.

Eusebius§ relates that the woman healed by touching the

* See epitaph in Martinelli, p. 208: 'Cornelia, filia Corneli de Briel, Theutonica, uxor Joannis de Dumen, in Romana curia Veronicarum Pictoris, hic sita est. Vix. an. 26 ob. 28 Jan. 1526.'

† Epiphanius, 'adv. Hæres.'

§ 'Hist. Eccl.,' lib. vii. c. 18.

‡ 'Chronogr.,' p. 305.

fringe of Christ's robe was not ungrateful for her cure, but erected an image in bronze of the Saviour, with herself kneeling at his feet, her hands extended. At the foot of this statue grew a strange plant which, when it reached the fringe of the pallium, acquired miraculous virtues, and was capable of healing all kinds of diseases. Eusebius adds that he saw the figure still erect. Photius* has preserved a passage of Asterius, Bishop of Amasea, who lived at the beginning of the fifth century, and who says that this evidence of the gratitude of the woman remained for many years uninjured, but that Maximin, enraged at the devotion rendered by the faithful to this statue, ordered it to be removed. However, it was not broken. Under Constantine it was replaced within the enclosure of a church, but Julian the Apostate had it beaten to pieces, and his own statue erected on its pedestal. From the anecdote given by Eusebius, it is evident that the woman with the issue was connected popularly with a representation of Christ. And this woman was supposed to be called Beronice.

A certain Methodius forged the story of a Jewish lady, named Veronica, having come to Rome to cure the Emperor Tiberius of leprosy. Marianus Scotus (ob. 1086) copied it, and Jacques Phillippe de Bergamo, who continued his chronicle, enriched it with additional details. The legend is certainly not very ancient, or it would have been alluded to in the ancient Breviary of St. Peter of the Vatican, in which, however, St. Veronica is not so much as mentioned. The story in Marianus Scotus, as added to by copyists, is as follows:—The Emperor Tiberius was afflicted with leprosy. Hearing of the miracles of our Lord, he sent for Him to Jerusalem. But Christ was already crucified and had risen and ascended into Heaven. The messengers of Tiberius, however, ascertained that a certain Veronica possessed a portrait of Christ, impressed by the Saviour himself on a linen handkerchief, and preserved by her with reverence. Veronica was persuaded by them to come to Rome, and the sight of the sacred image restored the Emperor to health. Pilate was then sentenced by him to death for having unjustly crucified our Lord.†

We have evidence here of the Eastern myth of the Abgarus portrait penetrating and colouring the Western fable.

In a Latin poem of the twelfth century, both Titus and

* 'Bibliotheca,' cod. 271.

† Marianus Scotus, lib. i. p. 550, ed. Pistor. Ratisbon, 1726.

Vespasian are sick and desire the sight of Christ. But an unnamed woman addresses the imperial messengers with these words. 'In vain ye seek the heavenly physician. Pilate has crucified Him, but three days after He rose again, and He has ascended into Heaven. He has left power to his disciples to heal the sick. I loved Him from my heart, and I besought Him to give me a remembrancer of Himself, for He often announced to his own that He would die on the cross, and would return to the right-hand of his Father. Then He took my handkerchief and pressed it to his face. And I saw with astonishment his portrait stamped thereon, his black beard, his gleaming eyes. 'I hold you worthy of this keepsake,' said He; 'preserve it with reverence, for it will heal all diseases.' And by means of this miraculous linen the two Cæsars were cured.*

According to Jacques de Voragine (ob. 1298) the messenger sent by Tiberius to Jerusalem was called Volusianus. Veronica employs an artist to take the likeness of Christ, but our Lord, out of compassion for her, takes a towel and fixes his portrait on it. This version is unmistakably identical with the Eastern fable of Abgarus as related by St. John of Damascus or Constantine Porphyrogeneta.

As fully developed in the middle ages, the myth ran as follows:—The Emperor Vespasian was ill of cancer, and his life was despaired of by his physicians. Hearing of the miracles of Christ, he sent a messenger to Judæa with orders that He should be brought to Rome. But Christ was then in heaven. At that time there lived in Galilee a lady named Veronica, who suffered grievously from an issue of blood; this woman was healed of her disease by Christ, and in gratitude she wiped his face, as He went to Calvary, with a veil, and his portrait was thereon impressed. Other versions of the story relate that Mary wiped the face of Christ whilst on the cross, and gave the figured napkin to the weeping Veronica who stood by. With this miraculous portrait the holy woman sought Rome; there she fell in with St. Clement, who accompanied her to the Emperor's palace. The rest shall be told by the quaint old French 'Life of Jesus Christ,' printed and reprinted in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries:—

'And on the morrow, at the hour of tierce, all his barony were assembled, and the Emperor summoned Guy; then, following him, came Veronica, who bare the veil (*touaille*) in her right hand, and she gave it to St. Clement. And when they came before the Emperor,

* 'Anzeiger für Kunde des Mittelalters,' 1835. p. 425.

Veronica saluted him and said, "Sire, will it please you to hearken to this *pseudhomme*, who is one of the disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ, and after the sermon, at God's will, you shall be healed."

'Then the Emperor commanded all his people to listen attentively, and Saint Clement mounted a pulpit, and began to preach from the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, of his Nativity, his Passion, his Resurrection, and after that he put himself with Veronica in prayer to Jesus Christ that He would perform a miracle. And when they had finished their prayer, they displayed before the Emperor the veil on which was the face of Jesus Christ; then they bade him adore it, and as soon as he had worshipped, he was made whole, as though he had never been ill, and he went lightly as any man of his company. Thereat he, and all the people who beheld, had great joy, and gave thanks to our Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ, as Saint Clement had instructed them.'

We can account for the introduction of St. Clement into this fable by another confusion of personages. In the 'Recognitions of St. Peter,' an apocryphal work, there appears a woman called Bernice, daughter of Justa the Canaanite, who receives into her house Clement, Nicetas, and Aquila, who come from Cæsarea, and to them she relates the miracles wrought by Simon Magus. Beronice or Bernice is the same name as Veronica, the Greek B being converted into the Latin V; as, in the Cyrillic alphabet of Russia to this day, the character B has the sound of V.

Let us now state, in tabular form, the steps by which the fable was developed:—

1. Pronicos, or Pronice, by the Gnostics, was the name of the woman with an hemorrhage.
2. This woman, according to Eusebius, made an image of Christ which possessed healing properties.
3. In the sixth century the woman with the flux was popularly called Bernice, an adaptation of the name Pronice.
4. A Bernice is said to have entertained St. Clement at Tyre.
5. In the eleventh century the Westerns became acquainted with the sacred portrait at Byzantium, through the visits of the Crusaders and the writings of St. John of Damascus.
6. Constantine Porphyrogeneta tells two stories of the Abgarus portrait; one the genuine Eastern myth, the other resembling the Western fable then in process of formation.
7. The name of the woman Bernice had at this period been Latinised into Veronica.
8. The Westerns in the twelfth century adapted the story of the Abgarus picture to Veronica, led to this by a false etymology of

of her name. In the place of Abgarus they put *Vespasian*, *Ananias* was replaced by *Veronica*, and *St. Clement* stood for *St. Thaddæus*.

We have little doubt that there were portraits of Christ, popularly called *vera-icons*, before the fable had developed; but that they were not attributed to the woman with the bloody issue till the Eastern legend of the healing of Abgarus by the face-impressed towel had become current. Then, at once, misled by the name, and by a floating reminiscence of the story of *Eusebius* touching her and the miraculous image, the myth about her crystallized at once.

The veil, in after fables, was in many folds, to account for the number of *veronicas* existing in Christendom. One, as we have seen, was at Rome, another at Jaen in Andalusia, a third at *Montreuil-les-Dames* at Laon, another again at Cologne, and a fifth at Milan, besides the two Abgarus true icons at *St. Sylvester's*, Rome, and *St. Bartholomew's*, Genoa.

Such then is the history of this pretty, but utterly mythical story. It is certainly to be regretted that the Roman Church, knowing, as she well does, how fabulous the legend of *St. Veronica* is, should yet countenance the admission of that story into the series of stations which adorn the churches and form part of the devotions of her laity. A more beautiful and touching office than that of the *Via Dolorosa* can hardly be conceived, but it is disfigured by the *Veronica* myth, which is at once shocking to the reverence and revolting to the reason of English churchmen.

We shall next briefly notice such other portraits of Christ as claim to be authentic, whether in colour or in writing. Of the former, that said to have been painted by *St. Luke* is the most interesting. The Greek monk *Michael*, in his *Life of his master*, *Theodorus Studites* (ob. 826), relates that *St. Luke* painted a beautiful likeness of our Saviour. This assertion was readily adopted by later writers. Among others, *Simon Metaphrastes* (fl. 936) repeats it, and *St. Thomas Aquinas* (ob. 1274) refers to the picture as existing in the chapel of the *Sancta Scala* in the Lateran. *Gregory IX.*, in 1234, had the following inscription placed above this portrait:—

‘Hoc in sacello salvatoris nostri effigies, a B. Luca depicta,
Veneratione tam debita quam devote custoditur.’

An ancient German poem, of 1175, confuses this story with that of *Veronica*; and relates that at the request of this lady *St. Luke* undertook to paint Christ, but after three unsuccessful attempts gave up in despair. Then Christ washed his face, and
wiping

wiping it in a towel left thereon the impression of his features. Veronica performed great wonders with the picture, and cured the Emperor Vespasian of a mortal disease. It will be seen that this is a mere adaptation of the story given by Constantine.*

Jacques de Voragine says nothing, in his '*Legenda Aurea*,' of the portrait by St. Luke, but the Evangelist Luke was believed in his time to have been a painter, and in 1340 we find a confraternity of artists under his invocation, in Italy and in Germany.

Nicephorus, son of Callistus, in his *Ecclesiastical History*,† roundly asserts as a fact that St. Luke took the portraits of our Lord, the Virgin Mary, and the Apostles, and he describes the features of the Saviour from this picture which he had seen; and William Rufus was wont to swear '*per sanctum vultum de Luca*.'‡ This portrait is in the possession of the Benedictines of Vallombrosa. It is a painting of very considerable antiquity, in tempora on a panel of cypress wood. The features are strongly emphasized, the face long, the eyes large and bright, with eyelids drooping, and arched brows.

Another sacred picture is that given by St. Peter to the Senator Pudens, which is exhibited, on Easter day, in the Monastery of St. Praxides. The story goes that it was sketched by St. Peter for the daughters of Pudens, one evening at supper, on the napkin of Praxides. This picture dates back to a period before Constantine. It was encased in silver by Innocent III.; the keepers of this relic suffer none to approach sufficiently near to distinguish its characteristics.

It will be remembered that when Christ was laid in the tomb his body was wrapped in fine linen, and a linen napkin was on his face. These relics are said to be preserved at Besançon and Turin. The Turin linen shows the blood-stained outline of the Saviour's body; that at Besançon is marked with the ointments. The features are impressed on the napkin, and are of the Byzantine type. Chifflet wrote a curious and scarce work on these relics, in the 17th century.§ His description is this, '*Cæsaries prolixior, non admodum densa, leniter ad crispas declinans et juxta morem Nazaræorum in vertice discriminata; barba mediocriter promissa et in medio bifurcata; frons plana et serena; nasus leni et modico tractu diffusus; recta brachia et crura—omnia demum quæ speciosum forma præ filiis hominum deceant.*'

* W. Grimm, '*Die Sage v. Ursprung der Christusbilder*.'

† Niceph., '*Hist. Eccles.*,' lib. ii. c. 43.

‡ Eadmer, in '*Act. Sanct.*' Apr. 21. But William of Malmesbury, (lib. iv. c. 1.) says he swore by the sacred crucifix of Luca.

§ J. J. Chiffletius, '*De Linteis sepulchralibus Christi*.' Ant. 1624.

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2 L

Nicodemus,

Nicodemus, according to a medieval legend, was a sculptor, and he carved a crucifix for Gamaliel, which, after the destruction of Jerusalem, was lost. But another crucifix by the same sculptor is exhibited in the Cathedral of Lucca.

Another portrait is the Nazareum, which is certainly of considerable antiquity, and is probably the earliest extant copy of the famous Edessa picture. It is found in the Latin convent at Nazareth on the Mensa Christi. This picture is engraved in Abraham Norow's travels in Palestine.*

The Genoese portrait, which claims to be original, but which is probably only a very early copy, represents the Saviour with trifurcated beard, and round full face of Byzantine type. A very beautiful, but late, Abgarus portrait is in the late Prince Consort's collection, now in the National Gallery.

Such are the principal representations of the Saviour which lay claim to authenticity. Although we cannot allow this claim, we are ready to concede their remote antiquity. All are of Eastern origin and of Byzantine type.

But these are not the only early delineations of Christ's features which have come down to us. The others are in sculpture on sarcophagi, in enamel on glass, in fresco in the catacombs, or in mosaic.

The sarcophagi of Christian origin are of white marble, richly decorated with bas-reliefs, and, except in the subjects represented, not materially differing from those of pagans. One of the earliest of these sarcophagi is that of Junius Bassus, who died in 359. On it Christ is represented four times, youthful, almost childish, with flowing hair and beardless chin; the face is of the usual classic type. From the intermixture of pagan with Christian symbolism on these tombs, it is not improbable that the sculptors were not Christians, but that they executed figures and groups according to order, without understanding the signification of the subjects they executed. If such be the case, it will account for the fact that the Christ-type of the sarcophagi in no way differs from the received classic models. A similar type appears in some of the ornamented glass vessels discovered in the catacombs. A beautiful goblet imbedded in the mortar of the tomb of Eutychia, 'happiest of women,' bears on it an enamelled representation of our Lord raising Lazarus, youthful, with curled hair, and beardless. But on another from the same tomb, Christ is bearing the fruit of the tree of life, bearded, with hair flowing and parted, and with a long straight nose. ('Art Journal,' vol. iii. p. 34.)

* 'Putecestvie po satoe zemlie.' Petersburg, 1844, vol. ii. p. 90.

Few of the paintings in the catacombs date from the second century. They represent Christ under types and symbols, and not historically. Thus He appears repeatedly as a good Shepherd, or as a Lamb surrounded by sheep; sometimes as Jonah cast ashore by the whale, or as Noah in his ark, or as Orpheus charming the savage beasts by his magic lyre. In none of these paintings can we expect to find a typical character of feature, such as appears in historical portraits. However, there are some representations of Christ in these cemeteries which are not symbolic, and in them the traditional features appear.

In the catacomb of St. Calixtus, on the ceiling of the fourth chamber, is a large medallion surrounded with a symmetrical ornament of doves and arabesques. This medallion contains a bust in which it is hard not to recognise the Saviour. The figure is partially nude, but over the left shoulder is cast some drapery. The face is oval, with a lofty smooth brow, arched eyebrows, a straight nose, and a grave and mild expression. The hair is parted and flows in curls to the shoulders; the beard is scanty, short, and bifurcated; and the appearance is that of a man of from thirty to forty years of age.*

In the catacomb of SS. Nereus and Achilles there is also a full-length figure of Christ of the conventional type, with parted hair, beard and moustache. (*'Art Journal,'* vol. vii. p. 66.) In that of St. Agnes there is a very singular defaced nude figure of our Lord as the 'Resurrection and the Life,' the brow lofty, the face not oval but long, the underlip coarse, moustache, small pointed beard, eyes obliterated.

In the cemetery of Prætextati there is a later fresco of Christ teaching as a philosopher, with the nimbus and A and Ω, the face of the conventional type, but without divided beard. A good copy of this painting is to be seen in the museum of the Lateran. Another beautiful head of Christ, of small size, taken from the catacombs, is now in the Vatican. Christ is represented between Judas and St. John at the Last Supper, with his mouth open addressing them. This is attributed by Mr. Heapy to the second century, but it is certainly later. It is to be regretted that the articles on the portraits of Christ, contributed by Mr. Heapy to the *'Art Journal,'* are so deficient in critical accuracy as to be of little value. The beautiful head of Christ from the cemetery of St. Ponziano, with cruciform jewelled nimbus, must be attributed to the seventh century; it agrees in every particular with the famous description of the Saviour by Lentulus,

* See Kugler's *'Handbook of Painting: Italian Schools,'* edited by Sir C. L. Eastlake, p. 16.

to be quoted hereafter. Scarcely earlier is that life-sized bust, also with nimbus gemmed, on the tomb of St. Cecilia, which Mr. Heapy supposes to be a production of the fourth century. The face is pear-shaped, the moustaches small; there is no beard, but the neck is fringed.

Next to the fresco portraits of Christ come the mosaic representations in the ancient basilicas and churches of Italy. The earliest of these are: S. Maria Maggiore in Rome (425-430); the basilica of St. John in Ravenna (430-440); the arch of S. Paolo at Rome (440); the fragments in the baptisteries of the Lateran (462), and St. Apollinare at Ravenna (before 526); SS. Cosmo and Damian in Rome (526-530); S. Maria Maggiore in Ravenna (after 526); St. Vitalis in Ravenna (534-547); and St. Sophia in Constantinople (558-563). In the mosaics of these churches the face of the Lord closely resembles the Byzantine type.

The arch of S. Paolo-fuori-le-Muri at Rome, rescued from the flames in 1823, represents the four-and-twenty elders offering their crowns. In the dome of the apse is the Saviour in glory, with the founders of the church in adoration on either side. Christ is in a double nimbus of 15 feet in diameter, made up of rays. His right hand is elevated in benediction, his left holds the sceptre. He is not, as in St. Calixtus, half naked, but clothed to the neck. The face is calm and grave, the hair very long, the eyes large and lustrous. More beautiful as a work of art is the marvellous head in SS. Cosmo and Damian in the Roman forum, which may be regarded as one of the most wonderful of medieval figures, for the majesty, the solemnity of the countenance, and the dignity of the carriage.

Let us now turn to the literary sketches of the portrait of our Lord which have descended to us.

St. Jerome (ob. 420) says that in the face and eyes of Christ there was something heavenly, so that from their glory and majesty the hidden Godhead flashed forth. Origen (ob. 253) held the curious opinion that Christ had no fixed appearance, but that He was manifested to each according to his idea of human beauty. Photius (ob. 892) remarks on the difference in the representations of Christ made by Romans, Indians, Greeks, and Ethiopians; each nation thinking the Redeemer to have borne its typical features. Theophanes, who lived at the same time as Photius, says that some historians describe Christ as having had curled and scanty hair. St. John of Damascus (ob. circ. 760) in his letter to the Emperor Theophilus enters into fuller particulars. He says Christ was tall and stately, had brows uniting over the nose, beautiful eyes, a large nose (*ἐπιρρῖνος*), curled hair, and a black

black beard. His hair was a gold-brown, like wheat (*σιτόχρους*), resembling that of his mother, and his head was bowed somewhat forward. A passage of the same date, but not by St. John of Damascus, though attributed to him, describes Christ in very similar terms.

The next, and more precise account, is that in the apocryphal letter of Lentulus, who is supposed to have lived at the time of Christ and to have been about the person of Pilate, to the Roman senate, and which was said to have been extracted from the Roman annals by a certain Eutropius, but its monkish paternity clearly stamps it as a forgery of the middle ages. This first appears in the writings of St. Anselm of Canterbury (ob. 1107): 'He is a man of tall stature, comely, having a venerable countenance, which those beholding must love or fear. His hair is waving and curled, rolling to his shoulders, having a parting in the middle of the head after the manner of the Nazarenes, a brow smooth and serene, a face without wrinkle or blemish of any kind, rendered beautiful by a moderate colour. There is no fault to be found with the nose and mouth; he has a full and red beard the colour of his locks, not long, but bifurcated, and eyes bright and changeable.' Another version of this letter adds that his hair was the colour of the hazel-nut, the eyes greyish blue and full of light.

'His hands and arms are beautiful. He is terrible in reprehension, but mild and full of love in instruction; cheerful, but with steadfast earnestness. No one ever saw Him laugh, but often has He been seen to weep. Precise and modest in his speech, He is in all perfect, and the fairest of the sons of men.'

The monk Epiphanius, in 1190, gives a very similar description of the appearance of Christ; but the most precise and complete account is that of Nicephorus Callistus Xanthopoulos, who lived in Constantinople between the years 1325-1350, and compiled an ecclesiastical history in twenty-three books, of which the last five are lost. His description is most probably taken from the ancient Abgarus picture in St. Sophia, helped out by notices in earlier historians. He tells us that from ancient descriptions we may learn what the figure of Christ was: *

'He was beautiful in body, his height seven complete spans, his hair was yellowish, not thick, and at the ends somewhat curled. His eyebrows were black, only a little arched, and without break (*καὶ οὐ πᾶν ἐπικαμπείς*); his eyes were hazel, of that description called bright-eyed (*χαροποι*), not dim, in no

* Niceph., 'Eccles. Hist.,' lib. i. c. 40.

way misformed, not wandering. His nose was prominent, his beard reddish, not profuse, but the hair of his head was abundant, for never had razor or hand of man shorn it. His neck was somewhat bent, so that He did not walk perfectly upright; the colour of his face was a yellow-brown, like ripe wheat; his face was not round, nor pointed, but, like his mother's, a little drooping and slightly blushing. His very countenance indicated a man of intelligence, with manners grave, calm, and removed from anger. In all things was He like his most pure mother.'

As both Nicephorus and the pseudo Damascene allude to the resemblance borne by Christ to the Virgin Mary, it will be interesting to see her portrait sketched by the same Nicephorus.* 'Mary was in everything modest and earnest; she spake little, and then only about necessities; she was very courteous, and rendered to all honour and respect. She was of middle stature, though some assert her to have been somewhat taller. She spake to all with an engaging frankness, without laughing, without embarrassment, and especially without rancour. She had a pale tint, light hair, piercing eyes with yellowish olive-coloured pupils. Her brows were arched and modestly (!) black, her nose moderately long, her lips fresh, and full of amiability when speaking; her face not round or pointed, but longish; hands and fingers fairly long. Finally, she was without pride, simple, and without guile; she had no insipidity about her, but was unassuming. In her dress she was fond of the natural colour, which is still visible in her sacred head-gear,—in short there was in all her ways divine grace.'

Cedrenus describes her as of moderate height, with yellowish brown hair and hazel eyes, long fingers, and dress of no vivid colour; whilst Xaverius inclines to her having bluish eyes and golden hair; both agree with Nicephorus that her fingers were long.

The work of Dr. Glückselig, which heads the list prefixed to this article, is the result of many years spent in examining and collating all the ancient portraits and descriptions of the Saviour. By selection of all the best points in these representations, and harmonizing their leading characteristics, he has, as he believes, arrived at an authentic likeness of our blessed Lord, a small chromolithograph of which is the frontispiece to his work; whilst a larger one has been published by him for churches and oratories. A more unsatisfactory result can hardly be conceived; the face

* Niceph., 'Eccles. Hist.,' lib. ii. c. 23.

is nice and pretty, but absolutely soulless. The labour of the learned Doctor has been one of love, but he has worked under the disadvantage of Papal patronage, which required him to trust too implicitly to the authenticity of the relics of St. Veronica and Abgarus. These two portraits, he endeavours to prove, are the typical Christ suffering and Christ glorified of art, the Christ who 'hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him' (Is. liii. 2), and the Christ 'fairer than the sons of men' (Ps. xlv. 2).

'Quale è colui, che forse di croazia
Viene à veder la Veronica nostro,
Che per l' antica fama non si sazia.'

Dante, Par. c. xxxi.

Alas! that when we do look at this vera icon, the antiquity of which is indisputable, we should see, as Canon Montault tells us, but a blank.

We believe, however, on other evidence than that of so-called authentic portraits, that the generally accepted type of countenance attributed to the Son of Man rests on no arbitrary selection. It is evident that both in East and West, at a very early age, and without collusion, delineators of the sacred person of Christ were guided by some particular traditional type, materially differing from the classic ideal of perfection. In the rudest of ancient portraits the Divinity shines through the Manhood, whereas the noblest representations of Greek or Roman deities fail to render, by just proportions and perfection of grace, the idea of the Divine. It is difficult to conceive how the early decorator of St. Calixtus, and the painter of the sacred picture of Edessa, could have represented our blessed Lord with features and characteristics so essentially similar, unless following a traditional guide. And when we consider the intensity of interest which from the earliest age of the Church attached to every particular connected with Christ, it is possible that one so important as His personal appearance should have become matter of loving tradition to be reverently transmitted to those who 'not having seen yet have believed.'

- ART. VIII.—1. *Travels to discover the Source of the Nile.* By James Bruce, of Kinnaird, Esq. London, 1790.
2. *A Voyage to Abyssinia.* By Henry Salt, Esq. London, 1814.
3. *Life in Abyssinia : being Notes collected during Three Years' Residence and Travels in that Country.* By Mansfield Parkyns. London, 1853.
4. *Voyage en Abyssinie.* Par Messrs. Ferret et Galinier. Paris, 1847.
5. *Reisen in Ost-Afrika.* Von J. L. Krapf, 'Ph. Dr. Kronthal, 1858.
6. *The Highlands of Æthiopia.* By Major W. Cornwallis Harris. London, 1844.
7. *The British Captives in Abyssinia.* By Charles Beke, Ph. Dr. London, 1867.
8. *Further Correspondence respecting the British Captives in Abyssinia.* (Presented to the House of Commons by Order of Her Majesty, in pursuance of their Address, dated July 8, 1867.)
9. *Routes in Abyssinia.* (Compiled at the Topographical and Statistical Department of the War Office. By Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Cooke, C.B., R.E. 1867.)
10. *Map of Upper Nubia and Abyssinia.* By Keith Johnston, F.R.S.E. 1867.
11. *Map of Abyssinia.* By James Wyld. 1867.

NOT many months ago Abyssinia was to the generality of Englishmen 'terra incognita.' None, save a few geographers, the readers of Bruce's travels, some missionaries and the relatives of the unhappy prisoners at Magdala, knew, or cared to know, much about that part of the world. Shall we say: Would that this indifference had been permitted to continue, and that England had not been forced by circumstances to drag that unknown country from its obscurity at a vast sacrifice of money, and, it may be, at some cost of life? Or shall we rather accept these circumstances as designed by Providence for the purpose of extending to that people the blessings of civilisation, of restoring to Ethiopia its pristine commercial importance, and, finally, of converting the natives from nominal to real Christianity?

We are not prepared to answer this question, which time alone can determine.

It is not requisite to enter at any length on the causes which have made an armed expedition necessary. For many years we have had a Consul at Massowah, who acted as the medium for all official

official communications between our Government and that of Abyssinia. At one time the officer who held this post was high in the favour of the present ruler. But he subsequently incurred the displeasure of the despot, who put him in chains, and with him a number of Europeans who, as missionaries, mechanics, or traders, had visited the country. After various attempts to obtain the release of our Consul by other means, the Foreign Office sent a special envoy, as bearer of a letter from Her Majesty to the Emperor. Mr. Rassam had been employed, for many years, in various political offices in Turkish Arabia and at Aden, where he was assistant to the Resident. His knowledge of Oriental languages and habits, and his conciliatory disposition, were valuable qualifications for such a duty as that required of him as the bearer of a demand for the release of Consul Cameron. The letters and messages with which he was charged dealt with the imprisonment of our Consul as an unfortunate misunderstanding, which it was hoped might be explained, and possibly atoned for by his release at Mr. Rassam's intercession. Mr. Rassam was further provided with suitable presents, and accompanied by a suite, among whom were Lieutenant Prideaux, a British officer who had been for some time attached as an assistant at the Aden residency, and Dr. Blanc, the surgeon of the residency. After landing at Massowah, and sending on letters announcing the arrival of the mission and its object, they were kept for many months waiting an answer from the Emperor, who seems to have been long uncertain how he should receive them. At length Mr. Rassam got permission to proceed. On his first arrival at the royal camp he was graciously received, and by his prudent and conciliatory demeanour he appears soon to have become a great favourite with the Emperor, who, after many delays and disappointments, such as are usual at such courts, at length made over Consul Cameron and other prisoners to Mr. Rassam, with the warmest expressions of respect for our sovereign, and of personal regard for her Majesty's envoy. Mr. Rassam had apparently achieved the object of his mission, and had every reason to believe himself on his way back with the released prisoners in his charge, when a change came over the Emperor's views. He wanted more presents and a fresh batch of European artisans, and his friend Rassam must stay with him till they arrived in Abyssinia. It was from the first evident that the Emperor's request was equivalent to a command from a despot who knew no law but his own will, and who would brook no refusal. Mr. Rassam transmitted the demand to the English Foreign Office, and it was so far complied with that presents and
a number

a number of English artificers were sent out. But before they reached Massowah another change had come over the Emperor, and his conduct had been such that Colonel Merewether very properly detained the artisans, and declined to place any more Englishmen in the power of a despot who, from whatever cause, clearly did not consider himself amenable to any known code which regulates diplomatic intercourse between civilized nations.

It appears that long after it became clear that Mr. Rassam and all his party were to all intents and purposes state prisoners, the Emperor continued to treat Mr. Rassam with a mockery of personal kindness, his fetters were not of the same kind as those put on the other captives, and the Emperor continued to speak of and even to write to him as his beloved personal friend, whom he was compelled to treat with a semblance of severity, but for whom he felt undiminished personal regard. The letters from the captives are naturally very guarded in their expressions, but enough is stated to show that whatever may have been his intentions towards Rassam personally, the tender mercies of the Emperor were but cruel, and that for many months the officers entrusted with the delivery of a message from the Queen of England have not known what it was to feel secure that their lives might not at any moment be sacrificed to some blind freak of the Emperor.

The last possible ground for attributing the Emperor's behaviour, in part at least, to misunderstanding or ignorance, has been removed by his reception of Mr. Flad, a German missionary, who had long been a fellow-prisoner of Consul Cameron, and was allowed to visit England as bearer of letters from Mr. Rassam, leaving his wife and family behind him in Abyssinia as hostages for his return. He went back according to his promise, and there seems no room to doubt that he faithfully discharged his mission, and in the clearest terms stated to the Emperor the consequences of his continued refusal to release the English captives; but his statements appear to have produced no visible effect whatever on the Emperor's bearing towards his captives.

We have briefly recapitulated these circumstances, well known as they must be to a majority of our readers, because, on the eve of operations such as are about to be undertaken in Abyssinia, it is well we should bear in mind that, whatever the merits or demerits of this or that agent, or the wisdom of this or that particular step, the British Government has omitted nothing which could be reasonably expected to conduce to a peaceful solution of the difficulty. Envoys and intercessors of every
imaginable

imaginable kind have been employed, with a patience which on the part of any other but a very powerful nation might well have been attributed to a wrong motive; and we doubt whether any reasonable man, who is by habit or experience at all qualified to judge of such matters, could now suggest any other course, with any prospect of success, but either to place the matter in the hands of a soldier empowered to back his demands by force, or to leave the consul, and the gentlemen who went at the bidding of the British Government to negotiate for his freedom, to perish, if not by the sword of the Emperor's executioners, certainly by the rigours of the imprisonment for which, in the case of Mr. Rassam and his suite, no shadow of an excuse has ever been alleged.

We doubt if there was ever a case in which a powerful nation has resorted to force against such a foe with such genuine reluctance, and with such an entire absence of all meaner or ulterior objects of political or commercial advantage, or even of military glory. Circumstances have hitherto kept the case of the captives very much out of the range of sensational writing, and we question whether there is a politician of high standing in any party, or a commercial man of any weight in the city, who would not consider a week's expenses of the expedition a heavy price to pay for the most absolute political and commercial control over the Ethiopian Emperor and his whole realm.

Our soldiers and sailors will always be ready for any service of danger, and would volunteer to rescue the captives, as they did to find traces of Sir John Franklin; but there is little prospect of any military glory to be obtained in fighting against such an enemy, and the present operations are undertaken neither lightly nor from any hope of selfish aggrandisement, but from a settled conviction that we must not leave our countrymen to perish in prison, and that we have exhausted every other visible means of effecting their release.

Public opinion has thus become powerfully interested in the question of Abyssinia; and information as to the nature of the country, its supplies, its climate, and the dangers and difficulties it presents to the march of an invading force, is eagerly sought for. And not without cause: for the progress of the expedition which is about to be sent to that country will be narrowly watched by more nations than our own, and by its conduct and result will the military prowess of England be, to some extent, measured.

The object of the present article is, therefore, to lay before our readers some account of the topography of Abyssinia, which, however slight, cannot fail to be of interest at the present moment; and which may, perhaps, have the effect of correcting in
some

some degree the rather vague notions which prevail with respect to that country.

Abyssinia, although comparatively unknown to the British public, has frequently been visited by Europeans (from the days of the celebrated traveller Bruce to the present time) who have published accounts of their experiences in that land. At the head of this article is given a list of the most important of these works, from a perusal of which a very correct notion may be formed of the general character of the country. Among these books we would particularly mention that by the two French Staff Captains Ferret and Galinier. These officers visited Abyssinia in the year 1840, by direction of the Minister for War, Marshal Soult. They remained there twenty months, exploring the province of Tigré, and the result of their labours has been a very interesting account of the general character, the produce, the geological structure, the zoology, and the botany of the country.

It is to be hoped that the present expedition may be the means of adding considerably to our knowledge of that part of the world, in all the above branches of science; for it can hardly be doubted that the military force will be accompanied by some scientific men, the result of whose investigations may perhaps be the chief advantage which may accrue from the undertaking.

Meantime we shall endeavour to convey to our readers the impression left upon our mind by the perusal of the works above quoted; for it is time that the somewhat loose information which has appeared from time to time in the public prints should be tested by the more accurate knowledge to be derived from those works.

For the newspaper accounts are, in truth, various and discordant. What one writer recommends to-day is sure to be contradicted by another writer to-morrow. Take the item of 'carriage' alone, and observe how they differ! One recommends (and with much reason we think) mules, asses and bullocks as the best transport; another advocates camels. Some put their faith in Maltese carts; some in Russian ladder-waggons, while one writer considers elephants to be the correct thing! All this variety of opinion is the result of inaccurate information as to the nature of the district which will probably become the theatre of military operations, and which, as we shall presently show, consists of two distinct and very different kinds of country; thus rendering the transport, which is most suitable for one portion, quite unfit for the other.

Again, the advice volunteered by these writers is no less diverse! The fact of a man having travelled in some part of
Africa,

Africa, however remote from, or unlike, Abyssinia, seems to qualify him, in his own opinion, to become 'military adviser' to the Government; and because he may have, in the course of his travels, met with jungles and deserts, he assumes that the expeditionary force must necessarily meet with similar obstructions, and be exposed to all their dangers and discomforts. In like manner, because our troops died of fever during the war in Ashantee, which is some two thousand and odd miles distant from Abyssinia, is on the deadly western coast of Africa, and probably has no more similarity to Abyssinia than what Fluellen found between Macedon and Monmouth, one gloomy prophet predicts a similar fate for the present expedition. Another assumes that the road taken by Major Harris from Tajourah to Shoa must be the one by which the army is to penetrate to Magdala; and because by that particular route, and by some others in the same quarter, there are some hundreds of miles of howling wilderness to traverse, many of the newspaper writers have jumped to the conclusion that, before our troops can enter the high land of Abyssinia, all the dangers of these miles of deadly burning desert must be faced!

Nor do the 'suggesters' confine themselves to the newspapers. We find by the Abyssinian Blue Book that the Minister for Foreign Affairs has been tolerably besieged by them! Most of them, however, seem to have received but slight encouragement from Lord Stanley, and why he has even taken the trouble to publish their propositions we are somewhat at a loss to understand.

But, perhaps, we are too hard upon these gentlemen! their motives are doubtless better than their advice! and with this charitable thought we will leave them, and proceed to the consideration of the geography and of the natural features of Abyssinia, more particularly with respect to their bearing and effect upon the military operations about to be undertaken in that country.

The geographical limits of the 'Abyssinia' of the present day are no longer those of the ancient kingdom of Ethiopia, which was bounded on the east and south-east by the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden. The whole of that seaboard is now claimed by Turkey; while the low desert country lying between the seaboard and the high-land of Abyssinia is occupied by lawless and independent tribes. 'Abyssinia proper' is now limited to the high-land between the 9th and 16th degrees of north latitude, and the 36th and 40th degrees of east longitude.

The theatre of our military operations will, however, include a portion of the eastern desert and of the seaboard, and may be defined

defined as bounded on the north and north-west by Nubia, on the east and south-east by the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden, and on the south and west by Southern and Central Africa. In common parlance, also, this tract of country may be considered (though not quite correctly) as 'Abyssinia.' The length of this district, from Massowah in the north, to the upper part of the river Hawash in the south, is, as measured in a direct line on the map, about 500 miles. Its breadth, from Metemma in the west to the Red Sea, as measured on the map, is also about 500 miles.

'Abyssinia proper' is divided into six chief provinces; Tigré in the north, Samen and Lasta in the centre, Amhara, Godjam and Shoa in the south. It is intersected by numerous rivers and streams, the latter being, for the most part, mountain torrents. The principal rivers are the March* and the Tacazze (one of the chief tributaries of the Nile), in Tigré; the Abai (a tributary of the Blue Nile), in Godjam; and the Hawash, in Shoa. This latter river flows towards the Gulf of Aden, but loses itself in a lake in that neighbourhood, and does not reach the sea. All these rivers run in deep valleys. In the rainy season they are full and swollen, in the dry season they are fordable at all points, and often contain little or no water.

Abyssinia may be described as a vast high and mountainous table-land, about 500 miles long, with a mean breadth of perhaps 200 miles, rising up from the plains of East Africa. It is bounded on the east by a desert which reaches to the shores of the Red Sea, and on the north, north-west, and west, by the plains of Nubia and of Central Africa. The eastern desert, which separates Abyssinia from the sea, varies very considerably in width. While at Massowah (the principal port on that coast, close to the north-east corner of Abyssinia), it is only a few miles broad, at Amphilla (a seaport 100 miles further south) it is 100 miles broad, at Tajoura (in the Gulf of Aden) 200 miles, and farther south even 300 miles wide.

The eastern edge of the great plateau or high-land of Abyssinia rises abruptly from this desert to a height of between 8000 and 9000 feet above the sea level, and runs due south in a direct line from near Massowah in the north, to the vicinity of the upper Hawash in the south, a distance of 500 miles. To penetrate Central Abyssinia from any point between Massowah and the Gulf of Aden, therefore, this mountain barrier must be ascended.

* Sir Samuel Baker, in his new and interesting book, 'The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia,' tells us the curious fact that this river loses itself in the sand in the vicinity of Kassala, and never reappears—thus correcting the popular idea that it joined the Atbara or the Nile.

The western edge of this plateau is neither so regular in its direction, nor so high, as the eastern edge. Sir Samuel Baker, who, in his exploration of the Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile, travelled along the flat country lying at the base of this western edge, estimates it at about 6000 feet above the sea level. It seems also to fall into the plains of Africa in a somewhat less abrupt manner than the eastern edge, though always, like the latter, opposing a formidable mountain barrier to any one wishing to penetrate Abyssinia from the west. It is this peculiar formation which has enabled Abyssinia to maintain for so many years its independence against the Arabs and the Turks, who have each in their turn endeavoured to conquer it. It is probably also the knowledge of its peculiar natural strength, which has induced Theodore to defy the power of the English.

The plateau of Abyssinia would thus appear to have a general fall or slope from the east to the west, which is, moreover, evident from the fact that all the rivers (with the single exception of the Hawash, which is, moreover, beyond and outside of the high-land) flow towards the west. But though it may, perhaps not incorrectly, be described as a table-land, Abyssinia presents to the traveller all the features and difficulties of a highly mountainous country; for it is intersected by ranges of mountains, some of which rise to the height of 14,000 or even 15,000 feet, and on whose tops both snow and ice are to be found. It is further cut up by rivers whose beds run in extraordinarily deep valleys, so deep as to be 3000 feet below the general level of the plateau.

The following description by a traveller gives a vivid idea of the depth of the valleys scooped out by the rivers of Abyssinia:—

‘Our caravan reached the edge of a tolerably high mountain, and suddenly we saw at our feet a winding, paltry, greenish-looking rivulet, which partly hid itself under the foliage of the trees, as if ashamed of flowing through such a dreary country. This thread of water did not at first sight seem worthy of our notice. However, after having descended the rapid slope which leads to the bottom of the valley, we stop in astonishment; the paltry rivulet had become a large river, and we found ourselves on the bank of the Tacazzé!’*

The surface of the country is thus broken up into a succession of mountains and valleys, opposing to the progress of the traveller steep ascents and descents, which he must surmount, sometimes

* Messrs. Ferret et Galinier.

by narrow rocky passes very difficult in themselves, and which, if occupied by an enemy, would be very dangerous ; at other times by narrow footpaths overhanging frightful precipices.

A single day's journey, indeed, may carry a traveller over plains luxuriant with vegetation and corn and flowers, where his progress is rapid and easy ; it may take him through narrow and intricate valleys ; down one steep bank of a river and up another by difficult paths ; and may even oblige him to escalate a mountain's side, which he can only accomplish by scrambling and climbing up the face of rugged rocks !

For such a country there is no single description of carriage, except pack animals, which can always be relied on. Men as porters are of course always useful, and no Indian force will ever move without them, as bearers of litters for the sick and wounded, or as water-carriers ; and whenever an Indian officer has anything to be carried which will not bear rough jolting—he be it a loaded rocket, a delicate theodolite, or a medicine chest—he puts it in a basket on a porter's head, or slings it from a bamboo on the shoulders of one or a dozen men, who will convey such loads uninjured over roads where an European can scarcely find foothold. But porters must be fed, and the food for them must, in such countries as Abyssinia, be carried with the force, and hence their use is much restricted. Mules, asses, oxen, and ponies, come first, as useful carriage, in the form of pack cattle, in every mountainous country ; but at some seasons, and in some localities below the table-land, the *tsetse* fly is destructive to all cattle but mules and asses.* Every exertion is, we are assured, being made to secure an ample supply of mules from Southern and Eastern Europe and the Levant, as well as in Africa and from India and China. Camels will be useful between the sea coast and the foot of the mountains, and are to be got in all districts bordering the Red Sea. There are also parts near the coast where carts may be valuable auxiliaries, and they will, we are assured, be supplied in frame, and put together should it be found possible to use them. The transports at the command of the Indian Government will render it easy to land on the shores of the Red Sea any description of Indian carriage that may be wanted. It should, however, be remembered that, as pack animals must be the carriage used eventually in the mountains, all loads should be made up in packages suitable for such transport.

* The bite of this fly is death to the horse, ox, and dog. But we learn from Dr. Livingstone and other travellers that mules and asses enjoy the same immunity from the *tsetse* as man and game.

Throughout the whole of Abyssinia there is not a single carriage or cart of any description, nor is there anything at all approaching to what we should call a road. The communications are mere tracks made by caravans and travellers. Here is a description by Messrs. Ferret and Galinier of the portion of the high-road from Dixan to Adoua :—

‘The road we are following is one of the most frequented of Abyssinia; it is the route by which the caravans go to and return from the sea. But do not mistake us: this road has no resemblance to one of our high roads, those commercial roads which traverse our own France; it is a mere path, nothing but a path. The feet of travellers have slowly traced it, and it wanders at hap-hazard over the face of the hills, or through the middle of the plain; here and there it skirts some thorny trees—look out then, or you may chance to tear your clothes and your legs. The country is very hilly, and seems to be well cultivated.’

A previous part of the same road (from Arkiko to Dixan) being the ascent of the Taranta Mountain, is thus described by Bruce :—

‘At half-past two o’clock in the afternoon we began to ascend the mountain, through a most rocky uneven road, if it can deserve the name, not only from its incredible steepness, but from the large holes and gullies made by the torrents, and the huge, monstrous fragments of rocks, which, loosened by the water, had been tumbled down into our way. It was with great difficulty we could creep up, each man carrying his knapsack and arms.’

Mr. Salt gives the following account of the same ascent :—

‘At ten minutes before six in the morning we commenced our journey up the mountain of Taranta. The first part of the road forms, for about a mile, a gradual ascent, which is much encumbered with loose stones and fragments of rock. We passed over this at a brisk rate, in a west by south direction, when we arrived at a steep and rugged part of the mountain, thickly covered with the kolquall,* which at this season bore a beautiful appearance, owing to the crimson colour of its seeds, which were closely set on the ends of every branch. This continued for about two miles, when we reached a very precipitous ascent, which shortly afterwards conducted us to a station called Mijdivella, where travellers often stay during the night, on account of the convenience attached to a spring of water in the neighbourhood. * * * *

‘From Mijdivella the road takes a south-west direction, and becomes in parts so extremely steep, that though Mr. Pearce and others of our party continued to ride, yet the rest found themselves compelled to dismount. One false step of the mule might have precipitated the rider into the depths below. To walk, however, or rather

* A species of *Euphorbia*, the juice of which is said to be venereal.

required no trifling effort for people so long unaccustomed to exertions of this nature, and we consequently felt ourselves obliged every few minutes to rest. Meantime, our attendants, who were habituated from their youth to such expeditions, passed merrily on with their burthens.'

The descent again to Dixan seems to be equally steep.

Mr. Mansfield Parkyns likewise describes the difficulties of Abyssinian travelling; but perhaps the most graphic account is the following, extracted from Messrs. Ferret and Galinier. They are describing part of the same road from Massowah to Dixan:—

'Early on the 12th we recommenced our journey, having quite recovered from the fatigues of the previous day. High mountains rose up in front of us, appearing to bar our further progress. We were anxiously beginning to seek along their scarped and rocky sides for some trace of a path, when, between Mount Adodah and Mount Oligadd, we perceived a narrow defile, offering to us a safe and easy passage. All right now! our hearts are gladdened. It was the valley of Haddas, which, by an almost imperceptible ascent, leads to the foot of the Tarenta, the last step before reaching the plateau of Abyssinia.

'As the crow flies, this valley is only twelve leagues long. But numberless windings, and the fragments of fallen rocks, render the passage through it long, and sometimes difficult. It is, nevertheless, the most direct and the most picturesque road which leads from the Red Sea into Northern Abyssinia. Unfortunately, it is not practicable at all seasons of the year. In summer, water is seldom procurable; during the rainy season, on the contrary, it is the bed of a raging torrent, which fills with every storm, and then the valley is inundated. But at the beginning or at the end of the rains, at the season, in short, at which we traversed it, what an admirable contrast to the country which we were leaving behind us! No longer those monotonous landscapes, those low and sterile deserts, which had wearied our eyes ever since we left Egypt. In the first place, there was the valley, presenting to our astonished eyes a wildness of nature full of variety. The mountains around us have a formidable aspect; they rise up perpendicularly, and some of the rocks of which they are composed, undermined by time, threaten to tumble down and crush us in their fall. But the bottom of the valley forms quite another landscape; one would say a smiling garden! Near us flows a limpid stream; the air is scented with the perfume of plants and flowers which we tread under our feet, and a luxuriant vegetation shades our route with overhanging evergreens. This first part of the valley of Haddas is called Hammamo; it is a delicious valley, which we traversed without fatigue, and almost without knowing it, so much were our thoughts engrossed by the charms of such scenery. Partridges of an extraordinary size, deer, and hares, who were not frightened by our approach, were crossing before our very steps. Without any pity for those graceful creatures, so gentle and so confiding, we shot them almost at the

muzzle

muzzle of our guns, and we beheld, we must confess, with barbarous joy, our table, which had been for so long so frugal, suddenly become abundant and splendid. The noise even of our guns rejoiced us; we threw it as a challenge to the thousand echoes of the valley, and we amused ourselves by terrifying the troops of monkeys who fled away chattering with despair.

‘After leaving Hammamo, the landscape changes: the rivulet disappears, and we suddenly enter a frightfully sterile tract; the road is blocked with stones; all is gloomy and silent; in spite of ourselves, our gaiety gives way to sadness, our happiness is succeeded by weariness. But on rounding the valley a new oasis appears, and we are again in a delicious country. And thus one passes through this sombre valley, passing at one time through a charming district, at another through wild, arid, rocky, and desolate places. * * * * The next day, the 14th, we reach the foot of the Taranta. There, encamped under a vast sycamore, we immediately made our barometrical observations. We were then at 1425 mètres above the Red Sea. The thermometer marked at noon 26° 80’ Centigrade, about 7° lower than at Arkiko.

‘According to our agreement with the Nayb we sent back the camels; these animals, so useful, so precious in the sandy plains, are not suitable to a mountainous country. It was by the help of the Shohos (natives of the country) that we were now to transport our baggage to Dixan. * * * We were three hours going up the Taranta Mountain. An atrocious path, blocked up sometimes by stones which rolled from beneath our feet, sometimes by enormous rocks which we were obliged to scramble over with hands and feet, brought us to the top. There we halted, overcome with fatigue, at a place called Ouady Saassch. What a magnificent sight lay then before our eyes! Towards the sea, we overlooked all the ranges of hills that we had previously crossed. They were jumbled together below us, and appeared so small that we compared them to the waves of the sea. Towards Abyssinia, our eyes wandered far on to the mountains of Tigré, whose light and graceful tops mingled with the blue sky.’

All travelling in Abyssinia is not, however, so rugged. Here is a different scene, as described by the same authors, on the road from Adoua to Antaló:—

‘The route we were following was traced across fields of beans, of *teff*, of *dourah*, of “haricots,” and various other crops. In many places the plain appeared like an immense basket of flowers: jessamine perfumed the air; succulent plants, lavished along the path, rejoiced the eye by their beautiful purple and golden fruit; on the hills groves of mimosa, of colqualls, of date-trees, offered to us a wonderful sight: more wonderful still when one thinks of an European who has seen this magnificent and variegated landscape gives place to a country, intersected by ravines and broken by sterile hills formed of basalt and other volcanic rocks, gave evidence of subterranean fires.’

The above extracts will give our readers a general idea of the nature of the country, and of the difficulty of carrying on military operations in it; but, as Napoleon says, that wherever two men can stand abreast an army may pass, we need not be frightened at these difficulties, which may, moreover, be considerably diminished by the labours of a strong body of pioneers, which, it is to be presumed, will accompany the force.

The climate of Abyssinia, or rather of the district which may be embraced by our military operations, is as various as its topographical configuration. While the whole of the low desert country lying between the high-land and the sea is described as being hot and unhealthy beyond all imagination, and generally as being destitute of food and water, the climate of the high-land, on the contrary, is said to be equable, temperate, and healthy. In January it is compared by one traveller to an English spring, and the nights are called 'intensely cold;' but, indeed, what doubt can there be as to the fineness of a climate in which Mr. Mansfield Parkyns lived for nearly four years with no other head-dress than an occasional pat of butter!

To this general character for salubrity there are, however, certain exceptions. In October, for instance, immediately after the rains, which last from the middle of June to the end of September, the valleys and the low beds of the rivers are very unhealthy and productive of malaria and fever. They should therefore on no account be used as sleeping places, or even as halting places, until November or December. The rainy season itself does not seem to be unhealthy, but it may be a question whether military operations could be carried on during that season.

There are occasionally other evils, in the shape of fever, diarrhœa, and ophthalmia, and some annoyance may be caused by tapeworm,* and the *tsetse* fly of which we have already spoken. It seems, however, that this fly is only to be met in the low country, and it does not appear to be known in the high-land. Many of these inconveniences are incidental to all tropical climates, and will not much affect the bulk of the field force, which will be chiefly composed of native Indian troops; and the evils will no doubt, on actual experience, be found much less formidable than they are represented to be.

Abyssinia is by nature a very productive country, abounding in cattle, game, and wild animals, and producing coffee, wax, butter, barley, corn, fruits, and every kind of vegetable, and other

* This disease is universal among the Abyssinians, and may be attributed to their coarse diet. The remedy is a decoction of the leaves of a certain tree, called 'Kouasso.'

supplies;

supplies; but owing to the disturbed state in which it has been for some years, and to the constant intestine wars, which have prevailed to such an extent as often to change a fruitful district into a barren waste, it is not possible to say what amount of cattle, forage, and supplies may be now forthcoming. Wood and water seem to be plentiful everywhere, except in the desert, although from the fact that pocket filters have been provided for the troops (a novel item, by the way, in a soldier's kit, and one not likely to remain in it after the first day's march!), it would seem that the water is not always of the best quality.

The general language of Abyssinia is the 'Amharic.'* It will probably not be easy to find interpreters who speak both that language and English; but it may not be difficult to procure in Egypt or elsewhere men who speak Amharic and Arabic, and others who speak Arabic and English or Hindostanee; and thus in a roundabout way the means of communicating with the natives may be established. But we must be sparing of 'suggestions' after our hard treatment of 'suggesters.'

The monies current in Abyssinia are the Venetian sequin and the Austrian dollar, but doubtless the English sovereign and the Indian rupee will be received after a time with equal alacrity.

The object of this paper being solely to consider the subject of Abyssinia with reference to the military operations about to be undertaken, we shall say nothing about the geology or other scientific characteristics of the province, for which we must refer the reader to the work of MM. Ferret and Galinier; and, with the foregoing slight general sketch of the country which is to be the theatre of military operations, we will proceed to the consideration of the peculiar circumstances and nature of the service on which our troops are about to proceed.

When one country decides upon making war upon another country, it is generally in possession of, or, if not, it has the means of obtaining, information upon, the following points:—

1. The military forces of the enemy.
2. The situation of his capital, or of some other important place, the possession of which may have a decisive influence on the campaign.
3. The nature of the country to be operated in, and its supplies.

When these three points have been ascertained, the Government is able to lay down a plan of campaign, having for its object either the occupation of the enemy's capital, or of some other important point (such as Sebastopol in the Crim

* In Tigré, however, they speak a dialect called 'Tig'

Its preparations can then be made with certainty, the strength and composition of the invading army can be determined, the base and line of operations can be fixed, and all other matters, such as transport and supplies, can be provided for.

But in the present case we have no accurate knowledge of the first two points, and not over much of the third; and in this want of knowledge and consequent uncertainty lies the chief difficulty of preparing for the campaign.

The Emperor Theodore was, indeed, at one time said to have an army of sixty thousand men; but how that army was composed, how armed, how organized and drilled, we have no information, except that it consisted chiefly of horsemen, but was in other respects a mere rabble; we do not even know whether at this present moment he has any army at all! By the latest accounts he is said to be surrounded by rebels, and it is not absolutely impossible that he may be virtually as much a prisoner in his camp of Debra Tabor as the English captives are at Magdala. Some artillery he would seem still to have, but whether field or mountain guns we do not know. Even supposing him to have an army of some sort, we know little or nothing of the courage and strength of the soldiers composing it. From Mr. Stern's estimate of the bravery of his guards, who, he thinks, would easily be overcome by a dozen Englishmen armed with revolvers, and from the experience of other travellers, the Abyssinians do not seem to be very formidable warriors. Dr. Krapf considers that two thousand or three thousand English troops would easily overthrow Theodore's army, which, he says, 'may best be compared to an immense band of tinkers.' It is not easy, therefore, to determine the amount of force which is requisite for the undertaking; and the strength of the field force, which is said to be fixed at ten thousand or twelve thousand men, has doubtless been calculated on other considerations (such as the necessity of establishing posts along the lines of communication) than that of the mere strength of the enemy.

Whether that amount is absolutely necessary, or whether, as some think, the job would be better and more quickly done by a handful of picked men under Colonel Merewether, or any other of those Indian officers who have been accustomed to organise 'raids' against the native tribes on the borders of Scinde and the Punjab, is a question which it is needless now to discuss. Sir Robert Napier will have at his disposal the means of attempting the task in whichever fashion he thinks gives most promise of a successful result. On two very critical occasions in Central India, and on the banks of the Peiho in China, he has shown that, where opportunity for a daring stroke
offer

offers, he is not the man to lose it, from any wish to make assurance doubly sure, or from any blind adherence to the formal rules of war, where nothing is to be risked; and he will have at his command the officers and the troops who will, if any men can, ensure success to a dash at an enemy. But should such an attempt seem to him to involve risks greater than the chance of success will justify, he will have the means of proceeding in some regular fashion with a force which, in the opinion of all best qualified to judge, will, if rightly handled, make success as much a certainty as is possible in warfare. Whichever alternative he may adopt, we have every reason, not only to feel confidence in the judgment of a daring yet cautious and experienced soldier, but to feel assured that he will not be driven to adopt against his better judgment either the dashing or the cautious line of action, by any defect in the means which the Government here or in India will place at his disposal.

Our knowledge of the second point, though more certain, is not more satisfactory. King Theodore has at this moment actually no capital, for Gondar, which was the capital, was burned by him in the autumn of last year! Moreover, what was that capital, or what is any Abyssinian town? a mere collection of wretched reed and mud cabins, the possession of which could not have any influence whatever on the campaign! The difficulty therefore is, to know where to strike.

The object of the expedition being the recovery of the prisoners, it may be said that Magdala is naturally the point to be aimed at; and so it would be, if it were certain that the prisoners would remain at Magdala. But what is to prevent their being taken to some remote part of Abyssinia, the moment our troops land on the coast?

Debra Tabor, again, may be looked upon as the 'objective' (as military writers express it) of the campaign, for the Emperor is said to be there at present; and, as it appears to be a sort of natural stronghold, he may be inclined to remain there. Still, all is vague and uncertain, and therefore the safest plan might perhaps be to march upon some point in the direction of those places (Magdala and Debra Tabor), Sokota for instance, and then move against one or the other, or both, according to circumstances. This will, however, be a point for the General in command to determine; and it would be presumptuous in us to express any decided opinion upon it at present.

On the third point—the nature of the country—we are somewhat better informed, and we learn from
rs
now before us, that whatever road
of our army, its march must be

so much on account of any serious opposition which may be expected on the part of the enemy, as from the nature of the country itself, the want of supplies, (with the exception of wood and water, which seem to be plentiful, and in some places of forage,) and the consequent necessity of carrying all the requirements of a large force through a country inaccessible to wheeled transport.

Assuming, then, that the march of the field force will be directed either towards Debra Tabor or Magdala, or, as is more probable, upon Sokota, let us now examine the several roads by which these points may be reached from the Red Sea.

The great lines of communication (we have seen that they cannot properly be called roads) by which the commerce of Abyssinia is brought down to the Red Sea appear to be three in number.

1. Northern or Nubian lines, *viâ* Kassala to Souakin on the Red Sea, of different parts of which accounts are given by Mr. Hamilton, 1854, route marked 16 on Keith Johnston's map; by Münzinger, 1861-2, marked 19; by Mansfield Parkyns, 1845, and Baker, 1861-2, marked 10; by Bruce, 1771-2, marked 17; by Krapf, 1855, marked 18.

2. North-eastern lines to Massowah, Annesley Bay, and Amphilla Bay. These routes and passes are described by Bruce, 1768-73, route marked 1, on Keith Johnston's map; Salt and Pearce, 1809-10, marked 2 and 3; Ferret and Galinier, 1839-43, marked 4 and 5; Mansfield Parkyns, 1843-50, marked 9 and 10; Münzinger, 1867, marked 6. All these lead to Massowah. The routes to Amphilla Bay are described by Don Alonzo Mendez, 1665, route marked 14 on Keith Johnston's map; Coffin, 1810, marked 15.

3. Eastern lines to Tajourah, from Shoa, by Harris, 1841-2, marked 11 on Keith Johnston's map; by d'Hericourt, 1842, marked 12; Isenberg and Krapf, 1839, marked 13. Krapf also describes a route nearly due west from Tajourah to Aussa and Lake Haik along the valley of the river Hawash, which belongs to this series.

Let us see how far these several lines may be available for the purpose of invading Abyssinia.

It has been proposed that the troops should be landed at Souakin, and then march by Kassala and Metemma to Gondar; the supposed advantages of this route being that the greater part of the march would be in the territory of an ally, Egypt, where camels could be procured in any numbers, together with ample supplies. The objections to this route appear to be—first, that when Kassala is reached, after a march of 250 miles, through a desert

desert where everything, even water, is most scarce, the invading force would still be quite as far from the 'objective' (Debra Tabor or Magdala) as it would be had it landed at once at Massowah! The march of 250 miles through the Egyptian territory would be simply a waste of time and strength. The next objection to this route is that at Metemma the camels would have to be changed for mules and asses, as they are quite unsuited to the mountainous country between Metemma and Gondar. But how could mules and asses be procured at that spot? A third objection is, that this line of operations would involve us in military combinations with the Egyptians; any attempt at such combination is earnestly deprecated by the persons best acquainted with the natives of Abyssinia, who seem to entertain such a hatred of the Egyptians that the least appearance of a military movement on their part would, it is said, be certain to cause a general rising of the tribes of Abyssinia. On all these grounds the Souakin-Kassala route may therefore be discarded, as well as all co-operation on the part of Egypt.

The next road by which Debra Tabor and Magdala may be reached is the caravan route from Massowah by Bogos, Kassala, Metemma, and Gondar. This road is even more objectionable in a military point of view than the former, inasmuch as, while the distance from the point of departure to Kassala is much the same by both routes, that from Massowah is more difficult, leads through the enemy's country instead of that of an ally, and involves a long flank march tending away from, rather than towards, Debra Tabor, and exposing the whole line of communication with the base at Massowah to the attack of the enemy. It is, moreover, a very circuitous route, does not possess a single advantage that we are aware of, and may be unhesitatingly rejected.

Before proceeding to the consideration of the north-eastern lines, we may as well dispose of the eastern line from Tajourah to Shoa.

There are two ways of reaching Magdala from Tajourah. The first is that proposed by Dr. Krapf, in a letter to Lord Stanley, dated 1st October, 1866. It leads from Tajourah across the desert to the lake where the river Hawash terminates, thence follows the banks of that river to its junction with the Berkona stream, by which Lake Haik is reached, and thence penetrates into the high-land of Abyssinia, within two days' march of Magdala.

The second road is that taken by
It is very circuitous, and seems

troops. Here is the Major's description of the first portion of it:—

'Here terminates the dreary passage of the dire Tehama, an iron-bound waste, which, at this inauspicious season of the year, opposes difficulties almost overwhelming in the path of the traveller. Setting aside the total absence of water and forage throughout a burning tract of fifty miles—its manifold intricate mountain-passes, barely wide enough to admit the transit of a loaded camel, the bitter animosity of the wild, blood-thirsty tribes by which they are infested, and the uniform badness of the road, if road it may be termed, everywhere beset with the jagged blocks of lava, and intersected by perilous acclivities and descents—it is no exaggeration to state that the stifling sirocco, which sweeps across the unwholesome salt flat during the hotter months of the year, could not fail within eight and forty hours to destroy the hardest European adventurer.'

A mere glance at the section of that line of country at the foot of Mr. Wyld's map is sufficient to condemn this route: and with respect to the one proposed by Dr. Krapf, as well as a third, which Dr. Beke points out, from Raheita (just within the Straits of Bab el Mandeb) direct upon Magdala, it would not seem to be prudent, without further information as to the nature of the desert country through which these routes lead, particularly with reference to water, wood, and forage, to hazard any body of troops, however small, in this direction. The eastern line of communication does not, therefore, appear to be more suitable for our purpose than the northern line, and may probably be rejected.

There remains only the north-eastern line to be considered.

By this line there are three routes leading from Massowah to the centre of Abyssinia. To which may be added a fourth, leading from Amphilla Bay to Sokota.

The first of these routes, starting from Massowah, passes by Kiaguor, Adoua, Axum, to Gondar. It crosses the river Mareb twice, the Tacazze once, and is described as being full of the usual difficulties attending on Abyssinian travelling. It is not so direct either as the other north-eastern roads, and has no particular advantages to recommend it.*

The second of the north-eastern roads, leading from the same port to Debra Tabor by Halai, Adoua, Tembyr, and Hadessa in

* Since the above was in type, we have read the letter of 'Philo-Britannicus,' who describes a route from Massowah by Kiacore (*Kiaguor*), *Adoua*, and *Zahay*, direct by Ebenat, to Debra Tabor. He speaks from *personal* *eye* and recommends this route as the best and most practicable—indeed, to be so many ways of reaching Magdala from the coast—that the real difficulty is likely to be 'l'embarras du choix.'

Belessen, has been described by Mr. Dafton in a letter to the 'Times'; and although this gentleman considers it impracticable for troops, it might be worthy of examination, if Debra Tabor was the desired point to be reached, as it seems to be well supplied with wood, water, and forage; but as Sokota is (according to our notion) the first goal to be aimed at, we may proceed to the consideration of the third north-eastern route, that leading from Arkiko, or Annesley Bay, by Halai, Adi-gerat, and Antalo, to Sokota, from which point the further advance of the troops would be governed by circumstances. This route would appear to be the most direct and practicable of any of those hitherto noticed.

The advantage of this road is, that from Annesley Bay to Halai (on the edge of the plateau, 8500 feet above the sea) is a shorter distance than that from any part of the Red Sea to any part of the high-land. The difficulties of the desert, therefore (whatever they may be), are by this route reduced to the minimum.

Dr. Beke was only twenty-one hours in descending from Halai to Arkiko. From Halai to Annesley Bay would therefore not occupy more than sixteen hours, say three marches, one of which would be over the desert, the other two up the mountain.

From Halai to Sokota this route must evidently be the least difficult of any in Abyssinia, as it keeps along the eastern edge of the plateau, thus avoiding the deep valleys of the rivers Mareb and Tacazze. This line of country is said to be healthy and fertile, and water abundant.

Annesley Bay will probably be found preferable to Massowah, also, as a landing place for troops. In the first place, Massowah itself is an island; this alone is sufficient to condemn it as a landing place, because it would involve an extra embarkation and disembarkation of men and animals. Besides, the following descriptions of it will show that it is quite unfit for a camp. Mr. Parkyns thus describes it:—

‘In a conversation about the comparative heat of different places, an officer of the Indian Navy remarked that he believed Pondicherry to be the hottest place in India, but still, that it was nothing to Aden, while again Aden was a trifle to Massawa. He compared the climate of the first to a hot bath; that of the second to a furnace; while the third, he said, could be equalled in temperature by nothing but—, a place which he had never visited, and which it is to be hoped neither he nor any of us will. Towards the latter end of the month of May thermometer rise to about 120° Fahrenheit in the rust it ranges much higher. Such a climate, —especially so during the summer months,

months, when a number of dangerous diseases prevail, such as dysentery and the usual fevers of the tropical countries. The island is a mere rock of coral, without a vestige of vegetation to enliven its bare face. There are cisterns for collecting the rain-water (no spring existing), but most of these have been allowed to fall into disuse, and the inhabitants of the island are obliged to trust to Arkiko, a village on the mainland, distant some three or four miles, for their supply. This water, moreover, is rather brackish. The extreme heat of the place would not appear extraordinary to any one acquainted with its position. Massowah is open on one side to the sea, while the other is shut in by an amphitheatre of distant hills, sufficiently near, however, to prevent its receiving a breath of air from that direction, but, on the contrary, to collect, as it were, the rays of the sun into the narrow slip of land they enclose.*

The French officers thus describe Massowah:—

'This island is only 1000 mètres long from east to west, and only 400 broad from south to north. It is entirely formed of a coral bank thrown up at some time to the surface of the water by the effect of the general upheaving which may be observed along the whole shore of the Arabian Gulf. Its highest point is hardly more than four mètres above the level of the sea. On it there is not a single spring, not a tree, not even a blade of grass; everywhere bare rock and stone. To obtain drinking-water, cisterns are hollowed out, in which is collected that precious rain which, though rare, falls from time to time from October to March; a scanty supply, since it is barely sufficient for the wants of the governor and his friends. The water which the populace drinks is obtained from the brackish springs of the continent, from Arkiko and Moukoullen. Half of the island belongs to the dead, the other half to the living. In the eastern portion are the tombs; in the western, the town. The cisterns are among the tombs.

'In November the thermometer at 9 in the morning, in the shade, stood at 31° (Centigrade), at noon at 34°, at 3 p.m. at 38°, and at 9 in the evening at 30°—respectively 87·8°, 93·2°, 91·4°, and 86° of Fahr.'

A hot and dreary place in all conscience! let us hope that our troops may not become better acquainted with it.

The last route to be noticed is that from Amphilla Bay, by Antalo, to Sokota, mentioned by Colonel Merewether as worthy of attention. This road was travelled over by Mr. Coffin as far as Chilicut (close to Antalo) in January, 1810. It apparently cuts into the Halai-Sokota road at Adi-gerat, and the pass by which it ascends the high-land over Mount *Senafé* (as Mr. Coffin calls it) does not appear to be so difficult as the passage over Mount Taranta, which we have already described.

Mr. Coffin was nine days from Amphilla to Chilicut, the first portion of the route for about 100 miles is

* Antalo (which is close to Chilicut) is 6 days' journey whole distance from Amphilla to Sokota may therefore

in which there is a salt plain, which it took the party five hours to cross over, and which supplies all Abyssinia with salt. Mr. Coffin does not mention meeting with any difficulty on the score of water in crossing the desert; but he does not give sufficient details of his journey to enable us to arrive at any conclusion as to the practicability of this route for an army.

Instead of ascending the plateau by the direct road from Amphilla to Adoua, Colonel Merewether thinks it might be better to keep in the low ground at the foot of the mountains till lake Ashangi is reached, and then enter Abyssinia by way of Lasta, so as to have the smallest possible quantity of hill country to march over; but, from all we have been able to gather, it would appear that the first ascent to the lofty plateau is the chief difficulty; and that, once the high-land is gained, the march would probably offer fewer difficulties than that over a desert, the exact nature and resources of which are not at present known to us. It would therefore seem to be the better plan to surmount the ascent of the mountain as soon after landing as possible, and get away from the desert. This difficulty (the ascent to the plateau) cannot be avoided by any route whatever: and, before adopting any particular line of operations, the Government or the General in command will no doubt be in possession of further information respecting all the various lines by which Abyssinia may be penetrated.

But, so far as our present information enables us to judge, it would appear that of all the several roads leading from the Red Sea to Abyssinia, which we have passed under review, three only are available, and moreover that the choice will probably be reduced to two, namely, that from Arkiko or Annesley Bay by Halai, Adi-gerat, and Antalo to Sokota, and that from Amphilla Bay to Sokota.

Whichever way is chosen there will no doubt be difficulties to contend with, particularly while threading the mountain passes, but the officers who are about to be engaged know what mountain and desert warfare is, and are not likely to be daunted by either.

How the advance will be conducted, whether by one route or by several;—what depôts it will be necessary to establish at the landing-place, or on the top of the plateau (at Halai for instance), and at other points along the routes;—whether the captives will be rescued by the slow regular movements of war 'selon les
under Merewether or Malcolm,
at measures will be taken in
his captives into Godjam
it will be possible to
make

make overtures to any of the tribes in rebellion, either to release the captives, or to hem in the Emperor, and deliver him into our hands ;—whether at the close of the operations we shall leave the country for ever or whether we may not rather seize the opportunity of civilising it :—these are all matters of vast interest, but upon which it would be idle to speculate at present, and which must be left to the judgment of the officer in command and of the Government.

Our object has not been to advise, but merely to endeavour to supply such information as can be collected from the various documents at our disposal, and thereby to correct in some measure the loose and desponding accounts which have appeared in the public prints, as well as to place before our readers the means of forming their own judgment upon the whole subject, and to enable them to take a correct instead of an exaggerated view of the difficulties of the campaign about to be undertaken in Africa, and of the climate in which these operations are to be conducted.

The conclusion at which we ourselves have arrived is, that the unhealthy part of the operation will be confined to the seaboard and the desert ; and that the great difficulty of the march will be the ascent to the table-land. On reaching the high-land all danger from climate will cease, and the difficulties of the march will probably be much diminished.

Moreover, formidable as the difficulties may be, it is only fair to contrast them with those which have been successfully met by expeditions fitted out from India and England, during the present generation. In the several expeditions to China, all the difficulties attending a long sea voyage and distance from dépôts and arsenals were greater than they will be in the present case. To these were added, in the Persian war, a want of supplies on the seaboard to be attacked, and a disciplined enemy on landing ; in both which respects the Persian expedition was at least as formidable an undertaking as the present. The want of steam in those days more than made up for the comparative proximity of the point of disembarkation. Those who can remember the Affghan expedition will, however, have the best means of estimating the real difficulties of an invasion of Abyssinia. A warlike population held both the mountains and plains, and the mountains were in themselves as defensible, though perhaps not so difficult of ascent. Sir Charles Napier's campaign of 1845 in the mountains bordering on Scinde is a good example of how the difficulties, both of desert and of mountain warfare, may be overcome. The French, too, have frequently vanquished similar difficulties in Algeria. But, without dwelling further upon this point, we will conclude

conclude by expressing our perfect confidence in the success of the expedition under the leadership of Sir Robert Napier, the able, active, and gallant commander who has been selected for the conduct of the war, and whom we hope soon to congratulate on adding new lustre to the name he bears.

ART. IX.—1. *Speech of the Right Hon. B. Disraeli on the Motion for the Second Reading of Mr. Baines' Bill, 1865.* London, 1865.

2. *Speech of the Right Hon. B. Disraeli on the Third Reading of the Representation of the People Bill, 1867.* London, 1867.

3. *Speech of the Earl of Derby on the Second Reading of the Representation of the People Bill, in the House of Lords, 1867.* London, 1867.

NOW that the heat of the conflict is over, there is very little dispute as to the nature of the revolution that the year 1867 has seen accomplished. Fantastic computations intended to soothe Conservative apprehensions were in vogue in the early part of the session; but they have served their purpose, and are forgotten now. No one at present doubts that as far as figures go, the transfer of power has been complete. What the result of that transfer may be, must of course be a question of conjecture. Many are sanguine that a great and salutary change in our legislation is at hand: many more affect a hopefulness which they are far from feeling. Few care by injudicious frankness to incur the wrath of the new masters, whose rule is inevitable now. It is, indeed, scarcely worth while to guess at results which experience must soon reveal to us. The question of our destiny is one of extreme simplicity, and comparatively few years of trial will enable us to judge how it will be answered. A clear majority of votes in a clear majority of constituencies has been made over to those who have no other property but the labour of their hands. The omnipotence of Parliament is theirs, wholly and without reserve. Subject to them is a minority possessed in various degrees of a vast aggregate of accumulated wealth. If he were to set all considerations of conscience aside, each member of the poor but absolute majority would naturally desire so to use this new power as to make some portion of this wealth his own. We have legislated on the assumption that he will not do so. That assumption can only be justified on one of two hypotheses. Either the conscience of the working men will be so strong as to outweigh the suggestions of interest and the pressure of poverty, or they will not be clever enough

enough to pull together for the purpose of gratifying their wishes. The measure of this session has been recommended by nothing but vague declamation; it is not easy to discover to which of these two securities it is that our legislators look to be the bulwark of property in this country. Both sides were singularly silent upon the principles of the vast change that was being made. The general tendency among those who were responsible for the measure appeared to be, in public to rely upon the virtues of the working class, in private to draw what consolation they could from a belief in its unbounded pliability.

We do not intend to speculate upon the answer which events will give to this interesting question. No past experience can help us to discuss it. The experiment, stupendous as are the interests it puts in hazard, is yet absolutely new. Great cities have before this been placed, for a brief and troubled period, under the absolute control of the poorest classes of their population. Large empires have been governed, and are governed still, with considerable success, by a democracy of petty rural cultivators. But the idea of placing a great empire under the absolute control of the poorest classes in the towns has never until the present year been entertained by any nation. We have nothing, therefore, but *à priori* considerations to guide us in a forecast of our future fate. What we know of the fallibility of human nature, of the proneness of mankind to shape their conduct by their desires, and to devise afterwards the code of morality necessary to defend it, is not reassuring. We still think, as we have always thought, that to give the power of taxation to those from whom no taxes are exacted, the supreme disposal of property to those who have no property of their own, the guidance of this intricate machine of government to the least instructed class in the community, is to adopt in the management of the empire principles which would not be entertained for a moment in any other department of human affairs. But it is futile to argue *à priori* now. The decision of this issue has been remitted to the test of experience. For us its teaching will be valueless; for we have taken a step that can never be recalled. But before another generation has passed away, other nations will have learned by our success or our disasters how far the rule of the poorer urban multitudes is favourable to the freedom of property, or to the maintenance of wise and stable government.

Had this revolution been accomplished in fair fight we should have been content to lay aside the controversy at this point. It is the duty of every Englishman, and of every English party, to accept a political defeat cordially, and to lend their best
endeavours

endeavours to secure the success, or to neutralise the evil, of the principles to which they have been forced to succumb. England has committed many mistakes as a nation in the course of her history; but their mischief has often been more than corrected by the heartiness with which after each great struggle victors and vanquished have forgotten their former battles, and have combined together to lead the new policy to its best results. We have no wish to be unfaithful to so wholesome a tradition. As far, therefore, as our Liberal adversaries are concerned, we shall dismiss the long controversy with the expression of an earnest hope that their sanguine confidence may prove in the result to have been wiser than our fears.

But there are other questions of public interest which do not belong to the Reform controversy, but to which a melancholy prominence has been given by the passing of this Reform Bill. It has been attended by political phenomena of no ordinary kind. It has been the result of manœuvres, singularly skilful and successful, but in their character wholly new to the history of our party conflicts. Whatever may be the issue of the momentous constitutional experiment we have been trying, the nation will not pass by as matter of no account the tactics by which the change has been brought about. The strange morality which has guided public men, the unexpected results to which parliamentary discipline and faith in party leaders have conducted us, will awake in the minds of thinking men a deeper solicitude than even the adoption of a hazardous form of government. The tone of public opinion, and the character of institutions undoubtedly react upon each other; but not with equal power. If it be not absolutely true of governments that 'that which is best administered is best,' still the form of the machine is indeed of slender importance compared to the manner of men by whom it is worked. The patriotism and honour of statesmen may force the worst institutions to yield a harvest of prosperity; but no political mechanism will restore the tone of a public opinion that has been debased. The marvellous termination of this Reform controversy will exert a powerful influence upon the future spirit of public men; but whether that influence is for good or evil will depend very much on the judgment which the nation ultimately forms of the conduct of those who have brought it about. It is a critical case. The decision pronounced in it will rule our political moralists for many a year to come. If the practice that has been recently pursued shall be sustained, it is difficult to believe that our system of parliamentary government can long survive. The interests involved are so important that it is worth while to examine carefully what the precedents

are which the conduct of the leader of the present Government has established, and what their bearing upon the future working of our institutions is likely to be. That the Reform Bill has been carried by one of the most rapid and sudden changes of front ever executed by a Government is undoubtedly true. But if only a change of opinion were in question, the charges that have been made against them would be destitute of any great importance. Such changes are, so far as they go, a slur on the reputation of politicians. In regard to questions that have been much discussed, and the elements of which have not materially altered, they imply either prejudices pertinaciously cherished, or professions thoughtlessly made. It is fair to infer that those who have changed lightly once may do so again. But a mere change of opinion cannot be reproached with dishonour or breach of faith. If the Conservatives had come into power as they did in 1852, through the mere weakness of their opponents, or as in 1858 by an accidental victory on a passing issue, they would have been free to deal with the question of Reform unfettered by their own previous action. Even then a sudden conversion, made in view of a hostile majority, and under the threat of losing office, would have exposed their motives to suspicion. This species of 'obloquy' Lord Derby experienced in 1852 upon the subject of Protection, and again in 1859 on the subject of the county franchise: and by the readiness with which he has executed a still more startling change this year, he appears not to have disrelished the sensation. But the charge recorded against him by recent events is far graver than that of any change of opinion however rapid. It is that he obtained the votes which placed him in office on the faith of opinions which, to keep office, he immediately repudiated. It is that—according to his own recent avowals—he had made up his mind to desert these opinions even at the very moment when he was being raised to power as their champion.

Of the real facts of the case no one outside the innermost ministerial circle affects to have any doubt. That up to the beginning of this year the Conservative leaders were stoutly opposed to any very large reduction of the franchise, and especially to household suffrage; that Mr. Gladstone last year was defeated at their instance by a majority largely composed of men of these opinions; and that this year, with the help of the Radicals, they have passed a bill of household suffrage, are facts which can only be contested by denials of the hardest kind. Courageous efforts in this direction have, indeed, not been wanting. In the early part of the session, and even after the compound householder had been slain, Mr. Disraeli boldly
denied

denied that he was introducing a household suffrage bill. The facts were unfortunately too plain for him. As Mr. Forster immediately pointed out, the new franchise is simply the old occupation franchise with the 10*l.* limitation struck out; and of late even Mr. Disraeli has accepted the phrase as the proper description of his measure. On the third reading of the bill, he tried to extricate himself in exactly the opposite direction. He declared that not only had the Conservative leaders not opposed household suffrage in the previous year, but that they had come to a decision in favour of it, even so far back as 1859. No one else has been sufficiently master of his countenance to repeat this wonderful defence; but efforts have occasionally been made to argue that the opposition to Mr. Gladstone's bill of last year was not caused by its going too far, but by its not going far enough; that the Conservatives never objected to the class of workmen, but only to the class of skilled workmen; and that they would at any time have patiently submitted to the enfranchisement of the artisans, if they had been allowed to enfranchise the residuum at the same time. It is needless to say that this theory is of very modern date. It did not exist even in the spring of the present year. At that period it was the fashion to believe in the compound householder, and, on the strength of his exclusion, to represent the ministerial bill as a very moderate measure. It was not till that troublesome stalking-horse had been removed that it was found necessary to discover the antiquity of a Conservative belief in household suffrage. But the discovery is too new and too opportune to have had much weight with the public. It could only challenge a moment's attention from those who had either never watched, or had wholly forgotten, the events of 1866. Roman Catholics tell us that recent developments of their faith, which to an ordinary reader of ecclesiastical history seem very novel indeed, were in reality held by the ancient Fathers; and that the entire absence of any mention of such things from their writings, and, indeed, the occurrence of many observations of a totally different complexion, were due to the fact that the Fathers held these beliefs implicitly and unconsciously. Conservative belief in household suffrage, previous to last Easter, must have been very similar in character to the Patristic belief in the Immaculate Conception. It is not very difficult, either in the one case or in the other, to show how wholly unconscious this belief must have been. The speeches of Lord Derby, of Mr. Disraeli, of Lord Stanley, of Sir Stafford Northcote, of Mr. Hardy, of Sir Hugh Cairns, even during the last two years, will furnish, to any one who cares to refer to them, abundant materials for a catena of Conservative autho-

rities against a large reduction of the franchise. They have been quoted again and again in the course of the last few months both in Parliament and in the Press, and it is not necessary to repeat them here. Any one who cares to refer to 'Hansard' will find that the danger of lowering the franchise even to 6*l.* or 7*l.*, because it would give to the working classes a preponderating power, was one on which the Conservative speakers constantly dwelt; and that no hint ever escaped them, that a still larger reduction, and the bestowal of a still more preponderating power, would have in any degree diminished their objections. The most pointed statement of the Conservative view that can be found was given by Mr. Disraeli in his speech on Mr. Baines' bill for introducing a 6*l.* franchise, in May, 1865. As it was delivered just before the general election which was then impending, it was accepted generally as a manifesto of the opinions of the leaders of the party.

But, in truth, the case would not be materially altered, even if these strong expressions of opinion did not stand on record. Even if Mr. Disraeli had carefully abstained from uttering a word against the reduction of the borough franchise, the delusion encouraged would not have been less real, though it would have been less flagrant. There was no doubt at all as to the nature of the resistance offered by the Conservative leaders in 1866 to Mr. Gladstone's bill; there was no doubt of the nature of the support they received in doing so. The division which carried them to power was won by the votes of half-a-dozen men. Numbers of those who voted with them on that occasion would have supported any leader and have accepted almost any bill rather than have promoted a measure of household suffrage. The Conservative leaders knew this perfectly well. They were not ignorant of the motives which inspired the enthusiasm with which the eloquence of Mr. Lowe was received, or of the sentiments which animated the majority of the speeches delivered from their own side of the House. Both in public and in private they were stimulating those feelings to the utmost of their power. Not a single hint escaped from any of them which could damp the ardour of their anti-democratic supporters and allies. By every means at their command they not only allowed but encouraged and sanctioned the belief that they were resisting as excessive the admission of the lower classes to the franchise, proposed in Mr. Gladstone's bill. Their supporters were fully hoodwinked. They voted in blind reliance on the assurances they had received. In order to defeat a proposal which they feared might ultimately result in household suffrage, they ousted Mr. Gladstone from power; and when they greeted that victory
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with tumultuous applause, no presentiment crossed a single mind of the utter ruin of their hopes and their cause which by that very victory they had accomplished.

And yet at this very time, by their own avowal, the Conservative leaders had made up their minds to propose an enfranchisement of the poorer classes far exceeding anything contained in any bill that had yet been presented to the House of Commons, and falling in no degree short of the utmost that Mr. Bright or Mr. Forster had ever demanded in their speeches. Mr. Disraeli has told us that household suffrage had been the secret aspiration of the chiefs of the Conservative party ever since 1859, and Lord Derby has never said a word to repudiate the indiscreet confession of his lieutenant. On the contrary, he boldly stated in the House of Lords that when he accepted office, after Lord Dunkellin's motion, he did so with the full intention of outbidding the Liberals on the subject of Reform.

But, though they had thus made up their minds, they kept that determination to themselves. They knew that large numbers of those on whose aid they counted were acting on an entirely opposite belief. They knew that if they had breathed a hint from which their real intentions could have been gathered, their expected victory would have been turned into a shattering defeat; and therefore they kept their counsel, and encouraged the profitable delusion which was conveying them to power. They kept it, apparently, even from their colleagues in opposition, or those colleagues would hardly have plunged so deeply into pledges which they have since been forced to shake off. They certainly kept it, after the critical division, from their colleagues in office, as we know from the disclosures of the three seceding Secretaries of State,—not only during the remainder of the Session of 1866, but during the whole of the ensuing recess and for many days after Parliament had met in the beginning of the present year. Indeed, it was not till the earlier struggles of the session were over and majorities had been obtained by apparent restrictions upon the compound householder, that the project of Tory democracy, which had been so long and so sedulously concealed, was at last given to the world.

What defence is it possible to offer for tactics of this kind? The world politely speaks of the 'reticence' of last year. To encourage your friends to believe that your intentions are exactly the opposite of what they really are—to watch them acting for you in that belief and thereby ruining the cause they cherish most, and yet to sustain them in their error—is not 'reticence' a flimsy euphemism for such proceedings? Lord Derby told his audience at the Mansion House that he was indifferent to obloquy upon

upon this subject; and others of his Ministry have used similar language. It was hardly necessary to tell us so. If he was indifferent to the moral character of the course he was taking, he would hardly trouble himself about the language in which he would be described by others. But that audience were familiar with reticence of this kind; and some of them occasionally suffer from its effects. We have heard much lately of a case in which some merchants practised upon the general public reticence of this peculiar nature. They invited the public to become shareholders in a concern, which they represented as likely to be lucrative, though they knew it to be insolvent; they did not *say* it was solvent, only they were reticent on the subject, and allowed their silence to lead others into risk and ruin. But there was this difference between them and the politicians who subsequently imitated them—that while the politicians gained the object of many years' ambition by the delusion into which they had lured their allies, the merchants lost all they had. Lord Cranworth, delivering judgment in the House of Lords, reprobated the reticence of the ruined merchants in language stronger than we care to reprint; in what terms will the calm judgment of posterity estimate the manoeuvres of the successful politicians? If they wish to seek for an historical parallel, they will have to go far back in our annals. They will find none during the period for which parliamentary government has existed. Neither the recklessness of Charles Fox, nor the venality of Henry Fox, nor the cynicism of Walpole will furnish them with a case in point. They will have to go back to the time when the last Revolution was preparing—to the days when Sunderland directed the councils and accepted the favours of James, while he was negotiating the invasion of William.

But it is said on their behalf that the offence was condoned because the party pushed them on. The assertion has undoubtedly been frequently made. It was advanced with especial emphasis by Mr. Disraeli in his speech on the third reading, in which he represented the country gentlemen behind him as a band of buoyant and untameable Reformers who were perpetually dragging old-fashioned Conservatives like himself somewhat faster than they cared to go. The description was humorous; but it was purely an effort of imagination. There was no general expression of opinion on the part of the Conservative party in favour of the bill. Nothing was more remarkable than their general silence in the debates. No division, indeed, was taken against the bill, because, the Liberal party having decided to support it, the Ministers would have obtained with their aid an overwhelming majority. The only critical division that was taken was upon
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a Liberal amendment involving as the immediate and primary issue the question of the personal payment of rates. It was taken during the period when the restrictions upon the compound householder were believed in Conservative circles to be a genuine security. How little the division of the 12th of April can be taken as evidence of Conservative approval of the bill is evident from the fact that such men as General Peel and Sir R. Knightley and others who have denounced both the bill and the Ministers in the strongest terms, may be found in the Ministerial majority on that occasion. The position of the unofficial members of the party was undoubtedly very much changed by the Ministerial surrender. From the moment that a household suffrage was promised from the Conservative Treasury Bench it became certain that a Reform Bill and a strong Reform Bill would be passed. The hopes of deriving any advantage from further resistance were consequently much weakened; while the danger of quarrelling with the new constituency, whose advent to power was assured, grew into alarming proportions. Many thought the position hopeless, and submitted in silence to a disaster which seemed inevitable. But their perplexity, created by the Government itself, in no way absolves it. No one will pretend that the Conservatives, if consulted on the first day of the Session, would have advocated household suffrage. An attempt was made by the agents of the Government to obtain some such expression of opinion from a meeting at the Carlton; but it signally failed. No resolution could be carried; and the meeting broke up in confusion. Still less would the Conservative party, or any considerable fraction of it, have followed Mr. Disraeli in June last year, if they had guessed, what he has since informed them, that he and his nominal chief had already resolved upon household suffrage as their policy. And that, after all, is the real question, when we are inquiring how far their studied and successful reticence *at that time* did or did not sin against the laws of honour.

But personal questions are among the least of those which are forced upon us by the events of the last few years. The statesmen whose conduct we have been discussing, take them at their worst, are but the effects of a cause. One or two of them have shown a freedom from scruple surpassing all former example, others have shown a feebleness of conviction which it is difficult to understand. But their unscrupulousness and their facility alike have only borne testimony to the working of some strong external cause, by which the one has been attracted and the other has been coerced. It is true, as the Duke of Argyll observed,
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that Lord Derby, in his determination not to become a stop-gap, has become a weathercock: but the nimblest weathercock does not turn upon its pivot unless there is a breeze to turn it. No one can now affect to doubt that there is a democratic power which, either relatively or absolutely, is a most potent factor among the political forces of our time. No one can be blind to the ease with which it has swept down all the bulwarks, political or social, which were trusted to obstruct its progress. A few bold speeches upon platforms, a day's holiday-making among the populations of a few large towns, has sufficed to bring every opposing power to its feet. The party whose proclaimed mission it was to restrain it, the class whose power it aims to strike down, and whose resistance in other days was manful and tenacious, have been the foremost to bring in their submission, and eager to sue for its favour by the most unreserved concessions. Whatever the cause of this pitiable humiliation, whether the democratic force is in itself really stronger, or whether its present power merely proves that the classes which should have restrained it have lost heart and nerve, the triumph of the present year, won so easily after so many brave announcements of resistance, must equally suggest disquieting forebodings of the future that lies before us. They are a presage of assaults, probably of victories, compared to which that which has been achieved this year will be looked upon by posterity as trivial. A transfer of power which last year was generally denounced as revolutionary, has this year been passed—as far as the principle went—hurriedly and with little debate. Such a sudden change cannot be attributed to calm conviction. The inference must be either that the system of parliamentary party as a machinery for representing opinions widely prevalent, has failed to act, or that the classes in this country, whose interest is opposed to democracy, have no heart to fight. In either case we may be certain that these facts, newly ascertained by the world, will go a good deal further in their effect than the Act which has just been placed upon the Statute Book.

When the troops run away at the first charge, it is of course difficult to decide whether they have lost because they could not win, or because they dared not try to win. But, for practical purposes, the world generally assumes that when an army does not discover its hopeless inferiority of strength until the powder begins to burn, its nerves are more to blame for the result than its numbers. A school, however, has arisen in recent days which formally denies that the bloodless conflicts of the political world have any analogy, either in the feelings of honour that should animate them, or the rules by which they should be judged,

judged, with the conflicts of the field. According to their teaching, nothing ought ever to be fought out. It is legitimate to show a bold front, and use brave language, and proclaim strong opinions in precise words: but it is equally legitimate, or rather it is a sacred duty, the moment that a determined resistance shows itself, practically to give those words the lie. It is hot-headed, it is dangerous, it is Quixotic, to terminate a Ministry, or imperil a party's prospects, or risk a single jolt in the progress of the administrative machine, in order to uphold deep convictions and to be true to a cherished cause. The desperate resistance which our fathers made to the last Reform Bill is blamed, not so much because their views were mistaken, as because it was madness to defend those views against so formidable an assault. It is said,—and men seem to think that condemnation can go no further than such a censure—that they brought us within twenty-four hours of revolution. Their successors boast that their prudence will never go so near to the heels of danger. No one will suspect them of it. But is it in truth so great an evil, when the dearest interests and the most sincere convictions are at stake, to go within twenty-four hours of revolution? Did the great classes whose battle had been so fierce, respect each other less when it was once lost and won? Did Sir Robert Peel, who fought it to the end, lose by his tenacity in the estimation of his countrymen? Did the cause he represented suffer through his temerity? He was indeed beaten down in 1832, vainly struggling for a hopeless cause. But before six years had passed he was at the head of half the House of Commons: and before ten years had gone by he led the most powerful Ministry our century has seen.

We live in other days. It may be doubtful how far the more modern plan of yielding every political citadel on the first summons, in order to avert the possibility of disturbance, really springs from the peace-loving sentiments on which it is sometimes justified. There can be little doubt that it tends to screen timidity or foster self-seeking in politicians according to their temperament; and that they are beginning to look on principles which may be upheld with so little danger, and abandoned with so little shame, as mere counters in the game which they are playing. But there can be no question that this view of public duty is widely held among the classes who have always governed this country, and who until the next election will co-govern it. They value our institutions, they dislike change, they object to a large transfer of power. But it is well established that whatever these objections may be, such as a very moderate display of physical force is q

cient to remove. This spirit is so different from that which the governing classes of this country have shown during the long period of its history, that it is not easy to estimate the full consequences of the change. But it must inevitably affect largely not only the working of the ordinary machinery of parliamentary government, but the existence of our institutions themselves.

We have been for so many generations accustomed to government by party majorities that we have learned to look upon it as the most natural contrivance in the world. We admire it: and our admiration is justified hitherto by its practical success. But any one who attempts to analyse it theoretically will not be surprised that foreigners, who can only see it on that side, should be unable to share our enthusiasm. As it now exists, it differs utterly from any other system existing in the world; and even from its own self as it first sprang into existence shortly after the Revolution. Its original object was to organise the opinion of the House of Commons, in order to enable that opinion to work smoothly with the enfeebled but still considerable power of the Crown. It still serves that end in a limited degree. The greater part of the power still practically retained by the Crown depends upon the influence it can exercise on individual statesmen, and through them on the dominant party of the day. But the centre of power has shifted: and politicians have long looked for their advancement not to the Crown but to the constituencies. From the outbreak of the French Revolution Ministries have depended more and more for their existence upon the policy they pursued and the legislation they recommended. Simultaneously the mutual relations of statesmen forming a Ministry have become more strictly defined; and a curious theory of constitutional responsibility on their part has been evolved, at which the world would have laughed very much if Swift had put it into his 'Laputa,' but which is enforced with perfect gravity, and no little acrimony, by politicians against each other. The theory is that every act of any member of the Government is the act of the Government as a whole; and that as a whole they are jointly and severally responsible for it. Of course, if responsibility meant anything serious—if members of the Government were held mutually responsible in their fortunes, like partners in trade—the theory would not live for a session. It ignores the fact that each member of the Government is fully occupied and has no time to look into the conduct of his colleagues; and that moreover each member of the Government, except upon the largest questions, acts in perfect independence of his colleagues. Still more it ignores the fact that fifteen men wholly of one mind are not to be found upon earth in these evil days,

days, and that for the conduct of public business it is as necessary to acknowledge the sway of a majority in Cabinets as in Legislatures. On the one hand, it would be intolerable that Lord Stanley, while engaged in reconciling France and Prussia, should be held, in any practical sense, to be responsible for the answers the Duke of Marlborough might be giving to a country clergyman; on the other hand, no reasonable man could be expected to believe that two men like Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone were cordially agreed upon every decision to which the Cabinet had arrived. No well-informed person actually believes in these assumptions. It is well known that the *moral* responsibility of a Minister for acts of administration ends with the department he actually conducts; and that his silent adhesion to a proposal made by his colleagues in Parliament need mean no more than that he does not consider his objection sufficiently important to justify him in breaking up a Government. But for every parliamentary purpose, the responsibility is insisted on as if it represented an actual fact. Not only at that time, but at any future time, the Minister is held to be estopped from criticising the action of his colleagues, however much he may have disapproved of it at the time: nor can he in debate repudiate any censure that may be passed upon him as one of the authors of the obnoxious measure. If he be a man who values the expressed opinion of others, this responsibility for the acts of others in which he took no part, and which he heartily condemns, may be a heavy burden upon him: for he is absolutely precluded from publicly revealing his freedom from any real share in the error committed. It is strange that in a day when so little mercy is shown to fictions or anomalies of any kind, however venerable their origin, this one of modern creation should have shown so much vitality; but in proportion as all others are crumbling away, the House of Commons clings to it with a more and more tenacious affection.

To men without distinct opinions, and mainly careful about the material advantages and social promotion conferred by office, such an arrangement must be eminently satisfactory. It is a kind of insurance against individual blunders. Like the rope in Alpine climbing, it forces the colleagues who have not slipped to pick up the one who has: and as it is unlikely that the slip of any one should pull the whole body down, or that many of them should slip at the same moment, it practically prevents the Government being injured by administrative mishaps, unless they are of the most momentous kind. But the arrangement has for numbers of years been cheerfully accepted, not only by the limpets of place, but by high-minded and independent men.

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The explanation of their submission is to be found in the objects for which party exists. The consideration that has reconciled them to accepting so largely the responsibility for other men's acts and thoughts, has been that the great cause, in the support of which their party was banded together, could not be successfully defended without such sacrifices. But for such a motive the compliances of office and the unquestioning obedience exacted by party discipline would be alike without justification. It is the great end on which all are in common bent, which contributes all that is noble or even innocent to party warfare. The tactics of parliamentary parties are often hardly to be distinguished from faction: the agencies by which they operate upon the wavering or the wayward are far from exalted: the temptation to purchase allies by concessions of principle is enormous. The one ennobling element, the palliation, if not the atonement, for all shortcomings, is that all the members of a party are enlisted in common to serve one great unselfish cause, and that it is in that service that their zeal, even when least scrupulous, is working. Take this great end away, and parties become nothing but joint-stock companies for the attainment and preservation of place.

It is clear that the system of party will become beneficial or noxious according as it approximates to one or the other standard. As an instrument for giving expression to great principles, and insuring for them a full hearing, it has been of singular value. Moralists, reasoning on abstract grounds, may demur to a plan which to so large an extent utilises the meaner principles of human nature for good ends. But no one who looks at the course of English history for the last fifty years can doubt that a system which makes it the interest of politicians to mass themselves in one or other of the two great camps into which human thought is divided, and, so opposed, to compete with each other for the nation's good will, has been marvellously efficient in securing cautious and regulated progress. But its whole utility depends upon the elements which distinguish it from a mere tout of place-hunters. The vigilance of interested opposition is ill purchased by the necessity of entrusting the destinies of the empire to men who rule in the spirit of adventurers. To which of the two standards does the conduct of the present Government approach?

Up to this time party leaders have observed with substantial fidelity the conditions under which alone parliamentary parties can be prevented from becoming instruments of organised corruption. Hitherto they have always borne a banner; they have been the votaries of a special principle. If their principle has
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been in favour with the nation, they have held office: if the fashion of the time has been against them, they have remained in opposition. Some leaders have occasionally strained the rule. We have often expressed the opinion that Sir Robert Peel, when he had become convinced that Free Trade was a necessity, acted wrongly in himself undertaking its introduction, instead of leaving the task to those who were less pledged against it. But he protected himself from all imputation of selfish motives by taking the earliest opportunity of resigning. Lord Palmerston, again, was far too fond of combining a Conservative inaction with a great warmth of Liberal professions. But it has been reserved for Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli to break formally with the traditions of the past, and openly to accept the more ignoble view of party obligation. In this matter we have no mere inferences to deal with. Lord Derby, with perfect candour and with characteristic clearness of language, has recently described his own motives, and his own mode of proceeding:—

‘My Lords, I have upon former occasions, unfortunately, occupied the position of a Minister on sufferance. I have upon two previous occasions attempted to carry on the Government with a minority in the House of Commons, and upon both occasions I have failed. It was, therefore, a very hard, and, I will say, a very sincere triumph of duty and public over private considerations, when I felt myself for a third time called upon, under peculiar circumstances, to take the important and responsible duty of First Minister of the Crown. I did not do so without feeling fully the responsibility of the duties which devolved upon me, and the whole burden which I had to undertake. I did not intend for a third time to be made a mere stop-gap until it should suit the convenience of the Liberal party to forget their dissensions, and bring forward a measure which should oust us from office and replace them there; and I determined that I would take such a course as would convert, if possible, an existing majority into a practical minority.’—*LORD DERBY'S Speech on Second Reading of Reform Bill.*

Not a word about the cause of which he was the champion, or the principles which his party existed to defend. Not a word about his pledges and professions, or the tactics by which his lieutenants had ousted Mr. Gladstone from office. When summoned to power his ambition was not to struggle for the Conservative principles which he had up to that moment advocated, or fall in the attempt. He did not welcome the opportunity of showing the sincerity of his Opposition professions by his practice when in office. The simple standard he proposed to himself to reach was to bring forward such a measure as would save himself from being ‘ousted from office,’ and would convert the majority of his opponents into a minority; and, as he subsequently

quently informed the House of Lords, he was well aware that that measure was 'a leap in the dark.'

Lord Derby does not pay the homage of hypocrisy to the virtues he is renouncing, and the very frankness of his avowal shows that he knew that his doctrines were shared by his colleagues, and by a considerable portion of his supporters. It is quite clear that if they find any general acceptance, they must transform the whole nature of parliamentary government. The great common end, the ennobling cause is gone. If it is still professed, it no longer exists in the first place. To please majorities, to prevent his opponents from uniting, to avert ousting divisions, is avowed to be the leader's highest aim, his first thought on taking office. It may of course be that these great objects are compatible with adhesion to the principles professed in opposition. But in the case of a leader taking office with an avowed minority, the probabilities are strongly the other way. If the two come in conflict, which master will he serve? Will he adhere to the principles, and disregard the 'ousting' majority, or will he bend to the majority and renounce the principles? The events of this session furnish a melancholy proof that Lord Derby had fully counted the cost, and had made up his mind, whatever the price might be, not to be ousted a third time.

If he had avowed this plan at the close of the session of 1866, instead of last July, we should have confidently predicted that it must break down for want of instruments. We should have said that it would be impossible to find a sufficient number of competent statesmen inclined for such a service. But after the present year's experience we must not count too confidently on this security. We must face it as one of the probabilities of the future, that one at least of our great parties will work, at all events for some time, upon Lord Derby's principle. They may for convenience sake retain old names, but they will carry no banner, and will be attached to no special cause. The necessity will still be on them of conciliating the majority, and of avoiding the supreme calamity of being ousted by their opponents. Having abandoned so much for this object, they will not shrink from the further sacrifices it may require. If the House of Commons should turn out for the time to be Conservative they will be very brave defenders of our ancient institutions. If, as is more probable, the House of Commons calls for somewhat drastic legislation upon Ireland or upon the Established Church, they will see the necessity of 'removing all cause for agitation,' and 'settling the question upon a permanent principle;' and will concede all that the most extreme of their opponents is demanding. As the wind blows, so will they point. Any minister who takes

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it as his first principle that he will not be 'ousted,' renounces all pretension to independence. He becomes the slave of the majority of the House of Commons. He is a leader in no other sense but that in which the first horse in a team is called a leader: he is the first to be driven. He will probably be paid in the coin which he has selected for his guerdon. The House of Commons, like all popular bodies, is avaricious of power; and so long as he does its bidding without shrinking, his minority will be converted into a majority, and he will not be ousted by the re-united Liberals.

This will of course, except in the name, be no longer party government. Whether it can be worked for any length of time by statesmen of the existing stamp remains to be seen. It is possible, we hope it is not probable, that the classes who have hitherto furnished the mass of our statesmen, will accept this new definition of the word. They may look upon it as an honourable function to act as the mere index of popular pressure, as a piece of mechanism for recording in the form of statutes the ideas and convictions which others impose upon them. They may not shrink from combining with such an office the external demeanour of independence, the profession of real opinions, and a pretension to individual consistency. This may be the course of events; for the feeble and halting policy which the classes who now govern have pursued for some years past, may well suggest a doubt whether the indifference to principle which has infected our statesmen so remarkably, has not eaten deep into the stratum of society from which they come. We cherish the hope, however, that they will choose a course which better becomes the character they have inherited. If the social battle is for the future to be fought by mercenary troops, it is probable that the more independent classes will retire to a great extent from the service; and that a very different description of men from those who have hitherto been prominent will come to the front. In the lower ranks of the party organisation a similar change must follow. The army of professional electioneers will not diminish. The example of America assures us that these industrious labourers grow both in numbers and in power in proportion as parties become more mobile in their principles, and more interested in their aims. But these have hitherto not formed the main strength of English parties. The enormous patronage, which in America constitutes the chief apparatus of their handicraft, is almost wholly wanting here. Parties have mainly been worked by volunteers; and it is obvious that volunteers will receive a severe discouragement under the new principles. They cannot be expected to feel as lively an interest as Lord Derby
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does in the question whether he is 'ousted' or not. The intrigues of politicians, the succession of office-holders, the vicissitudes of individual careers, have had for them but little interest beyond what by-standers may feel in a game which they are watching. They, and their fathers before them, have loved their party and worked for it, not for the fame or power it might bring to particular men, but for the cause which it has represented. They have valued it for its pledges, guaranteed to them by its past performance—for the institutions it has upheld, or the legislation it has promised. In the long run, when the effect of long habit has worn off, their attachment to it must depend on its fidelity to some principles which command their allegiance. If it should become, as it now seems in danger of becoming, merely a banner round which adventurers, greedy for political loot, can rally, it will no longer be served by the invaluable because unselfish zeal of those who have no loot to gain.

These changes in the character of the men by whom the party system is worked, evil in themselves, will be specially mischievous in their tendency to suspend the mediating influence which party government has hitherto exercised in the working of the constitution. The House of Commons was certainly never made, by those who devised it, to do the work of an executive. Its size, its instability, its swift obedience to every changing breath of opinion that sweeps over the popular mind, its lack of any special provision to secure within its body the presence of trained administrative talent, all unfit it for such a function. It has been the great danger of our constitution, visible so far back as a century ago to the keen eye of Montesquieu, that the course of events was tending to place the House of Commons in this position. Generation by generation it has been growing in strength, while all around it has been losing ground. By dint often of straining its prerogatives far beyond their first intention, but still persistently and successfully, it has acquired a complete control over every portion of the executive. In every matter within the competence of the Crown, the 'humble' addresses of the House of Commons have all but the force of law. And it is no slight aggravation of the danger of this usurped prerogative that these addresses are not, like bills, subjected to repeated reconsideration, but are introduced, discussed, and finally passed in a single sitting. Up to this time, however, no serious mischief has ensued, because one important check has remained. The one thing that has hitherto controlled the capricious omnipotence of the House, has been the organisation of parliamentary parties, and the independence of party chiefs. It has been well understood that a parliamentary leader would not endure

endure to be overruled on any important point of policy; and that he could not concede this claim without a loss of personal honour. The House, therefore, has always been compelled to act with caution, under pain of bringing the whole machine of Government to an immediate dead-lock. The majority has been forced into fidelity to its leaders, under penalty of losing its own political supremacy.

But, upon Lord Derby's new principles, this check is at an end. The independence of the Minister, his refusal to accept a policy from others, is essential to its existence. As long as his chief object is to uphold his avowed principles, the House of Commons must choose between an acceptance of his policy or a change of ministry. But when the Minister's chief object is that he shall not be 'ousted,' and his measures are framed mainly to secure a majority, the House of Commons ceases to be under any check at all. Ministerial resignations in consequence of parliamentary defeats will have become an antiquated superstition. The Minister will be there simply to do its bidding. He will no more think of resigning because that bidding is not agreeable to him than if he were the Sergeant-at-Arms or the door-keeper. The last check to the executive supremacy of the House of Commons will be removed. Such a result would be formidable enough with a House of Commons practised in its duties, and chosen from classes who are used to the responsibilities of power. It is no trivial addition to the dangers of our present situation that it is to a Parliament thus disorganised and leaderless that the representatives of the vast masses of new electors are to be introduced.

How badly such a system works may be learned from the experience of the session which has just expired. The Ministry have acted conscientiously up to Lord Derby's teaching. They have laid it down as a vital principle, from which they would suffer no departure, that they should not be ejected from office. But on every other point they have been willing, and something more than willing, to defer to the House of Commons. Whatever the majority of the House desired to do, they were willing to accept. The consequences of this abdication of leadership we have seen, and its effects the nation will feel for a long time. It showed itself in many minor matters; such as the strange vacillation of the Government upon the question of Hyde Park, and upon the punishment of the Fenian convicts. But the Reform Bill was the capital instance. A session in which all parties began with the intention of passing a moderate Reform Bill, has ended in the adoption of household suffrage. So unforeseen were all the changes it underwent, so entirely independent did its progress become of

the politicians who impelled it, that the form in which it emerged from Committee was diametrically opposed to the descriptions given of it, and the pledges contracted in regard to it by at least three of the Cabinet Ministers who defended it in its earliest stages. A measure of mild change, strictly guarded, was put in at one end of the hopper, and after a due lapse of time, a revolution came out at the other end. The agency of no one man or set of men was apparently responsible for this result. The action of a popular assembly emancipated from its leaders, is not the result of any distinct volition. It represents no plan or idea. It moves along, by inscrutable laws of its own, now obeying an impulse from without, now expressing the resultant of the conflicting forces within it, in consequences which surprise and perplex all the disputants alike. Its movements are as impulsive and irresponsible as those of a crowd. To call it rash or reckless, would be to attribute to it an informing spirit and a capacity of perception which it does not possess. But because careful and moderate legislation is often, of necessity, complicated, and must always depend on a multitude of detailed and balanced considerations, the legislation of a leaderless assembly will generally be violent. Extreme measures are simple, easily stated and understood. Their lack of restrictions and reservations saves time and spares thought; and, therefore, they offer an overwhelming recommendation to a body of men with whom leisure and mental power are equally limited. For making startling changes in a fearless manner, there is nothing to compare with an assembly which follows and trusts no leader. But history must be rewritten if we are to believe that such a body can conduct for any length of time the ordinary government of an extensive empire.

We do not think so meanly of our countrymen as to believe that a House of Commons, working on the system that has prevailed this year, would long enjoy their confidence or be permitted to exercise supreme power on their behalf. If the new doctrines are to prevail, and Ministries are to be formed on the mere principle of not being 'ousted,' we do not doubt that far more extensive changes are at hand. The House of Commons will decline in authority, and supreme political power will find some new depositary. But we dwell on the matter rather for the purpose of calling the attention of the classes in this country who dread violent change to the position in which the recent course of events has placed them. Most of them have been accustomed to take politics very easily. They have pursued their business and made their money, and enjoyed their success without much solicitude as to the future of the system under which

which they have prospered. They know that no serious change has happened in their time, or their father's time, or for many generations before that; and they have an abiding faith that, whatever Parliament may resolve, business will go on much as it did before, and that those institutions of the country which are material to their own comfort and enjoyment, will thrive on as they have hitherto thriven. But the results of these two last years concern them more nearly than they think. It is not merely that our institutions have changed—that their development has made progress in a direction which we think the wrong one. It is not merely that the power of a class once great has been shaken; it is not merely that the poorest have been made supreme. The issues of this conflict are far more momentous. The very conditions under which our institutions exist have been changed; the equilibrium of forces by which they have been sustained is shaken. The defences on which we have been wont to rely have proved utterly rotten. They have broken down absolutely before they were even subjected to serious pressure. The breakwaters that were to protect us from the fury of popular passion have crumbled away in fine weather. What seemed to be strong and durable has proved worse than worthless. Those who have trusted to the faith of public men, or the patriotism of parliamentary parties, or the courage of aristocratic classes, must now find other resting-places on which to repose their confidence. The supports on which they have hitherto relied will pierce the hand that leans on them.

If the Conservative surrender of 1867 be considered, not in its results but in the state of things that it reveals, it is a phenomenon of tremendous import. The evils of the measure itself, dangerous as we think it, are not necessarily irremediable. If the probability arises that the newly-admitted classes will combine to abuse their power, the classes who are threatened may combine on their side in self-defence; and, if their mettle were equal to that of their assailants, the conflict would be far from desperate. The hopelessness, if hopelessness there be, lies in the spirit and feeling on the part of the Conservative classes which the vicissitudes of this conflict have disclosed. To appreciate the full significance of this great surrender we must not look to the mere clauses of the Act which it has produced, or even content ourselves with scrutinizing the conduct of individual statesmen. To understand what a headlong rout it has been, we must take into view the earlier as well as the later movements of the struggle, the manifestoes that were put forth, the claims that were made, the positions that were occupied during the years

which preceded and led up to this last fatal campaign. Let any one who wishes to form a just conception of the feelings of the middle and upper classes upon the subject of Reform during the last few years, devote himself to the ungrateful but instructive task of reading not only the past parliamentary debates, but the speeches to constituents and the articles in periodical publications on the subject. There were many differences of opinion as to whether it would be wise or not to reduce the borough franchise in some degree, and there were many discussions as to the degree of reduction that was desirable. But there was an overwhelming preponderance of opinion that no enfranchisement ought to be admitted which should enable the working classes to take the whole political power of the country into their hands. Household suffrage was the cry of a few isolated Radicals. In 1863, at a Reform meeting held at Leeds, Mr. Forster was asked how many men in the House of Commons would vote for a proposal of household suffrage. His reply was that there were not fifteen. Even as late as last year, when Sir Roundell Palmer volunteered a profession of household suffrage, there was a general outcry at the eccentricity of his declaration, and no one pledged himself more strongly in opposition to it than the present Secretary of State for India. And the opinions which are thus publicly recorded were only a faint echo of those which might be heard in every private circle.

Less than twelve months passed and all was changed. When household suffrage, after much preliminary manœuvring, was at last openly proposed by the Minister, it was received with much murmuring indeed in private, but externally with almost universal acquiescence. Only a few scattered men here and there in Parliament ventured to oppose it. The Ministers who were most deeply and most recently pledged against it swallowed their pledges in silence. The Peers accepted obsequiously what they were known to detest. The country gentlemen, scared, hustled, perplexed, 'supposed it was inevitable,' and made no effort to move. The middle classes sent up but one cry, and that was to 'settle the question.' They said that the agitation of it had a tendency to disturb trade, and to prolong the monetary crisis. Few people approved, but all, or nearly all, bowed their heads in humble submission.

It was certainly a startling change, and one that naturally perplexed those who had adopted their opinions after calm consideration, and did not see what had happened to refute them. Suddenly the whole of the forces of resistance that had rallied so numerous, and had fought with so much apparent resolution

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last year, disappeared like Rabshakeh's army, in a single night. As Mr. Disraeli remarked in one of his speeches against Sir Robert Peel—

‘What a compliment to a Minister, not only to vote for him, but to vote for him against your opinions, and in favour of opinions which he always drilled you to distrust. That was a scene, I believe, unprecedented in the House of Commons. Indeed, I recollect nothing equal to it, unless it be the conversion of the Saxons by Charlemagne, which is the only historical incident which bears any parallel to that illustrious occasion. Ranged on the banks of the Rhine, the Saxons determined to resist any further movement on the part of the great Cæsar; but when the Emperor appeared, instead of conquering, he converted them. How were they converted? In battalions, the old chronicler informs us: they were converted in battalions, and baptized in platoons.’

But what was the cause of this strange phenomenon? Why did the household suffrage that was so hateful, so dangerous in 1866, become in 1867 the fitting and proper settlement of the question? It can scarcely have been a change of conviction. Educated men are not really ‘converted in battalions,’ either in politics or religion. The question had been thoroughly discussed; and everything that was possible to be said on either side was well known to all who had paid any attention to the controversy. Nor can we afford much more credence to the motive on which Lord Derby, and many humbler apologists of the Ministry, are constantly dwelling, ‘that it was necessary to settle a question which was standing in the way of all useful legislation.’ We doubt if any previous orator has attained to the courage of offering such a reason for consenting to the deposition of one class, and the enthronement of another. Those who seem so anxious to promote useful legislation, had ample opportunity of showing their zeal in 1860, and again in 1866. But it did not occur to them to accept a revolution in order to facilitate the progress of public business, until it became necessary to avoid being ‘ousted by the re-united Liberals.’

There can be no doubt that, as far as those who had no official reasons for passing a Reform Bill were concerned, the one dominant feeling of the present year has been a feverish anxiety to ‘settle the question.’ Mr. Henley, with cynical candour, betrayed the ignoble secret, when he acknowledged that a fear lest ‘the pot should boil over,’ was the motive that animated his friends. The meetings in the manufacturing towns, and the riots in Hyde Park, had had their effect. The comfortable classes had no stomach for a real struggle. Their hearts misgave them, indeed, about Reform: they saw in it ugly visions of the future—labour giving law to capital,

capital. Trades' Union rules supreme, democratic Parliaments contriving a graduated income tax, the poor voting supplies and the rich finding ways and means. In past years they have not concealed their apprehensions. But they did not hold such opinions as owners. They only occupied them as tenants-at-will, ready to seek others as soon as the physical force of the multitude should give them notice to quit. They had no heart to fight for the rights they had inherited or won. They had beguiled themselves with the belief that it was possible to hold their rights without a struggle; and under that impression they had talked bravely for a time. But when they discovered their mistake, they took their overthrow meekly and gave up at once. All they entreated was that the agitation should be got rid of, and the question settled without delay. And Ministerial speakers boast of it as their great achievement that they have satisfied this one longing. 'They have settled the question in a manner so liberal as to leave no room for further agitation.'

Now we do not deny that in this precipitate capitulation the comfortable classes may possibly have judged rightly—so far as this one question is concerned. We quite agree with Lord Derby in his estimate of his own measure. It is a leap completely in the dark; and, it follows, that it would be as conjectural to predict destruction as to promise safety. It may be a bed of roses upon which we are now swiftly descending; but even if that be the issue, the surrender will scarcely be less disastrous. If the upper and middle classes had made up their minds to this tender trust in the people with which they have become suddenly inspired, seven years ago, or even one year ago, no harm would have been done beyond that which might result from the particular measure they were passing. It would have been a concession—possibly a foolish one; but it would have displayed no weakness, and would not necessarily have provoked further attacks. But they have just fought long enough to betray the weakness of the garrison and the poverty of the defences. The dullest of their antagonists perfectly understands that they have not yielded to argument or to sentiment; that the apostles of Reform who have the real credit of their conversion are the mobs who beat down the palings of Hyde Park, or went out marching with bands and banners in the towns of the North. Any one who reads their organs in the press will be satisfied that there is no mistake among them upon this point; and indeed, they would hardly deserve credit for the ordinary sagacity of Englishmen if there was.

Now, this appears to us the most dangerous lesson which it is possible to teach to the possessors of physical force. The present

present holders of power appear, after the fashion of decaying and feeble rulers, to imagine that it is possible to buy off those who threaten their security with donatives. They seem to fancy that the appetite for political power is like the natural appetites, which lose their edge when they are gratified. They will find that the meal they have afforded is but a mouthful, and that the appetite will regain its vigour after a very brief repose. Invaders have never yet been repelled by the discovery that their antagonists were running away. The innovating classes for years have imagined that a great Conservative force stood opposed to them, and that they could only win the victories they coveted at the cost of risks they did not care to run. They have now discovered that this force is a pure delusion. The guns are painted wood; the soldiers, like a Haytian army, think they have done their duty gallantly if they abstain from running away until the few first shots have been fired. Will this discovery induce them to suspend their operations and abstain from further demands?

There can be no finality in politics. Whatever the actual state of things in any state may be, the spirit of innovation always must exist. The world would grow very stagnant if it disappeared. The appetite for change can never be glutted. If the old leaders of the movement are made Conservatives by their own conquests, others, unsatisfied, will step forward to supply their place. What fulfils the ideal of the agitator of to-day is only 'a step in the right direction,' in the eyes of the aspirant who is preparing to be his successor. When Mr. Bright is preaching moderation and caution, Mr. Beales will be just girding himself for the battle; and doubtless Mr. Beales already numbers among his lieutenants politicians who look upon him as absurdly behind his age. The Girondin always has a Jacobin behind him ready to trip him up; and further back still stands a Hébertist anxious to perform the same service to the Jacobin. The long periods of political repose which communities enjoy from time to time, is due, not to the disappearance of the *rerum novarum cupidi*, but to the establishment of an equilibrium between the Conservative and the innovating force. Of course the impulse of each force differs widely in each successive generation, according to the teaching of events. The pressure of abuses which have been bred by stagnation, or the memory of the disorders which have been caused by change, will alternately depress one or the other extremity of the balance. But it is idle for the Conservative classes to think that the innovating force can be held under salutary control without labour or risk on their part. The two
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forces are complementary to each other ; the paralysis of either makes the other ruinously strong. The idea that we can retain the blessings we possess by any other guarantee than our own ability to defend them—that trustfulness or philanthropy can be our security—is a delusion which in some minds may be Utopian and amiable, but in most is a mere screen for selfish love of ease. In our history, at all events, it is quite new. It was not so that our fathers won the liberty they have handed down to us. It will not be so that we shall hand down to our children that scrupulous respect of individual rights without which political liberty simply means the tyranny of the many.

The great danger of the Conservative classes at the present crisis is, that they shall cultivate too highly the virtues of quietness and confidence. It is an opinion generally entertained that the nation is on the whole 'Conservative;' not in the party sense of the word, for that meaning has disappeared, but in the sense of a general preference of our institutions to those of any other nation. We believe this general impression to be true : but it is a most misleading truth. It does not follow because the mass of the nation is Conservative, that therefore our institutions are secure. Political forces must be estimated by their intensity, as well as by their quantity. The feeble preferences of even a large and powerful majority are no protection against the hearty and vigorous hatred of a few. Our institutions at present are likely to fare much as the Bishops did at the outset of the great Rebellion : those that hate them, hate them worse than the devil ; those that love them, do not love them better than their dinner. It is quite natural that men should not disquiet themselves about the safety of blessings which they have enjoyed for a long time without interruption, and which have successfully withstood so many assaults. That to-morrow will be as yesterday is the ordinary reasoning of mankind ; and they will hardly admit the possibility of a new danger, until it is impressed upon them by some sharp experience. It is no matter of surprise, therefore, that during the last few years the feeling of security should have grown in proportion to the general contentment of the nation. The belief gained ground that the educated classes were becoming more and more averse to organic change ; and simultaneously there grew up a disinclination for efforts in support of what seemed unassailed. Other causes, no doubt, have contributed to the apathy which has prevailed. In the keen struggle for material prosperity less value has been set on the more distant advantages promised by the triumph of this or that set of political ideas. For the last twenty years, again, politics have been less attractive to men of independent minds than they used to be. A different spirit

spirit has crept into parliamentary warfare. Politicians have traded more and more upon the profession of sentiments they did not really cherish, and which were distasteful to the class to which they belonged; and they have seemed eager to avail themselves of excuses for delaying from time to time to give effect to their professions. The calculation of the value of 'cries' has assumed a prominence in party arithmetic which it did not possess before. Changes of opinion among public men became more and more frequent, especially of those who leant towards the Conservative side, or actually belonged to it: and these conversions, instead of bringing damage to the personal interests of those who were converted, were timed so as to be judicious and opportune. All these things tended to repel the better class of Conservative thinkers from the active field of politics, and to react with a mischievous effect upon the composition of the House of Commons. The Conservative party became famous for its organisation and prompt discipline: and yet that discipline did not seem to be the result of any unusual admiration of its leaders. Its ranks were being gradually recruited from a class eminently fit to exhibit the virtues of parliamentary discipline; men who sought a seat for other than political motives, and were more solicitous for the social rank or commercial influence it conferred than for the success of the cause in whose interest it had been avowedly obtained. Elaborate and successful electioneering became one of the attributes of the party: and that is a species of excellence which, while it leads to brilliant results for the moment, is of evil omen for the moral vitality of the party which has attained to it. Destitute of the living earnestness which can only be developed in average politicians by contagion from the classes who support them out of doors, and led by a chief whose Conservative connections were an accident of his career, when they arrived at the year 1867, having just tasted the first fruits of office after a long and dreary fast, they were not in a condition to withstand any severe temptation. The urgent question which lovers of the constitution have to ask themselves is, whether, unless the balance of fears which acts upon their leaders is materially altered, they are likely to be proof against a second temptation of the same kind.

Whatever the result may be, there seems to be little doubt that their virtue will be tried. Mr. Forster, in a recent speech at Bradford, gave to his constituents a sketch of the result which, according to the hopes of his party, a Reformed Parliament will enable them to attain. He did not enter much into detail, but he indicated as the first objects of attack the laws which regulate the ownership of land in Ireland and in this country,
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the endowments of the Established Church, and the present system of education. This declaration is in conformity with all his previously expressed opinions, and was to be expected. But the remarkable portion of the speech is that in which he explains the plan of operations he intends to adopt for this purpose. It is creditable to his sagacity, but a melancholy illustration of the character which the Conservative party has earned, that he thinks that the objects he seeks will be best secured by not disturbing the present Ministry. The following are his words:—

‘By what means are we to attain these things? Do I look forward to an immediate change in the Government for the purpose? I do not: and I do not wish for it until Mr. Disraeli has exhausted the Radicalism of his Conservative followers. (Laughter and applause.) During the last days of the late Session I had some fear that we were getting to the bottom of this store of Radicalism; but I daresay that during the recess it will be again added to: and I have great hopes that Mr. Disraeli will be able to persuade his followers to settle as we could wish one or two of those questions. So long as he is able to do so, by all means let him remain in power; for it is far easier that good reforms should be passed by Conservatives than by us “Reformers,” if they are willing to do it, for then we have not to contend with their opposition.’—*Speech at Bradford, Sept. 18, 1867.*

A stranger unused to the ways of English politicians might have imagined that these words were bitterly sarcastic, and that they would be resented as unjust by the friends of the Government. But any one who formed such an opinion would entirely misjudge the spirit in which the Government and its friends look upon overtures from the more advanced Liberals. A week afterwards the ‘Globe,’ a paper which during the session has acted with great ability as an exponent of Mr. Disraeli’s views, commented upon Mr. Forster’s speech in the following strain:—

‘Mr. Forster knows that every right-minded Minister, when called upon to legislate, *must think of many things in addition to the prejudices of his party.* . . . He thinks that the Conservatives can and will give good government; and his patriotism is strong enough to welcome it by whomsoever bestowed. . . . The fact is too plain to be contested; the feeling is now rooted that the Conservatives can and will give such an administration of public affairs which the country feels that it needs. Mr. Forster is welcome to call it a vein of Radicalism in the Ministry; he only expresses thereby a truth now generally recognised that in the region of pure politics most Englishmen are now alike. Education, Trades’ Unions, Army Reform, the Dwellings of the Poor, Ireland, Foreign Affairs, are as open to Conservatives as to Liberals, are encumbered with no greater pre-existing prejudices on one side than on another. A coalition of Conservatives and Radicals for the
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mere purposes of office would be as bootless as it is impossible: a concurrence of all parties in dealing with the many, and in many cases difficult, problems of our social state is feasible, and contains the best promise for the future,'—*Globe*, Sept. 24.

That the conduct of the Radicals in adopting this policy is wise, and from their own point of view patriotic, we have no wish to dispute. It is but just to admit that much of their success is owing to the simplicity of purpose with which they have pursued the objects they had at heart. 'The Lamp of Sacrifice' has not been extinguished among them. While Tories and Whigs have been quarrelling for place, they have only studied to bend to their purposes the ambition of each in turn. The result has been what might have been expected. The Tories and Whigs have enjoyed the offices; the Radicals have secured the victory of their principles. It is but natural that Mr. Forster should be anxious to continue the practice of a policy which has the merit of being at once so honourable and so fruitful in results. But the astonishing part of the article we have quoted, is the view that all Englishmen are of the same political creed as regards the problems of the future; that it is not only not impossible, but probable and very desirable, that the Radicals and the Conservatives should act together; and that in regard to such questions as Ireland, and to those Irish questions to which Mr. Forster referred—the Established Church, and the tenure of land—the Conservatives are as unembarrassed by previous opinions as the other side. If these be the views encouraged in high quarters, we may well ask what the Conservative party is doing, and where it is going? or rather what the Conservative party is? Has it any opinions of its own? Does it labour and spend to carry any particular principles into practical effect? Or will it have attained the *summum bonum* of political desire when it sees Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, permanently in power, carrying out Mr. Forster's policy?

No one who is not gifted with second sight could attempt to predict the course which the ministerial leader will take upon the many thorny questions which will be the next subjects of agitation—especially those which concern the Church and the ownership of land. Least of all would those eminent persons venture upon such a prophecy themselves. Men who take a leap in the dark naturally refrain from determining the nature of their future movements until they know the kind of bottom upon which they are descending. As the leap itself was taken purely in obedience to external influences, the movements which result from it are not likely to be independent. But it is a poor prospect for
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the Conservative classes, the classes whose interests and whose affections are bound up with our existing institutions, if their future course is to depend upon the estimate which an electioneering expert may make of the prospects of the political share-market of the day. They at least ought to be guided by larger principles, and be animated by nobler aims than that of preventing a particular minister being ousted, or two sections of political antagonists from re-uniting. If they think that there is anything in our institutions worth a struggle or a sacrifice, they have a long conflict before them. The line which the assault will take is tolerably obvious, though of course it is impossible to speculate on the extent to which it will be successful, until we know the amount of support it will receive from the new constituencies. But the speeches of the leading radicals of the present time sufficiently indicate the points which will be the first object of attack; and we may gather from the writings of the new Oxford school of doctrinaires, the enterprises which, if the present Radicals succeed, will probably be taken up by their more extreme successors.

We believe that Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Forster are right in saying, that for the present no harm is intended either to the House of Peers or to the Crown. The attempt would be a very difficult and a very profitless one. The House of Peers resists so little, and the Crown has so completely ceased to resist at all, that not only is their existence a practical grievance to nobody, but their destruction would not be felt as the removal of a serious obstacle, even by the most extreme Reformer. We do not, of course, mean that any substantial power over the political movements of the nation is likely to be left to them; but their formal position will probably be left untouched, and they may even retain some influence over patronage, and other matters of minor moment. The English, whatever their opinions, are always a practical people, and they do not waste their labour on theoretical crusades. There are plenty of undertakings elsewhere that lie nearer to the hearts of the democratic party. The Church will doubtless have the first claim upon their attention. She is threatened by two different sets of antagonists, who contrive for the present to work together, but who are really pursuing objects that are quite incompatible. There is a body powerful in numbers, but not in influence, who desire that she may cease to be an Establishment. They desire to withdraw from her all State recognition, and strip her of her endowments; but having reduced her to the temporal condition of the Roman Catholics, or the Wesleyans, they do not propose to interfere
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with her further. The support of all the Dissenters, that is to say, all the popular support the movement commands, will be given to this section of it. The other section is not numerous or popular, but it exercises far more influence than its mere numbers would command. It does not wish to disestablish the Church, but only to transform it. It desires that the present endowments shall continue to be applied to the teaching of something that shall be called religion. But the religion is to be 'unsectarian,' *i.e.* it is to be purged of every article of belief to which any considerable number of persons are likely to object. The power of this party resides in the fact that it possesses an enormous hold over the class by whom public opinion is manufactured,—the journalists, the literary men, the professors, the advanced thinkers of the day. How will their prospects be affected by the newly enfranchised voters? There are a good many excellent Churchmen who believe, probably from their own parochial experience, that the poor are singularly amenable to religious influence, and that for the purposes of orthodox religion, the change from the ten-pounder to the rated householder is a change for the better. On the other side, there is an equally deep-rooted confidence that the new additions may be claimed in a body as recruits to the flag of religious Liberalism. In moving from the petty tradesman to the working man, it is believed that we have moved from an atmosphere of dissent to an atmosphere of pure scepticism. Time will show which of these anticipations is the true one. In the mean time, accident seems for the moment to favour the voluntary rather than the free-thinking wing of the attacking force. The first operations are to be against the Church of Ireland, undoubtedly a tempting, and up to certain lengths, not a formidable enterprise. If successful to the full extent of the contemplated effort, it will undoubtedly open a dangerous breach in the defences of the Established Church both of England and of Scotland. The Voluntaries are wise in their selection of the first battle-field, for if they succeed, the rest of their campaign will no longer be as hopeless as it now seems. For the time the English Church will probably be left to fight, in the main, not for her endowments but for her creed. There can be little doubt, however, that whatever principles are laid down in the treatment of Church property in Ireland will in due time be pitilessly applied to the Church of England. The question of the land will probably follow the same course. Irish discontent will be the vantage-ground from which a principle may be set up that can afterwards be used to operate against the English landowners. There is no grievance in England that could be worked
against

against landed property with any probability of success. But unsound principles conceded in a panic to one island are not likely for any length of time to be excluded from the other.

We do not mean to assert that either the Irish Church or the conditions of tenure in Ireland are in so perfect a state that nothing can be done to improve them ; nor even in the assertion of just rights should we recommend Conservatives, in their present deplorable condition, to be rigid and exacting. The time is not yet come to enter upon these questions in detail ; for it is not likely that any far-reaching schemes of change will be entertained until the new Parliament is chosen. It only concerns us now to draw, for our future guidance in reference to these two questions and to all others that may be raised, the lesson which is to be found in the events of the last two years. If the classes who are interested in these questions mean to renew the tactics which have been practised too often of late times, they have nothing but renewed disaster to expect. If they intend at the outset to draw up their forces at the extreme edge of the position they occupy, and to make a show of defending every inch of it, and then, the moment the battle becomes threatening, to abandon every post that has been attacked, the only result that can follow from their campaigning is utterly to dishearten their own troops and to inspire the forces of innovation with the most disdainful courage and the wildest hopes. If they think to save anything from the perils that surround them, they must make up their minds as to what is worth struggling for, and then not be afraid to struggle for it. Let them maturely decide, before the conflict begins, what is of essential and what is of secondary importance. Let them do their utmost to meet fair grievances half-way ; and to yield, while it can be done gracefully, all that can be yielded without prejudice to any vital principle. Concessions made before the commencement of a contest are no sign of weakness, and do not, if made with judgment, compromise the defence of important points. But, if they are wise, they will endure no receding, while any further struggle is still possible, from the positions which they decide to hold. It is not safe to trust in these matters too much to the courage of others. Unless opinion forms itself as definitely on the Conservative as on the Radical side, and exacts as resolutely from those who profess to represent it a stanch allegiance to its conclusions, the scenes of the past session will assuredly be renewed in future years. It is dangerous to rely too much on the virtue or the discernment of politicians, however able or however highly placed. They live in an atmosphere of illusion, and can seldom be persuaded that any political principle is worth the sacrifice of their
their

their own careers. If momentous changes are at hand, it will be no comfort to those to whom our present institutions are dear that such changes have received their first impulse from men who will be the foremost and greatest sufferers. It is the common formula of revolutions that weakness begins what violence concludes. The time is one in which the classes who value the priceless blessings they have hitherto enjoyed under English institutions must bestir themselves, if they would see those blessings continued. To their own vigilance and their own exertions they must trust for their security, and to nothing else. The juncture is singularly critical. The leap in the dark of the present year has thrown upon them no common burden of responsibility. If they are negligent or timid, or allow themselves to be made the sport of the ambition of politicians, complete subjection to the poorest class in the community may well be among the lightest of the evils which will reward their apathy.

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